

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Per. 971 e. $\frac{126}{32}$

THE
CHURCH OF ENGLAND
Quarterly Review.



Πύλαι ἄδου οὗ κατισχύσουσιν αὐτῆς.—*Matt. xvi. 18.*

VOL. XXXII.

LONDON :

WILLIAM EDWARD PAINTER, STRAND;

AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

MDCCCLII.



CONTENTS.

ART.	PAGE.
I. POPULAR INTERPRETATIONS OF THE APOCALYPSE.	
1. An Exposition of the Fulfilled Prophecies of the Apocalypse. By James Armstrong, A.M., Curate of Ardoyne.	
2. Thoughts on some Portions of the Revelation of St. John the Divine. By the Rev. E. Huntingford, B.C.L., late Fellow of New College, Oxford.	
3. The Apocalypse Popularly Explained. . . .	1
II. GUIZOT ON IMMORTALITY.	
Meditations et Etudes Morales. Par M. Guizot . . .	29
III. THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.	
Men and Women in France in the Eighteenth Century . .	45
IV. LIFE OF DANTE.	
The Life of Dante Alighieri. By Count C. de Balbi. . .	
Translated by Mrs. H. Bunbury	62

CONTENTS.

ART.	PAGE.
------	-------

V. LIFE OF LORD JEFFREY.

Life of Lord Jeffrey : with a Selection from his Correspondence. By Lord Cockburn	85
---	----

VI. HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION.

The Brand of Dominic ; or, Inquisition at Rome "Supreme and Universal." By the Rev. W. H. Rule, Author of "Martyrs of the Reformation," &c.	96
---	----

VII. MARY OF ENGLAND, QUEEN OF FRANCE.

Œuvres du Bibliophile Paul Jacob ; Revues et Corrigées.	111
---	-----

VIII. THE EARL OF DERBY OR LORD JOHN RUSSELL ?

Letter of the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer, to his Constituents, June, 1852.	120
---	-----

IX. FILIA DOLOROSA : DUCHESS OF ANGOULEME.

Filia Dolorosa. Memoirs of Marie Thérèse Charlotte, Duchess of Angoulême; the last of the Dauphines. By Mrs. Romer.	152
---	-----

X. DR. CHALMERS.

Memoirs and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D. By his Son-in-Law, the Rev. W. Hanna, LL.D.	184
---	-----

XI. MR. THACKERAY AND HIS ETHICS.

The History of Pendennis. By W. M. Thackeray	203
--	-----

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

	PAGE.
The Court and the Desert ; or, Priests, Pastors, and Philosophers, in the Days of Louis XV.	220
A Lecture on the Historic Evidence of the Authorship and Transmission of the Books of the New Testament ; delivered before the Plymouth Young Men's Christian Association, October 14th, 1851. By S. P. Tregelles, LL.D.	229
The Hexaglott Pentateuch, or Five Books of Moses in the Original Hebrew, with the Corresponding Samaritan, Chaldee, Syriac, and Arabic. The History of Adam	237
Codex Claromontanus, sive Epistolæ Pauli Omnes Græce et Latine. Ex Codice Claromontano celeberrimo, sexti ut videtur post Christum sæculi. Nunc primum edidit Constantinus Tischendorf, Theologiæ et Philosophiæ Doctor, Theologiæ in Academia Lipsiensi, Professor Publicus Honorarius, &c.	137
Journey to Iceland ; and Travels in Sweden and Norway. By Ida Pfeiffer. From the German. By Charlotte Fenimore Cooper	239
The Churchman's Work in Lent : a Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Camberwell, on the First Sunday in Lent, 1852. By W. Whitehead, M.A., late Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford	244
Old James, the Irish Pedlar : a Tale of the Year 1848. By Mary B. Tuckey	244
Annotations on the Apostolical Epistles, designed chiefly for the Use of Students of the Greek Text. By T. W. Peile, Head Master of Repton School	245
A Life of Marlborough in Four Books. By Charles Mac Farlane	246

	PAGE.
The Jew of Denmark : a Tale by M. Goldschmidt. Translated from the original Danish by Mrs. Bushby	246
Darien, or the Merchant Prince : a Historical Romance. By Eliot Warburton	247
Saint Alphonsus Liguori ; or, Extracts translated from the Moral Theology of the above Romish Saint, who was canonized in the year 1839. With Remarks thereon by the Rev. R. P. Blakeney, B.A.	250
Passages in the Life of Gilbert Arnold ; or, the Tale of the Four Sermons	252
The Almost Protestant : Protestant Objections : Transubstantiation : Invocation and Intercession of Saints. Four Lectures Delivered by the Rev. J. Cumming, D.D., in reply to those of Doctor Wiseman	252
A Textual Commentary on the Book of Psalms	253
1. The Monthly Packet of Evening Readings for the Younger Members of the English Church. 2. The Magazine for the Young. 3. Stories and Catechisings in Illustration of the Collects	253
Affection's Tribute ; or, the Voice of the Old Year	253
Poems Illustrative of Grace, Creation, Suffering	253
The Sinfulness of Little Sins. A Course of Sermons Preached in Lent	254
Far off ; or, Asia and Australia Described. With Anecdotes and Numerous Illustrations	254
Poetical Hints on the Art of Verse. With Illustrative Notes for Young Bards	254
Ann Ash : the Foundling	255
The School for Fathers. An Old English Story	255

CONTENTS.

ART.	PAGE.
I. THE GOSPEL HISTORY.	
1. <i>Horæ Evangelicæ</i> ; or the Internal Evidence of the Gospel History. Being an Inquiry into the Structure and Origin of the Four Gospels, their Historical Consistency, and the Characteristic Design of each Narrative. By the Rev. T. R. Birks, M.A., Rector of Kelshall, Herts.	
2. The Emphatic New Testament, according to the Authorised Version, Compared with the Various Readings of the Vatican Manuscript. The four Gospels. Edited, with an Introductory Essay on Greek Emphasis. By John Taylor	257
II. THE GERMAN REFORMATION.	
History of the Reformation in Germany. By Leopold Ranke. Translated by Sarah Austin	286
III. THE POLITICAL AND PRIVATE LIFE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.	
Histoire de la Vie Politique et Privée de Louis Philippe. Par M. A. Dumas	300
IV. <i>VIA FERRUM</i>; OR, THE HIGHWAYS OF THE WORLD.	
Our Iron Roads. By Frederick S. Williams	317
V. MARIE DE MEDICI.	
The Life of Marie de Medici, Queen of France, Consort of Henry IV., and Regent of the Kingdom under Louis	

ART.	PAGE.
XIII. By Miss Pardoe, Author of "Louis XIV. and the Court of France in the 17th Century," "The City of the Sultan," &c.	337
VI. HENGSTENBERG AND JENOUR ON THE REVELATION OF ST. JOHN.	
1. The Revelation of St. John, Expounded for those who Search the Scriptures. By E. W. Hengstenberg, Doctor and Professor of Theology in Berlin. Translated by the Rev. P. Fairbairn.	
2. Rationale Apocalypticum ; or Systematic Exposition of the Apocalypse ; with Historical Proofs and Illustrations. By the Rev. Alfred Jenour	363
VII. JULIUS CÆSAR AND ROME IN HIS ERA.	
A History of the Romans under the Empire. By Charles Merivale, B.D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge	390
VIII. THE COUNCILS OF NICÆA AND TRENT.	
1. The Seventh General Council or the Second of Nicæa. By the Rev. John Mendham, M.A., Rector of Clophill.	
2. Acta Concilii Tridentini. A Gabriele Cardinale Paleotto Descripta. Edette Josepho Mendham, M.A.	
3. Memoirs of the Council of Trent. By the Rev. Joseph Mendham, M.A.	
4. A History of the Council of Trent, compiled from a Comparison of Various Writers ; with a Chronological Summary. By the Rev. Theodore Alois Buckley, B.A., Chaplain of Christ Church.	
5. The Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent ; with a Supplement containing the Considerations of the Early Reformers and other Matters relating to the Council. By the Rev. Theodore Alois Buckley, B.A., of Christ Church, Oxford	418
IX. COLONEL LANDMANN'S ADVENTURES.	
Adventures and Recollections of Colonel Landmann, late of the Corps of Royal Engineers	420

ART.	PAGE.
X. REFORMATION OF THE ROMAN COMMUNION.	
Sympathies of the Continent, or Proposals for a New Reformation. By John Baptist von Hirscher, D.D., Dean of the Metropolitan Church of Friburg, Breisgau, and Professor of Theology in the University of that City. Translated and Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by the Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, M.A., Rector of St. John's Church, Hartford, Connecticut.	460

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

	PAGE
Les Origines de l'Eglise Romaine. Par André Archinard, Pasteur de l'Eglise de Genève.	488
A Biblical and Theological Dictionary; Illustrative of the Old and New Testament. By the Rev. John Farrar, Classical Tutor at the Theological Institution, Richmond.	493
A Short Explanation of the Nicene Creed, for the Use of Persons beginning the Study of Theology. By A. P. Forbes, D.C.L., Bishop of Brechin.	494
The Natural History of Animals; being the Substance of Three Courses of Lectures delivered before the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By Thomas Rymer Jones, F.R.S., Professor of Comparative Anatomy in King's College, London, late Fullerton Professor of Physiology.	496
The History of the Christian Church. By Henry W. J. Thiersch, Doctor Philosophy and Theology. Translated by T. Carlyle, Esq., of the Scottish Bar.	499
A Latin Grammar, Part I. The Eton Grammar, Revised and Corrected: Part II. A Second or Larger Grammar in English,	

	PAGE.
for the Higher Classes in Schools, &c. By the Rev. J. T. White, A.M., of C. C., Oxford, Junior Upper Master of Christ's Hospital, Editor of "Xenophon's Anabasis," &c.	501
Irish Ethnology Socially and Politically Considered: Embracing a General Outline of the Celtic and Saxon Races: with Practical Inferences. By George Ellis, M.A., T.C.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.	502
The Betting Book. By George Cruikshank.	505
An Analysis and Summary of New Testament History, including the Four Gospels Harmonised into one Continuous Narrative: the Acts of the Apostles and Continuous History of St. Paul: an Analysis of the Epistles and Book of Revelation: the Critical History, Geography, &c.: with Copious Notes, Historical, Geographical, and Antiquarian	506
The Origin and Progress of Mariolatry; being intended as a Companion to the Rev. T. H. Horne's "Mariolatry." By the Rev. John Evans, M.A.	507
1. The Monthly Packet of Evening Readings for the Younger Members of the English Church. No. XX. August and September, 1852.	
2. The Magazine for the Young. August and September, 1852.	
3. Stories and Catechisms of the Collects. X. to XVII. Sundays after Trinity.	508
Sunlight in the Clouds: Some Providences in a Life Time: The Shoemaker's Daughters.	508
Outlines of Universal History, Synchronologically Arranged for the Use of Schools after the German	508
Reality; or, Life's Inner Circle. By Mrs. Saville Shepherd (formerly Anne Hoilditch).	509
Walks after Wild Flowers; or, the Botany of the Bohereens. By Richard Dowden (Richard)	509
Preliminaries of Peace between Protection and Free Trade; or, Cheap Bread Compatible with Both. By F. C.	510
The Bouquet, culled from Marylebone Gardens. By Blue Bell (Blue Belle?) and Mignonette. For Private Circulation	510
The Parish Priest's First Warning. A Sermon preached in St. Andrew's, Fillingham, on Low Sunday, 1852. By William James Jenkins, M.A., on the occasion of his "Reading-in."	510

THE
CHURCH OF ENGLAND
Quarterly Review.

JULY, MDCCCLII.

- ART. I.—1. *An Exposition of the Fulfilled Prophecies of the Apocalypse.* By JAMES ARMSTRONG, A.M., Curate of Ardoyne. Dublin: M'Glashan.
2. *Thoughts on Some Portions of the Revelation of St. John the Divine.* By the Rev. E. HUNTINGFORD, B.C.L., late Fellow of New College, Oxford. Rivington. 1852.
3. *The Apocalypse Popularly Explained.* Second Thousand. Wertheim and Macintosh. 1852.

THE press still teems with expositions of the Apocalypse and issues little else of a religious character; and these are for the most part of a compendious nature and published in the cheap form of pamphlets or tracts, indicating that the demand for information on this subject is become general among the people, and is not, as used to be the case, limited to a few of the clergy. We are not surprised at finding such to be the fact; for we live in an age when more than at any former period "coming events cast their shadows before." And men instinctively turn to that quarter from whence alone they can obtain light as to the future—the word of God; and especially to that portion of Scripture which may be regarded as having been expressly given to the Church of all ages as a light shining in a dark place until the day dawn and the day-star arise in our hearts: for God gave the Revelation in order to

show unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass (Rev. i. 1).

These popular interpretations, however, are little more than indications of the existence of a want: they cannot be regarded as adequate to the supply of that want, or as satisfying that spirit of enquiry which is now so generally abroad. For each writer follows some one line of enquiry, adopted from some one of the various schools of interpretation, or strikes out a new path for himself; and in either case takes a limited view of the subject, which being partial must be incomplete at best, and will often be not only defective but erroneous. Like the knights in the fable, who had been looking at opposite sides of the shield, we need to exchange positions in order to learn that both parties may be right in the things which they affirm, and wrong only in the things which they so rashly deny.

We do not think that the principle of allowing full weight to the truths held by others has been sufficiently attended to in works of far greater pretensions than those which we have at present in view; but we feel persuaded that until this is done, and the truth is carefully examined on all sides, and so balanced and harmonised as to find a place for every thing which has the stamp of truth upon it—in short, until the Apocalypse be presented as one consistent whole, with one intelligible system of interpretation running smoothly through every part of it—until it stands out as a Revelation and a guide, instead of being an enigma and opprobrium to the Church—these requirements of the public will not be satisfied, nor ought those whose duty it is to instruct the public to flatter each other into the persuasion that they have discharged this duty. *Nihil actum reputans quamdiu quicquid superesset agendum.*

It appears to us that so large a portion of the Apocalypse has been now fulfilled, and there are so many points in which the majority of interpreters are agreed, that it would not be difficult, by combining these points of agreement and arranging the remainder of the book in conformity with these general principles, to produce an interpretation of the whole on one uniform plan, so as to become both intelligible and satisfactory to the great body of Christians. And we will endeavour to show in what manner such an arrangement may be effected, although our limits will not admit of more than a very succinct and imperfect development of what we mean; which, notwithstanding, will prove a better occupation of our space and of the readers' time than pointing out the defects in the

works before us, or fruitless lamentation over the want, without proposing a remedy.

We would suggest, as a preliminary, that the command given by our Lord to St. John, "Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter" (i. 19), ought to receive a more extended meaning and application than are commonly attached to this injunction; and that, instead of regarding it as distributing the visions of the Apocalypse into three classes or visions of the past, visions of the present, and visions of the future, we would regard it as declaratory of the fact that, in each one of the visions, there is to be found these three elements—namely, a vision of the abstract or perfect thing which forms the subject of that particular vision; secondly, the actual condition of things as subsisting at the time embraced in that vision; and thirdly, the future results or ultimate consequences of that condition of things. Thus, the subject of the first vision is given in the first chapter, being Christ's abiding presence with the Church; the actual condition of things is declared in the epistles to the Churches; and the future consequences are announced in the rewards promised to every faithful servant at the coming of the Lord.

But these epistles are addressed, not merely to the Seven Churches of Asia, but to the universal Church throughout all generations: for each one of them closes with an exhortation to every one that hath an ear to hear what the Spirit saith to the Churches; and Christ did not walk in the midst of the Seven Churches in any other sense than he is walking in the midst of the Church now: nay, wheresoever two or three are met together in the name of the Lord, there he is in the midst of them. Nor are any of the promises to those several Churches fulfilled as yet: for they all wait for the time of the second advent and for the commencement of the Millennial reign.

And as this first vision looks onward to the end of the Christian dispensation, so all the other visions look backward to its commencement: for all the visions stand on the same footing and are to be interpreted in the same manner; and we shall find that each one of them has its subject first presented complete and separate, and then the working out of that subject, which, unless thus explained, would seem to be a kind of tautology or repetition.

If we thus take the visions together and allow the whole book to form one Revelation, it is divided into seven distinct portions by its visions, and these follow each other in the most

natural consecutive order. These divisions are—The seven epistles, i.-iii.—The seven seals, iv.-vii.—The seven trumpets, viii. 2; ix.—The reformation, x.-xiii.—The seven vials, xiv.-xviii. 24.—The second advent, xix.—And the judgment, xx., xxi., xxii. But, while we regard all these visions as applicable to the universal Church, they are not to be regarded as equally applicable to all classes in the Church; for some of the visions are seen in heaven and are in the hands of Christ, and these belong to those that are Christ's—that is, to the spiritual portion of the Church. Other visions are in the hands of angels, and are seen either in presence of the golden altar when they refer to the visible Church, or in the outer court when they relate to the world.

The first and second visions both belong to the spiritual portion of the Church, because both are in the hands of Christ. He holds the stars in his right hand in the first vision; and he alone is worthy to take the book and to loose the seals thereof in the second; and both are only the corresponding halves of one spiritual truth—namely, the vital union subsisting between Christ and the members of his body, although he is in heaven and we are on the earth. In the first vision he is represented as spiritually present with us, though he is really and personally in heaven. In the second, we are represented as spiritually risen with him, although the literal resurrection will not take place until the harvest, which is the end of the world and the second advent.

The second vision has its subject presented to us in the fourth chapter, as that subject would appear in the abstract, apart from all time and circumstance; but such as we may suppose it to be in the mind and purpose of God. We there behold the throne of the divine majesty encircled by the redeemed, renewed after the image of him that created them, and therefore nearest the throne; and around them the innumerable company of angels rejoicing in the accomplished will of God, as it shall stand complete through all eternity, never to experience a second fall; and we hear the glory of it all ascribed to God, who hath created all things, and for whose pleasure they are and were created. Then, in the fifth and sixth chapters, we are shown the successive steps or stages through which the Church will have to pass in attaining to this its predestined glory and dignity, as redeemed by the blood of the Lamb and made kings and priests unto God, in order to reign with Christ on the earth. And lastly, in the seventh chapter, we are shown who they are that shall attain this final triumph: it is such as have the seal of God on their

foreheads which denotes holiness to the Lord, and such as have come out of the great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore, are they before the throne of God and serve him day and night in his temple (vii. 15).

The seals being thus understood, as denoting the spiritual condition of the Church and as foreshadowing the consequences of its spiritual declension, become capable of a consistent interpretation, running exactly parallel with the spiritual declensions which are reprovèd in the seven epistles, and also strictly conformable with the facts recorded in history.

The white colour of the first horse denotes the purity of the primitive Church ; and the bow and other symbols denote the power, and prevalency, and triumphs of the early Church, while it retained its primitive integrity. This is the oldest sense attached to the symbol of the bow—as in Job xxix. 20:—"My glory was fresh in me, and my *bow* was renewed in my hand." Or still earlier in Jacob's blessing on Joseph, Gen. xlix. 24 :—"The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him ; but his *bow* abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob." The Church is called the spouse of Christ and the bride of the Lamb. And St. Paul says, "I have espoused you to one husband that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ" (2 Cor. xi. 2). And "a virtuous woman is a *crown* to her husband" (Prov. xii. 4). And God reprovèd Israel by his prophet says, "I put a jewel on thy forehead, and earrings in thy ears, and a beautiful crown upon thine head" (Ezek. xvi. 12). But on the contrary the absence of the crown in the following seals shows that this first glory is departed. As Job saith (xix. 9)—"He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head."

The Church is represented, in the twelfth chapter, as a woman clothed with the sun, the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars—denoting the twelve apostles. The crown of the first seal limits it, therefore, to the apostolic age ; and the first of the seven epistles is the only one in which apostles are mentioned, and the Church of Ephesus is commended for rejecting false apostles, while she is reprovèd for having left her first love. We would neither limit the apostolic age to the time when there had been no departure from the faith, nor extend it to the time when there were no apostles remaining ; but would make it terminate at

the commencement of the first of the ten persecutions, or that of Nero, A.D. 66, when St. Peter and St. Paul suffered martyrdom.

St. James asks, "From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members?" (iv.) The red horse of the second seal denotes fleshiness, which, causing strife, produced bloodshed, both within and without the Church; and the best definition of the time which this seal covers is the ten persecutions, beginning with that of Nero, A.D. 66, terminating with that of Diocletian, A.D. 303-313. And this view of the time is corroborated by the second epistle, which threatens the Church with a ten days' tribulation (ii. 10), in reference to the ten persecutions; and which intimates that the Church has lost its present crown, and promises a crown of life to the faithful at the coming of the Lord.

The black horse of the third seal indicates a still further declension, or rather the introduction and maintenance of positive error, for black is the opposite of white; and thus the Gospel was represented as light arising in the midst of heathen darkness, and to them that sat in the region of the shadow of death (Mat. iv. 16). Now, on the other hand, the heathen darkness is allowed to creep over and extinguish the light of the Church, so as to bring on those dire chastisements which ensued under the next seal, and introduce those centuries of ignorance and crime which have been characterised as the "the dark ages." This seal comprehends the period of time between the accession of Constantine, A.D. 306, and the death of Theodosius, A.D. 395. Constantine put an end to the persecutions and made Christianity the religion of the empire; but these worldly advantages were more than counter-balanced by the ambition which it raised among prelates, and the flattery of those in power, and turning godliness to gain, which it fostered; so that simony was extensively practised, and those who had purchased an office in the Church did not scruple in turning it to profit by selling those spiritual gifts which Christ had bestowed without money and without price. And this was not all; for Arian and Gnostic heresies abounded within the Church, and heathen practices were introduced from without, which soon corrupted faith and morals altogether; so that men, like Eusebius, lost the sense of truth in flattering those in power; and others, like Jerome, openly maintained the lawfulness of deceit—*falsitas dispensativa*—if the interests of the Church could be thereby advanced,

Jeremiah wails over the corruptions of Israel and the judgments which came upon them in consequence, saying, "How is the gold become dim! How is the most fine gold changed! Her Nazarites were purer than snow: they were whiter than milk: their visage is blacker than a coal; they are not known in the streets." "The Lord hath accomplished his fury; he hath poured out his fierce anger, for the sins of her prophets, and the iniquities of her priests, that have shed the blood of the just in the midst of her" (Lam. iv).

Nazarites were separated from the world and consecrated to God, and such was the calling of the Church; but, by wedding herself to the world, she soon became defiled, mercenary, darkened, and idolatrous; and of this again we find distinct intimations in the corresponding epistle, which is that to the Church in Pergamos (ii. 12). For this Church is spoken of as dwelling where Satan's seat is; but Satan had given his seat to the Roman beast (xiii. 2): therefore, it indicates the time when the Church was acknowledged by Constantine. But the Church is reprov'd for holding the doctrine of Balaam whose sin was covetousness, and he taught the heathen king how to seduce the children of Israel to idolatry; and this typifies the very kind of sins into which the Church fell, through covetousness and sinful accommodation to heathen manners and practices, in the fourth century.

We conceive that in a symbolical book everything ought to be interpreted symbolically—nothing literally; and, whether the symbol in the hand of the rider be regarded as a yoke or a balance, it will equally be applicable; and we prefer entertaining both senses—the yoke as indicative of the bondage into which the Church was then brought—the balances as denoting the spirit of huckstering and barter which then came in. And we do not admit a literal application of the voice from the throne to wheat and barley, oil and wine; but think that it is meant to declare that there would be then a trafficking in the spiritual food of the Church; but that notwithstanding this, grace and life, denoted by oil and wine, should not utterly fail among the children of God.

The fourth seal, with its livid horse, having death for a rider, and followed by hell, presents the most fearful combination of terrific images that has ever been set before the mind of man; and it is the time when God sends upon the earth his four sore judgments, to cut off from it man and beast (Ezek. xiv. 21). This seal must, therefore, be referred to a time when enormous wickedness, the counterpart of the cadaverous horse and death and hell, was perpetrated in the Church; and

when as the consequence thereof God's four sore judgments were brought upon the earth.

Dr. Robertson, in his "History of Charles V.," says, "If a man were called on to fix upon a period in the history of the world.....the most calamitous, it would be that from the death of Theodosius to the establishment of the Lombards." And this is the time which, led by other considerations, we fix upon as the period of the fourth seal. The imagery serves to remind us of the language in Isaiah:—"Hear the word of the Lord, ye scornful men, that rule this people. Because ye have said, We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us; for we have made lies our refuge and under falsehood have we hid ourselves: therefore, thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste. Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place."

It was in the year 395 that Theodosius died, and at that time the preposterous idolatry of departed saints and their relics, which had long worked as leaven in the hearts of the people, became flagrant and open. Martin of Tours and Paulinus of Nola became the chief instruments of introducing this idolatry in the West, as we learn from Vigilantius who spent some time with the latter in 394, and who was afterwards so scurrilously abused by Jerome for finding fault with the heathen practices introduced by Paulinus and the excesses to which this superstition led.

Christ the Mediator of the new covenant was set aside by this means, and a covenant with death and the grave pretended and palmed off upon an ignorant and credulous multitude. The smallest fragment of the dead body of a saint—nay, the least shred of the rags he had worn—was supposed to possess greater efficacy than prayer addressed to the risen Lord, who ever liveth to make intercession for us at the right hand of the Father. They never paused to consider how it was possible for one individual man to be present in so many different places as the fragments of his dead body were supposed to hallow and endow with miraculous power. But, having made lies their refuge, and falsehood their hiding place, were given over to judicial blindness, as if utterly brutalized and bereft of reason.

"One abuse had followed another in rapid and appalling succession. First came the undue veneration of the memory of holy men : then came commemorations in their honour, which savoured of religious services, such as ought to be observed to glorify the Supreme only. Next the bones and ashes of the pious dead were pronounced to be objects worthy of religious reverence ; and for those search was made, and imposture after imposture accompanied their exhumation and exposure to the public eye. The translation of relics from place to place, the divulsion of them and the deposit of them entire or by morsels under altars and in churches, led to solemn processions and pilgrimages and to all manner of extravagant display. They were wrapt in fine linen and placed in caskets of gold and silver enriched with precious stones, and the spots where they were enshrined were approached with the utmost awe. Observances, such as the heathen were wont to love and which certainly were imposing and captivating, found acceptance with the clergy because they attracted the people. Lights, incense, garlands, tapestry, and music, with all that pomp and pageantry could do to swell the number of reverential and admiring votaries, were exhibited at these shrines where relics were deposited."

"Twenty years before, a law had been made by Theodosius the Great, by the advice of his more sober ecclesiastical counsellors, to prevent the exhumation of dead bodies and the translation of them from one place to another ; and yet now the influence of the *cinerarii* had become so great that, when Vigilantius was protesting against the abuses which grew out of relic-worship, almost the whole Christian population, from Palestine to Chalcedon, was engaged in accompanying the supposed remains of Samuel to their new place of deposit" (*Gilly's Vigilantius*, 480).

It is Jerome who refers to this enthusiastic movement, which hailed with universal acclamation the supposed discovery of the relics of Samuel ; and he refers to it in order to taunt Vigilantius with an arrogance unheard before, that he should presume to set his single opinion against the practice of the whole Catholic Church, clergy and laity alike joining therein. A sin thus general throughout the whole Church was visited by judgments affecting all parts of the empire, and not merely a fourth of the Roman earth. The Vulgate has, *Super quatuor partes terræ* : and we agree with Mr. Elliott in thinking that the Greek text in Jerome's time warranted this rendering. Our reasons for preferring the wider range of judgments are its better agreement with the

terrible imagery of the seal, and with the history of the time to which we believe it to refer. But there is also some point in applying it in a special and pre-eminent, though not in an exclusive, way, to Italy and Rome ; for this fourth of the earth was most heavily visited, and by these judgments the Western Empire was brought to an end, the deposition of Augustulus opening a way for the encroachments of the Bishop of Rome and the establishment of the Papacy. The fifth seal belongs to the Papal period ; but, instead of following the seals, we will now take up the trumpets which may be brought in here chronologically as the first four of them coincide with the fourth seal ; and in applying them we principally follow the guidance of Mr. Elliott.

The sin of the fourth seal was worshipping relics, which is spoken of by the prophets as a covenant with death and an agreement with hell, in contempt of the covenant made of God in Christ Jesus. It was putting trust in dead men's bones and taking them for mediators, instead of trusting in the living God, and the one Mediator between God and man, the living Christ. The sin of the fourth seal is the sin which is visited under all the trumpets ; and therefore they are prefaced by a vision which expresses that sin collectively, as setting at nought the intercession of Christ, without which intercession the prayers of all saints are not only unavailable, but are an abomination (Isai. i. 13) in the sight of God.

This is the vision of the golden altar before the throne in heaven on which the prayers of all saints, mingled with much incense, which represents the intercession of Christ, ascend up before God (viii. 3, 4). The angels appear with their trumpets already (ver. 2), which shows that the vision is explanatory of the cause of the judgments which follow the sounding of the trumpets ; and, after the infliction of the judgments, the precise nature of the sin for which they were all inflicted is specified, in its being said that "the rest of the men which were not killed by these plagues, yet repented not of the works of their hands, that they should not worship devils (a word which often means departed spirits), and idols of gold, and silver, and brass, and stone, and wood ; which neither can see, nor hear, nor walk ; neither repented they of their murders, nor of their sorceries, nor of their fornication, nor of their thefts" (ix. 21).

The judgments of the trumpets are brought on by the angel taking fire from the altar, which has been despised, and casting it into the earth (viii. 5) ; and the question is, when was this done and what was the earthquake which ensued ?

We dated the commencement of the fourth seal at the death of Theodosius, A.D. 395, on the ground that the idolatry of relics was then made manifest in the remonstrances of Vigilantius and the exculpatory invectives of Jerome ; and the Gothic hailstorm, which had been gathering and blackening in the north for some time before, burst all at once on the devoted empire at the death of Theodosius. He died Jan. 17, 395 ; and before the winter had ended, says Gibbon, the Gothic nation was in arms. Earthquakes, meteors, and other portents, are reported by Ambrose, Jerome, and Marcellinus, as occurring at the same time. *Ipsa igitur excessum ejus elementa mœrebant.* And at his death the empire was divided between his sons Arcadius and Honorius, after which time it never reunited ; but both Church and State were separated into the Eastern and Western halves.

Alaric headed the Goths, and his first inroad was the ravaging Thessaly, Greece, Epirus, and the Peloponnese. "The land trembled before them in terror ; and the deep and bloody traces of their march could be distinguished by the traveller many years afterwards." Through a strange infatuation, Arcadius endeavoured to allay the storm by appointing Alaric master-general of Eastern Illyricum, which was to furnish him with weapons from the Roman armoury for their own destruction. Thus seated on the verge as it were of the two empires, he had but to meditate on which of the separated halves of the devoted carcase he should first fall. During four years, Alaric occupied himself in preparation for his great enterprise ; and then, A.D. 400, the Gothic chieftains elevated him on a shield, proclaiming him King of the Visigoths, and he bent his course towards Italy.

Alaric sometime after told an Italian hermit that "he had felt a secret and preternatural impulse which directed, and even compelled, his march to the gates of Rome." Terrible omens and prognostications are said to have preceded him ; while Gibbon, in sneeringly remarking that "the Christians derived comfort from the powerful intercessions of the saints and martyrs," becomes unconsciously an interpreter of the Apocalypse by specifying the very sins which are therein assigned as the cause of this terrible judgment. Alaric laid siege to Rome three times, and in A.D. 410 it was taken and burnt, "the ruins of the palace of Sallust remaining till the age of Justinian, a stately monument of the Gothic conflagration."

Before Alaric had finished his course, Rhadagasius, at the head of 300,000 Vandals from the Baltic, crossing the upper

Danube, invaded Italy; but he being slain under the walls of Florence, the remnant of his followers bent their course westward and overran the provinces of Gaul and Spain. "The consuming flames of war spread from the banks of the Rhine over the greatest part of the seventeen provinces of Gaul. The scene of peace and plenty was suddenly changed into a desert; and the prospect of the smoking ruins could alone distinguish the solitude of nature from the desolation of man. This passage of the Rhine, by the Suevi, Vandals, and Burgundians, who never afterwards retreated, may be considered as *the Fall of the Roman Empire* in the countries beyond the Alps. The barriers which had so long separated the savage and the civilised nations of the earth were from that fatal moment levelled with the ground" (Gibbon, v. 224).

Thus the hail-storm of the first trumpet spent itself, having beat down all resistance in the countries which it passed through; and it appears probable that the same amount of unprovoked mischief had never been inflicted before in so short a period of time as these twelve or fourteen years—unprovoked we mean so far as man was concerned, for Alaric and his Goths did not even know the people whose lands they were invading; but God had been provoked, and they were instruments in his hand for avenging the dishonour which had been done to him and to Christ.

The judgment of the second trumpet is likened to a burning mountain cast into the sea; and Genseric the Vandal, who seized on Africa, and became sole master of the Mediterranean Sea, exactly answers to this symbolic representation. By an infatuation similar to that of Arcadius in his making Alaric governor of Illyricum, Boniface, the governor of the province of Africa, invited Genseric and his Vandals from Spain. They crossed over A.D. 429, and soon made themselves masters of the province; and, as the good Emperor Theodosius died before the devastations of Alaric began, so Augustine, the saintly Bishop of Hippo, died A.D. 430, before that city was taken and burnt by Genseric. Carthage was taken A.D. 439; and then all resistance ceased, the whole province was subjected to the Vandals, and finally severed from the Western Empire. Genseric thenceforward turned his attention to the sea and resolved to create a naval power; and he soon obtained such complete ascendancy that Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, Majorca, and Minorca, submitted to his authority, and on two occasions he totally destroyed the Roman navies: on the last by sending fire-ships among them in the obscurity of the night, by which the whole fleet was

consumed in the harbour of Bona. He, too, like Alaric, believed that he was executing a mission from God; for when he was once asked by the pilot what course they should steer, "Leave the determination to the winds (was Genseric's reply): they will transport us to the guilty coast whose inhabitants have provoked the divine justice." It is not unworthy of remark that, where a symbol is used to designate any event, it is not unfrequent to find natural phenomena of the same kind occurring at that time. Thus Genseric is likened to a volcano, and during his career those volcanic eruptions took place in Dauphiné and Auvergne which occasioned the institution of the Rogation days and for which the Litany was composed; and we also learn that, so far from repenting of their idolatry of relics, they were adding to their sin by making the judgments an additional motive for imploring the intercession of saints. Mamertus, the bishop, thought himself fortunate in finding one martyr's body whole, and the head of another, and transported them both to Vienne. Sidonius wrote to the bishop to beg that, "in consideration of this last having been a native of Auverne, he and his neighbours of that district might share *the saint's patronage!*"

Attila, "the Scourge of God," fulfilled the judgment of the third trumpet. King of the Huns, and conqueror of the Ostrogoths and Gepidæ, he alone of rulers, ancient or modern, united under his sway the two mighty nations of Germany and Scythia. He is likened to a great star falling from heaven burning as it were a lamp (viii. 10); and a comet at that time blazing in the heavens added to the superstitious awe which was felt concerning him, and was thought to portend ruin and blood. It was upon the rivers that this judgment was destined to fall; and it was along the great rivers of Europe that Attila, for the most part, traced his bloody course. He fixed his residence near Buda on the Danube; and in 446 devastated that whole region down to the river's mouth and was acknowledged lord of the Lower Danube. About A.D. 450 he moved against the Western Empire along the Upper Danube, and, crossing the Rhine at Basle, traced the course of that river down to Belgium, making its valley one continuous scene of desolation and woe. Strasburg, Spire, Worms, Mentz, Andernach, Treves, Tongres, Maestricht, are specially particularized as having been sacked and burnt, the inhabitants massacred, and the country laid waste.

Attila was repulsed in the tremendous battle of Chalons: but, turning his steps southward, fell upon the Alpine vallies

and water courses of Italy. "Then Aquileia, Pavia, Verona, Mantua, Milan, Turin, felt his vengeance: from the Alps to the Appenines (says Sigonius) all was flight, depopulation, slaughter, slavery, and despair. Many fled to the low and marshy islands at the mouth of the Adige, Po, and Brenta, as their only safe refuge: and he who has seen fair Venice may do well to remember that he has seen in it a memorial of the terrors and ravages of that scourge of God—the Hun Attila" (*Elliott* i. 357).

The Empire of the West was now wasted and enfeebled to the last degree, and Romulus Augustus retained little more than the empty title of an emperor. Odoacer, chief of the Heruli, a mere barbarian remnant of the host of Attila, interposed with his command that both the name and office of Roman Emperor of the West should be abolished. The authorities bowed submissively—the last phantom of an emperor abdicated—and the Senate sent away the imperial insignia to Constantinople. This was A.D. 476; and it is remarkable that the names of Romulus the founder of Rome, and of Augustus the founder of the Empire, should be united in the last of the emperors of the West; as also new Rome—the metropolis of the East—was founded by one Constantine and finally taken by the Turks, and the Eastern Empire destroyed under another Constantine.

This subversion of the Western Empire we regard as the event symbolized by the darkening of the heavenly luminaries under the fourth trumpet. It is an event of such magnitude that it must necessarily have a place in prophecy, and we know not where else it can be found if we do not place it here; and the symbols are the highest that can be chosen, and must therefore denote an event of the greatest importance—such as the unique and unparalleled event now before us; and thus nothing remained in the West capable of hindering the development of the power of the Papacy, which was, in fact, shortly after sanctioned by the Eastern emperors: the supremacy being conceded to the Pope by Justinian, A.D. 533, and being confirmed and rendered effectual by Phocas, A.D. 606.

This was the development of the little horn of the seventh chapter of Daniel: the development of the little horn of the eighth chapter arose somewhat later, and belongs to the Eastern Empire and is symbolized under the fifth and sixth trumpets, being the Mahommedan imposture, a scourge on the Eastern Church for sins of the same kind which brought a scourge of the Papacy upon the Western Church. And

by the Eastern and Western Churches we do not understand territorial or geographical divisions, but an acknowledgment of the Patriarch of Constantinople, or the Pope of Rome, as their respective heads; and also using the Greek or Latin languages as the authorized version of Scripture, and in their respective Church services and other religious offices.

The fifth trumpet has its period assigned as five months, which, being of thirty days each, will amount to one hundred and fifty days, prophetic of so many years. It was in A.D. 612 that Mahomet first began publicly to broach his imposture and to obtain followers; and Bagdad on the Euphrates, or the city of peace, which is generally regarded as denoting the termination of the bloody career of the Saracens, was founded A.D. 762—one hundred and fifty years after the first promulgation of the Mahomedan imposture; and it was from Bagdad on the Euphrates that the four angels of the sixth trumpet were loosed.

Under the sixth trumpet these angels were commissioned to their work of destruction during an hour, a day, a month, and a year—the length of this period depending upon the number of days which we reckon in a year. We think that the common scriptural reckoning of three hundred and sixty days is to be preferred; and an hour, the twelfth part of a day, being the symbol of a month, the twelfth part of a year is thirty days, a day is a year, a month is thirty years, and a year is three hundred and sixty years—making three hundred and ninety-one years and thirty days. Togrul Beg of the Seljukian race was the founder of the Turkish Empire, and had been invited to his assistance by the Caliph of Bagdad A.D. 1055. As, however, this produced no effect upon Christendom, we would rather date the loosing of the angels from A.D. 1062, when Alp Arslan, or the valiant lion as the name signifies, the nephew of Togrul Beg, succeeded to the office, title, and spirit of his uncle; for, as Constantinople fell A.D. 1453, this date of 1062 would be exactly three hundred and ninety-one years before that final catastrophe of the Greek Empire.

Under Togrul Beg “the great Turkish nation adopted the religion of Mahomet; and professing it with all the energy of their native character, and all the zeal of recent converts, they became its fierce champions at that precise era when it was losing its hold on the human intellect; and but for the support of their simple, rude, uncriticising, credulous, and vehement spirit, might have quietly expired” (*Forster's Muh. Unveiled*, i. 221).

The name "Arslan," *lion*, seems to have reference to the prophetic symbol, though no doubt bestowed on account of personal bravery; for it is written, "I saw in the vision the heads of the horses as the heads of lions." "He passed the Euphrates at the head of the Turkish cavalry, and the loss of the kingdom and frontier of Armenia was the news of a day" (*Gibbon* x. 352).

This was A.D. 1063. We do not think it needful to find four powers in existence at the same time, as the four angels of the Euphrates: we conceive the interpretation to be, that during the course of this trumpet four destructive hosts have crossed the Euphrates to lay waste the Eastern Empire. And we think that the conditions of the prophecy are sufficiently answered by those four great irruptions which stand out prominently on the page of history: that of the Seljuks under Alp Arslan, A.D. 1062—that of Zenghis Khan and the Moguls, A.D. 1200—that of the Othmans, A.D. 1299—and that of Tamerlane, A.D. 1402; and after the death of Tamerlane the Ottoman Empire revived, the Turks soon became masters of Constantinople, and retain possession of it to the present day.

The rise of the Turkish Empire—the fluctuations eastward and westward which it occasioned—and its ultimate subjugation of the Greek Empire, were the means, in the hand of Providence, of bringing about a revolution in the European mind most momentous to the progress and fortunes of mankind. For, first, it was the exciting cause of that mighty movement, the Crusades, which agitated the whole of Western Europe for many centuries; precipitating all the ardent, and reckless, and ambitious spirits of Christendom, upon Greece, Asia Minor, and Palestine. Many heeded nothing and learned nothing—still more perished in these rash expeditions; but a sufficient number survived to bring back to the comparatively barbarous regions of Western Europe some portion of the superior elegance, refinement, and courtesy, which they had seen practised among the better classes, both of Greeks and Mahomedans, whom they once despised.

Under Zenghis and Tamerlane, again, the East poured forth mighty torrents, rolling to the West, bringing Mongols and Tartars from the wall of China into contact with the Teutonic and Frank races of Germany and Gaul. Tamerlane is reputed to have ruled over a larger portion of the surface of the earth than had ever before been subject to the sway of one man. And the vast hosts which he was able to

bring into the field, and transport with such rapidity from Samarcand to Delhi, and from India to the Bosphorus, reminded modern times of the ancient ravages of the Scythians, and shook together, so to speak, the most distant nations, who till that time had scarcely entertained the idea of each others' existence. The Emperor Manuel Paleologus and Henry III. of Castile sent ambassadors to Samarcand.

But the fall of Constantinople it was that, more than any other event of history, became the producing cause of European civilization, and the consequent ascendancy which Europe has attained over the rest of the world. For multitudes of the Greeks, driven westward by the Turks, carried a taste for literature and the arts with them; and many of them were learned men and professors, who carried with them manuscripts of great value: by the invention of printing, which soon after took place, these were multiplied, and diffused a taste for classical learning throughout Western Europe. It was by Greek artists that the knowledge of painting was brought into Italy, where it attained such perfection in the hands of Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Michael Angelo, and Raphael; and the Greek influence on literature was still more marked and extensive, for it was felt throughout all the countries of Western Europe, producing first the revival of learning at the end of the fifteenth century; and then, shortly after, the Reformation of the sixteenth.

Thus the four first seals, which are so distinct in character from the rest, become the introduction to the vision of the trumpets; and the sixth trumpet introduces the Reformation, which is the next vision in order of arrangement as well as in time. For we have become quite convinced by Mr. Elliott's arguments that the Reformation is the subject of the vision which opens in the tenth chapter and continues to the thirteenth. If any of our readers entertain doubts on this point, and wish for full satisfaction, we cannot do better than refer them to Mr. Elliott's work, ii. 39-176. Our limits will not allow of doing justice to the argument and we must assume the fact of its being proved; and must content ourselves with showing how the Reformation tallies with and explains the prophecy; merely remarking that we think so remarkable an event as the Reformation might be expected to have a place in prophecy; and, if it be not here, we know not where it is to be found.

The characteristic feature of the Reformation is that it put an open Bible in the hands of the Church—of the whole Church, laity as well as clergy—and in the vernacular lan-

guage of the people—not in dead languages understood by none but the learned. This is indicated in the tenth chapter by the mighty angel who is the representative of Christ bearing an open book in his hand, which book St. John, who represents the Church, is commanded to eat, in order that he might prophesy again before many peoples, and nations, and tongues, and kings (x. 11).

The Scripture put into the hands of the Church did its own work, and became like a second promulgation of the Gospel. It first taught the Church itself how far she had departed from the simplicity of the Gospel by following after the commandments and doctrines of men, having been spoiled through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ (Col. ii. 8-22). It was thus not only enabled to read its past history in a new light and to amend its own ways, but felt that it had the commission given at the beginning renewed and confirmed, and was emboldened to publish the Gospel in its original freshness and purity, knowing that the Lord was with them and would own his word.

The Reformation was in this sense a renewal of the Gospel commission and a revival of the primitive witness to the Gentile nations; and, therefore, the history turns back to the first ages of the Church which are now to be regarded in a truer light, and also traces out the various antichristian forms of opposition which it has had to encounter, which are now to be presented in a new aspect; and the prophecy looks forward to the end of time, when the Church shall be perfected, and all its enemies shall be destroyed, in order to assure us that there shall be no second failure, but that the work then revived should stand for ever. Of this the angel gives us the triple assurance—first, in planting his feet on the earth and the sea to denote that he is then come to take possession—secondly, in lifting up his hand to heaven and swearing that there shall be time no longer—thirdly, in declaring that when the seventh angel shall begin to sound the mystery of God shall be finished, as he hath declared to his servants the prophets.

And the Reformation is made the means of gathering the elect out of all nations, and so preparing for the first resurrection and the translation of the saints. For this event will precede the sounding of the seventh trumpet, which will coincide with the seventh seal and seventh vial, and all the vials have to be poured out, after the translation of the saints, before the sounding of the seventh trumpet; and this

company of the elect of all generations, to be raised from the dead and to be joined to the translated saints of the last generation, is represented collectively by the hundred and forty-four thousand who stand on Mount Zion (xiv) ; and who are represented as so gathered before the vials are poured out (xvi). And they are distinguished from those who follow the traditions of men, as following the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

The Reformation does not occur as a *chronological* epoch in prophecy, because it was only a revival of Gospel truth in a Church which, though sunk into great carnality, was not cast off, but was still, notwithstanding its corruptions, the Church to which the promises of the new covenant were made: as the Jews, notwithstanding their corruptions, continued to be the people to whom the promises of the first covenant were made, and are so regarded by our Lord and by the apostles. And the fact of Luther and the reformers having learned the truths which they preached in the Church of Rome, and desiring in the first instance to abide in communion with that Church and not separating themselves, but being forcibly ejected, are so many proofs that there was life and grace remaining in the body, for eliciting which nothing more was needed than such a movement as the Reformation.

And this is intimated in the first of the three proclamations of the fourteenth chapter, being merely a call to believe the *everlasting* Gospel (xiv. 6) ; which means the unchangeable Gospel, or that Gospel which had been committed to the Church at the beginning, not for that first generation alone, but for all generations to the end of time. But when the proclamation is made in vain—when Rome persisted in her evil courses and even confirmed and hardened herself therein, as by the council of Trent—then it became the duty of every one who believed the Gospel to flee out of Babylon as he would save his own soul. “We would have healed Babylon, but she is not healed: forsake her, and let us go every one into his own country: for her judgment reacheth unto heaven and is lifted up even to the skies” (Jer. li. 9). And, therefore, a second cry is raised—“Babylon is fallen, is fallen, that great city, because she made all nations drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication” (xiv. 8). And in fleeing from the Church of Rome, when the time of her destruction is come, we are warned of the danger there is of falling into the toils of her destroyer—that is, of the beast from the bottomless pit. Wherefore it is added in the third voice—“If any man worship the beast or his image, and

receive his mark in his forehead or his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation" (xiv. 10).

Babylon, and the beast which destroys Babylon, must be carefully distinguished from each other. Babylon never means the Roman Empire, nor does the beast ever mean the Roman Church. The spiritual Babylon bears towards the spiritual Israel the same kind of relation which ancient Babylon had to the ancient Israel—both oppressed and held captive the people of God. The beast is throughout the Roman empire and its ten subject kings; and the changes which the civil power undergoes is that which gives ground for the various chronological epochs, both because these are more marked and determined than the changes in the spiritual standing of the Church, and also because it is from the civil power that Popery received its establishment and shall also meet its doom. For it was by the imperial hand that Popery was established, whether we regard it as the act of Justinian or of Phocas; and it was by civil convulsions that its career of domination was closed both in 1793 and in 1848. Nor is the false Church represented in Daniel by the beast, but by a little horn rising up in the midst of other horns; and as this little horn had a mouth speaking great things (Dan. vii. 8, 20), so in the Apocalypse the Papacy is represented, not as the beast, but as "a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies" (xiii. 5).

There was a spirit of Antichrist and many forms of Antichrist in the first ages (1 John, ii. 18-22; iv. 3); and the Papal system was Antichristian. But the personal Antichrist of St. Paul (2 Thess. ii.), the wilful king of Daniel (xi. 35), is the beast from the bottomless pit (Rev. xvii. 3, 8), who carries the woman, which woman is Babylon or the Papacy; and the beast destroys her of whom he at first made a pageant, and does not long continue after this exploit, but is himself destroyed at the coming of the Lord. And the false prophet, who is destroyed at the same time, is not to be regarded as the Papacy, but as the head of the new religion of the last Antichrist.

The nineteenth chapter is a vision of the coming of the Lord; and it is clearly shown, in its opening verses, that Babylon has been already destroyed and that the elect have been already gathered: so that the destruction now falls upon those that have rejected all the offers of mercy, and have set themselves to resist to the utmost Christ the Saviour, and God the Father of all. It is therefore represented as the

winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God, because there is no exemption, but all are indiscriminately slain. And as the seven vials, which had just been concluded are said to be the seven last plagues, for in them is filled up the wrath of God (xv. 1), so the Lord himself, by whom and for whom all things were at first made, now comes again to cleanse the creation of all remains of the fall, and to bring in that new creation or restitution of all things which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began (Acts iii. 21).

The deluge, and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah (2 Pet. ii. 5, 6), are set before us as the types of this final judgment—we say final, because it is clear, from St. Paul's epistle to the Hebrews (xii. 26), that there is but one more shaking to be looked for, and that we have received a kingdom which cannot be moved, and that our God is a consuming fire; and this final judgment will resemble the deluge in the universality of its *purifying* effect, and will resemble that of Sodom in its *destroying* that portion of the earth which had been the especial scene of wickedness, and where God had been the most openly rejected, blasphemed, and defied—namely, Rome and the Papal States. For man is inseparably linked with the earth out of which his body was formed, and the earth was cursed for the sin of man; and, as man's body shall be raised to judgment, so the earth shall be brought under judgment at the same time, that the creation may be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. "The heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, and reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men. Nevertheless, we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent, that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless; and account that the long suffering of our Lord is salvation" (2 Pet. iii. 7, 15).

St. Peter in his former epistle had reminded us that we are kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time (1 Peter i. 5); and that this last time is the appearing of Jesus Christ (7)—the grace to be brought unto us at the revelation of Jesus Christ (15). Or, as St. Paul describes it, rest for the troubled, "when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus

Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe (because our testimony among you was believed) in that day" (2 Thess. i. 10.) From whence it is to be inferred that those who have obeyed, and those who have rejected, the Gospel, will be brought to judgment at the same time; and, having enjoyed the same privileges, will find the opposite consequences of having improved or neglected their opportunities. And this is the meaning of the declaration to Daniel—"Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt" (xii. 2).

The last three chapters of the Apocalypse are to be regarded as one vision, beginning with the judgment of those to whom the Gospel has been preached, and running on to the time of the general judgment. That the lake of fire is constituted at the coming of the Lord is manifest; for the beast and false prophet are taken and cast alive into it (xix. 20); and we see no sufficient reason for rejecting an hypothesis which has been thrown out by many that Rome itself may become literally that lake of fire; since all travellers agree in representing the whole district as one vast accumulation of sulphur and volcanic materials, which wait only the divine fiat to become Etna, Vesuvius, and Lipari, combined into one Roman conflagration; and, as Mr. Elliott hints, the Mediterranean Sea may have its bed raised thereby, so as to become the scite of the new Jerusalem. And thus, the place where the Gospel had been most shamefully perverted and dishonoured, would become thenceforward the seat of the new Jerusalem, the metropolis of the new creation, and the throne of God and the Lamb for ever.

On the one hand it is declared, concerning Babylon, that her smoke rose up for ever and ever (xix. 3); and on the other hand it is said that the earth shall be full of the glory of God (Isai. xi. 9; Hab. ii. 14.) And when we study attentively such chapters as Isai. xxxiii. xxxiv., and xxxv., it is scarcely possible to resist the conviction that the judgment threatened upon Idumea or Rome, and which is eternal, is superseded in place as well as in time by the everlasting joy of the ransomed of the Lord (xxxv. 10).

If this hypothesis be allowed it would be a realization on a large scale; and, with reference to the prophetic portion of the earth or the scite of the four monarchies, of the pattern of the tabernacle as shown on a small scale to Moses in the

mount; for the heavenly Jerusalem is described in the Apocalypse as a cube which was the form of the most holy place of the tabernacle; and, if it shall occupy the place of Christendom, it would form the western extremity of the continent, as the most holy place stood at the western extremity of the tabernacle. The restored Jews in Palestine would, in that case, answer to the holy place of the tabernacle, where the daily worship was conducted by the priest; and it is declared in Zechariah's last chapters that all the nations of the earth shall come up to Jerusalem to worship. Lastly, these nations lying to the east, north, and south, would answer to the court of the congregation which surrounded thus the tabernacle.

It only remains to complete this popular sketch that we point out the chronological epochs of Daniel and St. John, as they have been verified in the events of history, and especially within our own time. The earliest and longest of these epochs is the 2300 years (Dan. viii. 14): this period evidently bears primary reference to the Jewish people, and points to the time when their desolation shall draw to an end; and, as the seventy weeks of the following chapter as evidently refer to the time when that desolation should begin, so both periods necessarily have the same date of commencement; and, as the only date which fulfils all the conditions of the seventy weeks is B.C. 453, we assume this to be the commencement of the 2300 years, which would thus expire A.D. 1848. The revolutions which then occurred cannot but indirectly affect the Jewish people, and facilitate their return: but there was one very remarkable occurrence which may be regarded as a peculiar sign.

The Jews regarded the tribute, which they were required to pay to the Romans, as one of the most odious marks of their national degradation, as we learn from the crafty endeavours to entrap our Lord into an approval of it so as to render him odious to the people, or into a disapproval so as to furnish matter of accusation to the Romans. After the destruction of Jerusalem, Titus enacted that all Jews, wherever wandering, should pay to the Capitoline Jupiter the same annual tribute of a didrachm that they had previously been accustomed to pay to their own temple. This Judaicus fiscus, as Suetonius informs us, was rigidly and oppressively exacted by Domitian, and Origen notices its continuance in his letter to Africanus. When Rome became Papal the tax was continued for supporting the Papal worship, and the Jews of Rome were confined to one quarter called the "Ghetto."

In 1848, however, the Marquis Azeglio published an interesting memoir on the oppression of the Jews at Rome and in Italy, and in that same year this tax on the Jews was abolished by the Pope and this sign of national degradation removed; and in 1848 the Pope himself attended to see the gate of the Ghetto broken down, even in Rome itself, and this offensive sign of captivity and slavery was finally abolished.

The next date in the order of time is that of the rise of the Roman empire, or rather the time when it rises from the sea (Rev. xiii. 1), and takes its place as the fourth of Daniel's beasts—the beast to which Satan gave his power, and his seat, and great authority. We fix on the year B.C. 133, as the commencement of the fourth empire, on several grounds. First, it was the time when the Romans took possession of the kingdom of Pergamos in Asia Minor, under the will of Attalus the last king, and so began a permanent footing in the East. It was also the time when, by invitation of the Maccabees, they became allies of the Jews, and soon arbitrators in the affairs of Syria, and at length masters of both parties; and it is also the commencement of the 666 years, which is given as the number of the beast (Rev. xiii. 18).

This number is the only number in the Apocalypse which we take in its literal sense—that is, according to human computation in ordinary affairs; and it is the only number of which it is said it is the number of a man—for we believe that it is thus spoken of that we may thus understand it: not puzzling ourselves in order to find some *man's name* with which it will correspond, but understanding it to be a number which is to be applied as men use numbers—that is, literally, and not symbolically, as the other numbers of the Apocalypse must be understood.

But, if this number were meant to mark thus clearly the rise of the Roman beast, why was it not given at the commencement of the chapter instead of being inserted at the close? We believe that it was because it could not be understood till the end; and that when the symbolical numbers had been interpreted by the events, then this literal number would be found to join on with these, and fill up the void between the time, times, and a half, of the Papal dominion, and the rise of the Roman beast from the sea. All judicious interpreters are now agreed in fixing on A.D. 533 as the commencement of the Papal dominion of 1260 years; and 666 years would carry us back to B.C. 133, when the Roman power began to acquire ascendancy in the East, both by legal acquisition.

of the kingdom of Pergamos and by their being appealed to in the disputes which arose between the Maccabees and the kings of Syria and Egypt. And thus the chronology of the Roman beast is complete; and, if we adopt the chronology of Clinton and assume that the sixth Millennium will terminate A.D. 1863, the Roman beast will have subsisted about 2000 years, and the preceding time be divided into similar equal parts, by the death of Noah terminating the patriarchal dispensation and the birth of Abraham commencing the separation of a peculiar people from the rest of mankind; to prepare the way for that seed in which all nations should be blessed.

We do not expect the chronology of any age to become clear and indisputable to those that live during that age, as this would be walking by sight and not by faith; and least of all do we expect that the chronology of the last age of the Church will become so clear as to enable us to predict the exact time of our Lord's coming. The Church must be kept always on the watch, and this can only be attained by certainty of the fact combined with some uncertainty as to the time. We know, from the large proportion of prophecy that has been already fulfilled, that the end is near; but it is not given to us to know the day and the hour, which the Father has kept in his own power. Nor will these mysteries be fully cleared up until the end of time: but then we have no doubt that there will appear the same harmony in time as in all the other arrangements of Providence—and that as God created the heavens and the earth in a set time, and as he delivered the children of Israel from Egypt in the self-same day which he had appointed, and as he led them through Jordan into the land of inheritance forty years after—so all the great Christian mysteries, and spiritual deliverances of which these were types, will be found to have occurred at set appointed times.

We see it in part, as in the instance of the 1260 years of Papal oppression; and shall, no doubt, see it in the final destruction of the Papacy, and in the great tribulation by which that destruction is accomplished, and which immediately precedes the second coming of the Son of Man; and it is our wisdom and our safety to lay such firm hold on the things that have been already fulfilled as not to be shaken out of our faith in them by any of the disappointments we may experience if the coming events should not take that course which we had been led to expect and believe. We must be prepared to find many things baulking our expecta-

tions, and many things springing up unexpectedly which no human sagacity could foresee; and we must hold fast our faith that all these things are under the controul of God and shall all work together for good to them that love him.

And above all we must remember our Lord's warning, that false Christs and false prophets shall abound in the last times, deceiving, if it were possible, the very elect. These delusions will take that form which is most seductive at the time on the one hand; or will assail the Church on that side on which she is weakest or has been most shaken on the other. Those who are credulous and succumb to spiritual agency will be liable to follow false Christs: those who have trusted too much to their intellectual discernment, either in undervaluing prophecy or making it supersede spiritual truths, may be shaken out of all faith when they find their immediate expectations disappointed, and are startled by new and surprising occurrences.

Of such a time it is written, "Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus" (Rev. xiv. 12). "And they overcame by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death" (xii. 11). "That which ye have already, hold fast till I come. He that overcometh and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations, and I will give him the morning star" (Rev. ii. 28; 2 Pet. i. 19).

And as on the completion of the events which belonged to the first coming of our Lord, the apostles found them to be in exact accordance with the prophecies of Scripture—and that even the treachery of Judas and the malice of the Jews had been used as instruments for accomplishing the purpose of God and this without diminishing their guilt—so at the second coming of the Lord all the remaining prophecies shall be found fulfilled both as concerns the Church and as concerns the world. The wrath of man shall praise thee, O Lord, and the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain.

When Christ had suffered and had risen from the dead, and had ascended to the right hand of God and had given the Holy Ghost as the promise of the Father, St. Peter, in the light of accomplished prophecy, declared to the Jews concerning Jesus of Nazareth, "Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain; whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death, because it was not possible that he should be holden of it. There-

fore, being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear" (Acts ii. 23-33).

And when Christ shall come again it will become manifest that, during the Christian dispensation, all things both in the Church and in the world have been in like manner ordered according to the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God; and that the kingdom of Providence and the kingdom of grace are under the same sceptre. We shall then truly know that all things have been working together for good to them that love God—to them who are the called according to his purpose. The foreknowledge, predestination, and conformity to the image of his Son, are the divine attributes which have their expression in our calling, and justification, and glorification (Rom. viii. 30). And thus the great mystery of godliness shall stand out complete, as headed up in our Lord, who is not only the sacrifice for our sins, but shall then take to himself his great power and reign as King of kings and Lord of lords; "who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature; for by him were all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created BY HIM AND FOR HIM; and he is before all things, and by him all things consist, and he is the Head of the body, the Church; who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead, that in all things he might have the pre-eminence. For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell" (Col. i. 19). "And all men shall fear, and shall declare the work of God; for they shall wisely consider of his doing" (Psal. lxiv. 9).

[The editor has received the following communication from Mr. Faber, which, out of respect to him, is inserted. We do not, however, see that Mr. Faber has convicted the reviewer of any material error; for it is not said that Mr. Faber and Mr. Frere hold views "in common," but "on separate grounds."

"To the Editor of the Church of England Quarterly Review.

"SIR—There may be various points on which I differ from the author of the article in the *Church of England Quarterly Review* for April, entitled '*On the Time of the End*;' but I have no wish to trouble you with any controversy on the subject. Suffice it to say that, since in my judgment no man ought to meddle with prophetic interpretation unless he possesses a sufficiency of moral courage to acknowledge himself mistaken on any point when in his

conscience he *believes* such to be the case, I have never scrupled to disclaim infallibility and make such alterations as I deemed necessary. If *this* is to raise a prejudice against me, as seems to be intimated at pp. 269 and 270, I cannot help it, though I may think the prejudice somewhat unreasonable. However, if it may abate the prejudice, I may *now* state that, since I published my '*Sacred Calendar of Prophecy*,' in the year 1827, I have never seen reason to alter *any* of the opinions there expressed; but, on the contrary, my due perusal of various expository works has served only to convince me the more that, in all essential points, I am strictly correct; and, consequently, that those who differ from me thus differ erroneously. It was with this full conviction that, when I published another edition in the year 1844, I saw no reason to *retract* a single position, though I found that some points might be better and more fully stated; and, though peradventure it may look like vanity to say so, every passing event, from the rise of the Franco-Roman emperorship of the first Napoleon down to the portentous appearance of the second Napoleon in our own day, more and more convinces me that my '*Sacred Calendar*' contains the *only* interpretation of Daniel and St. John, which is throughout uniformly consistent and tenable. Did I think otherwise, I would not scruple, as an honest man possessing a reasonable amount of moral courage, openly to point out what in such a supposed case I believed to be my *errors*: even though, as your reviewer expresses it, such confessions might 'not unnaturally incline men to distrust my judgment and to shake their confidence in what they receive from me.' He who virtually claims infallibility, by a resolution *never* to *confess himself mistaken*, strikes me as much more deserving the character of a quack than that of a trust-worthy interpreter.

"But my chief object in begging the admission of this in the next number of the *Church of England Quarterly* is to correct an error of your reviewer in point of a mere fact. Ho says, that 'Mr. Faber and Mr. Frere, on separate grounds, calculate the *Time of the End* as probably terminating in 1866 or 1868—Mr. Faber, on the ground that the Papacy received its establishment in 606, and that its period of 1260 years will expire in 1866' (p. 280).

"This statement, so far as *I* am concerned, is inaccurate every way.

"My *real* view is, that the 1260 years *strictly* commenced in 604, because, in that year, all the ten Gothic kingdoms (agreeably to Rev. xvii. 13, compared with Dan. vii. 24, 25) had submitted to the Papacy, and had thus given into its hand the saints of the Most High; and I have since thought that, as the grant of Phocas in 606 may be viewed as a sort of official sealing on the part of the then head of the Roman empire, the 1260 years may broadly be said to have commenced A.D. 604-606. In this case, they would expire A.D. 1864-1866; strictly, however, in 1864. Meanwhile, the two years thus obtained will be identical with the *Time of the End*, and will be occupied by the expedition of the wilful Roman King, at that precise *declared* time, as foretold in Dan. xi. 40-45; and will be *synchronically* occupied with what St. John calls the *War of Armageddon*.

"Whether I be right or wrong in my view, this at all events *is* my view; not that which your reviewer ascribes to me *in common* with Mr. Frere.

"Perhaps I may be allowed to add that, although I deem the premillennial occurrence of what the Church has always understood by the second advent to be a plain scriptural contradiction, and therefore impossibility, I am far from saying that there will not be a *temporary* visible manifestation of Christ at the close of the *Time of the End*, for the purpose of destroying the armies of the Antichristian Faction, in the immediate vicinity of Jerusalem. The *probability* of such a temporary manifestation, analogous to those previous temporary manifestations in the cases of St. Stephen and St. Paul, I gather from Dan. vii. 9, 10; Zechar. xiv. 1-5; and Rev. xix. 11-21; but, antecedently, I would not venture to say more than *probability*. Such a manifestation, however, would *not* be what the Catholic Church has always understood to be the second advent, for the purpose of judging *individuals*, whether quick or dead; for every predicted manifestation, if *literal*, at the close of the 1260 years, invariably respects, not *individuals*, but *communities*. The *real* second advent for the judgment of *individuals* is, in Rev. xx. 11-15, distinctly placed, not *before*, but *after*, the Millennium; and it plainly corresponds and synchronises with our Lord's parallel prophecy in Matt. xxv. 31-46. Your reviewer is quite correct in saying that I once held the opinion of the Premillennialism of the *real* second advent; but it was only when I was a young man, and before I had thoroughly sifted the question.

"G. S. FABER.

"Sherburn House, April 5th, 1852."

ART. II.—*Meditations et Etudes Morales*. Par M. GUIZOT.
Second Edition. Paris: Didier. 1852.

THE religious reader of modern French literature will find no small measure of gratification in the perusal of some of these essays. Indeed, he alone is in a condition to appreciate their vast value at the present day. M. Guizot always speaks of his Protestantism courageously, and with that conscious self-gratulation which a deep conviction of having "bought the truth" (Prov. xxiii. 23), at its saleable price of toil and worldly sacrifices, must engender. But this honorable epithet, as applied to him, embraces a wider meaning. M. Guizot has not only *protested* in a Romish court against the errors of Rome, but he also *protests* in an infidel country against *infidelity*; and this seems to be the best praise, speaking distinctively, which can be awarded to some of

these highly intellectual essays. Regarded as the independent compositions of a student they would be valuable; but regarded as the compositions of one whose professional pursuits during a busy life have been mainly historical and political, and as voluntary replies to the most dangerous opinions of some of the world-famous philosophers of France, they are invaluable.

Neither of the two to which we propose to confine ourselves (on the "Immortality of the Soul") are very recent productions, both having been published in 1827. But this makes them the more valuable, because having been published but this year, under the author's immediate control in a collection of his principal works, it proves that his opinions have stood the test of time and experience.

It must be understood that the following opinions and arguments are, for the most part, M. Guizot's: for the manner of stating them we are responsible, changes and explanations having been made principally in reference to the simplification of *transcendental* doctrines, which most English readers are found to require, though a French author may take for granted the requisite elementary knowledge in the majority of his educated readers.

M. Guizot commences the first of these two essays with the assertion that the *idea* of immortality lies within the human soul as it proceeded from the hand of its Maker—the *idea*, but not the formal *belief*.

We at once meet here with the difficulty which obstructs the path of the unprepared reader of certain philosophical writings—What is meant by the word *idea*? According to Locke, an *idea* is something of which we are immediately conscious: according to Plato, it expresses that of which we cannot be immediately conscious. It refers to the native structure of the mind. As an illustration of the difficulty, we may refer to something which belongs to the native structure of the *body*. A man has no belief in the peculiar *taste* (for example) of olives until one has been brought into contact with his palate; after which the *belief* of this fact in the world of tastes is called into existence, and becomes, henceforth, a portion of his knowledge. The discovery may have been made very late in life; but the *power* under which it was made lay in an original physical structure; and would, at any other time, upon a like experiment, have produced the same kind of knowledge. Such kind of knowledge does not depend, in the slightest degree, upon the reason, the will, or the imagination. The only share which the will has in it is to

determine that the fruit shall be applied to the palate: the peculiar effect (as we popularly say the *taste*) depends upon original organization; and is, in the true human sense of the word, *necessary*. Once apply the olive to the palate, and it becomes *impossible*, henceforth, not to believe in its taste—that is, speaking analogically, we might say, that the *idea* of this *taste* lay in the original structure of the animal frame; though the *belief* of it could only be obtained through an especial external action. If the unpractised reader of this branch of mental knowledge will trouble himself to comprehend the terms of this illustration, he will have less difficulty in following M. Guizot's proofs.

The preliminary affirmation is that the *idea*, but not the *belief*, of immortality, lies originally within the human soul. True, the doctrine has been doubted and even rejected by serious and sincere minds; and probably, even amongst professed believers of it, there may be much hypocrisy, originating in the shame of a public confession; but at all events they have formed the idea of immortality and have admitted its legitimacy; and a belief of this doctrine is equally *implied* in the *actions* of large numbers of such men as profess to have paid no attention to the abstract doctrine, as in their love of glory, in their respect for the dead, and in their hopes or fears of a fact of some kind beyond this life. Spontaneous or reflective, clear or obscure, apparent or hidden, permanent or fugitive, the idea of immortality is met with in all minds.

Now, the inquiry is—From whence comes this idea? By what paths, and what title, does it thus universally introduce itself into the human mind? What light does its *origin* throw upon its *legitimacy*?

It cannot come to us from *experience*; nor can it be borrowed, by way of *analogy*, from observations upon the *outer world*; for, in fact, from this quarter proceed those analogies which obscure it and lead to its rejection. For the only spectacle presented by the processes of nature in the outer world are life and death, and the last fact which strikes the observer's senses is his own death. There can be nothing then in the outer world which suggests to man the idea of immortality.

Moreover, it is in those men whose thoughts are chiefly occupied about external things that this idea is established with the greatest difficulty. Take them under situations and occupations the most different: learned men whose pursuits are about material organization—politicians occupied with the temporal condition of the people—sensualists, and all

such as live habitually in the presence, and under the empire, of the external world—these are the classes, to speak generally, which think least of their immortality. And hence all religions, in order to foster the cultivation of this belief in immortality, have enjoined upon their followers a sequestration from the world, less to detach them from it than on account of the obstacles which it opposes to this belief. Indeed, it is necessary to have shuddered with terror at the aspect of the fearful appearance of the *act of dying* to comprehend the abyss which separates the spectacle of the outer world from the idea of immortality.

Others have sought to trace the origin of this belief to a contemplation of the destinies of man, chiefly in reference to the injustice that seems to be the rule of this life. It has seemed impossible to such to accept the moral disorder that reigns in the world, the triumph of evil, and the misfortune of the good which is so common, as the law of the righteous governor of the universe. They think that order and justice must be restored *somewhere*; and hence they conclude that the doctrine of immortality is a necessary belief.

And there is truth in this human instinct—only, as thus stated, it involves an inversion of facts. For, it is not from the necessity of moral order that the immortality of the soul is deduced; but it is because man believes in the immortality of the soul that he, therefore, requires the establishment of moral order. The instinct of immortality is implied in this need of eternal justice and necessarily precedes it. A proof of this may be obtained from the mode in which infidel poets, philosophers, and statesmen, deal with this moral disorder. Determining to reject this natural solution, they have no better substitute than to tell man to yield, as best he can, to an ephemeral destiny; and to resign himself to what is unavoidable, and to enjoy the good he meets with, and to bow his head before evil that must soon pass away. The negativeness of so poor a remedy for such worldly disasters as it professes to render endurable seems to prove that there must be a *positive* remedy somewhere. The error, however, arises from a confusion of facts; for it is not that a sense of moral disorder craves for immortality so much as that the innate idea of immortality craves for moral order.

Others have deduced the origin of the idea of immortality from the insufficiency of the actual world to satisfy the immensity of the soul's desires, inextinguishable as it is found to be by any happiness, which ever falls short of expectation, is soon used up, or stands ready to elude the

grasp of its fancied possessor. Hence, it has been concluded that this doctrine has been devised as opening before the soul prospects boundless as its desires.

The confusion is here the same as before—the facts are inverted. It is true that the world does not suffice for man; but then this sentiment has not invented, for its own satisfaction, that hope of immortality. On the contrary, it belongs to the nature of this sentiment to *reveal* to the human consciousness the idea of immortality; and then, when the two facts there confront each other, to yield its parentage to the innate idea of immortality. It is the instinct of an infinite nature which pushes beyond the finite world the ambition of the soul. It is because the soul feels itself to be immortal that it aspires to things which do not pass away.

But can the idea of immortality be deduced by *science*? Can this doctrine be a philosophical invention, an hypothesis, or a system imagined for the solution of the problem of our nature and destiny? So some think: it appears to them to be more probable than any other, because it explains more difficulties: it gives a better account of moral facts, and, therefore, it has been adopted.

But this would require us to admit the impossible claim of philosophical discovery for an *universal* idea which is anterior, in the history of humanity, to every proper name and to every school, and which is met with everywhere, under all the forms and degrees of civilization—even in the bosom of gross barbarity; and which exists, vague, obscure, but yet powerful, at the bottom of the sentiments and under the actions of men the most strange to all abstract thought and internal teaching. The supposition that this universal idea should be a philosophical discovery is equally offensive to the instinct of good sense as it is unable to bear calm examination.

When man's nature becomes the subject of investigation, the human spirit is neither so inventive nor so free as it struggles to be. It has been able to explain the physical world; but, when passing from this to the study of the moral world, it is subject to the most imperious laws and fetters, and hence the vast number of philosophical systems may be reduced to some few ideas and fundamental differences. If the ardour of combat has been great, the arena has been narrow and the arms have not been changed. We may allude to the three systems—spiritualism, materialism, and fatalism—which have sprung up from, and repose upon, some one idea comprised in the spontaneous

faith of humanity; but which, adopting this sole idea and stretching it beyond its domain, make of it an hypothesis for explaining all things; and thus expose it to perils which, in its primitive and pure state, it would not have to encounter.

To such danger the idea of the immortality of the soul has been exposed. Instead of bearing it to its true place, and pouring full light upon the fact which it expresses, attempts have been made to force from it scientific explanations of the nature of the soul and its relation to the outer world, and to unveil for man all his future and the plans of Providence. In the name of this idea, systems have been framed which will not bear examination; and it would be easy to show that most part of the objections to the doctrine of immortality belong to the illegitimate employment which science has endeavoured to make of the instinctive belief of humanity; but, fortunately, humanity is stronger than science, and constrains it sooner or later to return of itself from its errors.

Or, to pass to another view—is our knowledge of this truth to be attributed to a certain special *revelation* given at some certain period, and which was therefore unknown before that? None of the pretended revelations preserved in ancient books claim this discovery: they confirm the idea and draw conclusions from it; but they find it in the human soul and do not pretend to have introduced it there. The writings of Moses evidently *imply* the idea in the Hebrew mind, though he nowhere pretends to the *discovery* of it.

Having thus shown that man does not receive this idea of immortality from experience, or science, or express revelation, and that the outer world does not teach it and that his own genius has not invented it, we are driven to conclude that it arises for him from the bottom of his soul. He *perceives* the truth: he *knows* himself to be immortal.

The following important analogy will illustrate this argument. How does man discover himself to be a *moral* being? How is this essential property of humanity made known to him? We hold with the utmost certainty of conviction that the instinctive idea of morality, and the notion of moral good and evil, signified under the name of *duty* which necessarily accompanies it, comes to man neither from the external world nor from any human invention or convention. On the contrary, it is a simple, primitive, universal idea, awakened in the soul on the occasion; and, so to speak, upon the pro-

vocation of external facts of our life, and solely by the energy of its own peculiar nature.

The actual origin of the notion is this : an external fact, special, determined, and proper to become the subject, and, so to speak, the *material* of human morality, is brought into contact with the soul ; and, from the moment that its activity is thus consciously awakened, instantly, necessarily, and without any logical process, the notion of *moral* good and evil is raised in the human thought, and appears to it complete and pure, such as it will ever hereafter appear in the presence of all the facts to which it can be applied. At the moment when the notion is produced, man sees himself to be placed under the empire of law. He recognises it, and he sees himself *obliged* towards moral good, without other motive than that it is good and that he is a human being—that is to say, that he appears to himself as a moral being, the interior and personal fact of his moral nature having been made manifest to him through means of the interior facts to which it corresponds.

Similarly to this process is that which awakens the innate idea of immortality. This idea exists in the soul, present and indestructible, and is not deduced from any external facts. But its presence is made known to the consciousness by means of certain facts whose nature it is to awaken it : for example, the moral disorder of the actual world, its insufficiency to fill the abyss of human desire, respect for the dead, and many others of kindred character. This is nothing more than to affirm that, in the presence of certain appropriate and strikingly characteristic facts granted by all, man, by a sudden manifestation of his original nature to his own consciousness, perceives himself to be a moral and an immortal being.

There is, however, an important difference in the ulterior history of these two facts of human nature. On their first appearance as spontaneous beliefs both are equally confused—both alike wanting in that precision which reflection alone gives to ideas. But their destinies soon separate. The moral nature of man finds an ample theatre in the world. After having been revealed from within, under the primitive ideas of moral good and evil and of duty, human morality realises itself from without in a long series of facts and acts. To these, by study and analysis, a scientific form is given ; and thus, the idea of human morality passes from that degree of certitude which belongs to spontaneous belief to the clearness which science can alone give.

But the idea of immortality is evolved by a far less evident

process: for the human consciousness is the only theatre where this idea can be given; and beyond that, in the outer world, nothing expresses, but rather everything denies it; and this arises from the nature of the fact so revealed, which is that it is not consummated in this life; and, therefore, it can never enter into the domain of *science*, which is concerned with experimental facts only. And hence it follows that the idea of immortality, though equal in certitude to other spontaneous beliefs, cannot attain to the same ulterior state of clearness. Its authority is the same; for it has the same origin, and reveals by the same way a fact of the same nature; but it does not procure for the human mind the same satisfaction and repose. It is the sound of a far-off voice which repeats and transmits no echo. It is the light of a sun which does not arise above the horizon in this world. The sound attests the voice—the sun is there since the light appears; but man craves for more: he exhausts himself in efforts that the voice may draw near him, and that the sun may rise; and as he does not succeed in this, perhaps, in his weariness or annoyance, he will end by saying, and persuading himself to believe it, that he sees and understands nothing.

This is no unfrequent occurrence. Persons have been desirous that the idea of immortality should pass from the sphere of spontaneous belief into that of reflective notions. They have attempted to convert the *immediate perception* into *scientific knowledge*. Affirming that *clearness* was throughout the condition of *certainty*, they have striven to obtain it in this as in other facts of different character and nature. The one party have frankly owned that they could not succeed and became unbelievers. Others, persuaded of their success, have constructed that portion of theology which pretends to be the *science* of a future state. But no amount of genius has been able to establish this into a solid science capable of standing examination; and the discovery of the errors of this psychological theology and the spectacle of its fall have only multiplied unbelievers.

Others also, with no aids from learning and science, in endeavouring to give an account to themselves of their belief in immortality, have discovered that it escaped them, and that the more they applied themselves to make it clear the more uncertain and obscure it became; and, not only did the idea of immortality become thus shaken, but the ideas in which it manifests itself, and the sentiments which contain and nourish it—such as respect for the dead, the necessity of

the re-establishment of moral order, and the like—lost much of their authority.

On the contrary, in men who have not sought to reflect deeply upon or to analyze their spontaneous faith—men of simple minds, delivered up to the laws of our nature and to the course of common life—in such, the instinct of belief in immortality continues to subsist, though obscure and oftentimes apparently oppressed and buried under the weight of the external world; and if particular circumstances happen to give these sentiments more development and power—or if the interior life within them acquires more continuity and energy—we suddenly see natural belief in immortality assume a place and an authority before unknown.

Now, are we to suppose that the idea of immortality has become more clear and more reflective in such minds? We believe not. The truth is, they have taken a firmer hold of this fact of their consciousness without seeking to clear it up or to render account of it to themselves: they contemplate and enjoy it without discussing its certitude. Thus it is that, at the moment when a man penetrates the most deeply into himself, and when the real presence of his own being becomes more sensible to himself, then the spontaneous belief of immortality acquires more energy and evidence; so that general experience attests that which the attentive examination of the individual consciousness discovers—that *man perceives himself to be immortal*.

With no exact knowledge of these facts, men have instinctively confessed them; and the fruit of them is discoverable at every step in their actions, and their opinions, and their language. Thus, theology (which is, however, a science) lifts up its voice against the scientific pretensions of the human mind, and desires to place this natural belief of immortality under the protection of an authority charged in some sort to promulgate this fact of human consciousness, and to protect it against those attempts at elucidation and explication which are fatal to it.

Others have maintained that this faith was a pure *sentiment*, inaccessible to all contact with the understanding; and that man cannot render it evident to himself but by the exaltation of his *moral sensibility*—hence comes *mysticism*. Others, discouraged by the vanity of their efforts to convince themselves of a belief, which, however, they could not abandon, have concluded that the soul was incapable of reaching it by its own proper force; but that it was necessary, however, to admit it for the sake of utility, and upon the faith of com-

mon sense. The first of these two is a form of the reason which ignores itself—the last is a form of the reason which believes itself powerless and yet maintains its authority.

This fact of immortality is not, then, a deduction—nor is it proved, nor is it unfolded. It manifests itself to the consciousness—even within the consciousness—and to the intelligence in the observation of the consciousness, in whose bosom the idea of immortality is contained. No labour of demonstration puts a man upon the track of this simple and pure perception. There is, however, a certain state of the soul which renders the evidence more easy and sure; but this state is not the sudden fruit either of an act of the intelligence or of a special and direct act of the will. Providence has, so to speak, put this intimate certitude of immortality at a higher price. A great purity, a quick moral sensibility, the energetic and regular development of the interior life, the habit of overseeing oneself and of cultivating in oneself the ideas and the sentiments which elevate above the earth—these are the conditions most favourable for seizing the fact of immortality at the bottom of the consciousness and taking firm possession of it. They perceive it better who are in that disposition in which the soul, so to speak, contemplates itself with the most severity and reverts itself to itself without intervening veil; and it is in this sense we are able to say that it depends upon a man to obtain faith.

Another argument in favour of the doctrine of the soul's immortality is taken from that *respect for the dead* which is a natural and universal sentiment: it is found amongst those who differ widely in other respects, and no one is absolutely ignorant of it. Those examples which seem to disprove this may yet be otherwise explained. A horseman, in the ardour of battle with intoxication of victory, will spur his horse over dead bodies without repugnance or hesitation; but this proves nothing but that our actual, present, and strong passion stifles, for a time, a distant sentiment. Remove the passion, and give the same horseman out of the field of battle a dead body to ride over in sport, and it is almost certain that he will refuse; and, if he does not, he will perform the exploit from bravado and to answer a defiance—another passion whose triumph attests the sentiment he has surmounted.

Grave-diggers toss about human bones without showing more respect for them than for the stones or earth with which they are mixed. But, instead of these bones, let a plain be covered with dead bodies freshly slain, and require these men to mount on horseback and trample them under

foot, they will certainly recoil. And the explanation is easy: in their own calling habit had destroyed instinct: out of their calling, habit fails and instinct asserts her rights. There are anthropophagi, who are unwilling to quit the ground where the bones of their ancestors are buried.

We may remark that it is the property of natural and universal sentiments that they often yield to necessity, passion, instinct, or the accidents of character: whilst, however, they still lie hidden in the soul and will re-appear when the causes which suppressed them disappear, they may remain for a time inactive, but they can never be abolished. Respect for the dead is one of this class.

Suppose a man in whom, independently of all passion or any particular situation, respect for the dead appears to be abolished, the consent of the human race determines that such a man is *depraved*; and, if in place of this sentiment of respect for the dead there appears in any case *contempt* or *outrage*, such actions are pronounced *criminal*. On the contrary, the development of this sentiment, and the extension of its authority, is regarded as a favourable symptom of the condition or manners, and a development of our moral nature in the progress of humanity.

If, then, this sentiment is natural, universal, and obligatory on the faith of mankind, the enquiry is—What is its source—whence comes it—and what does it import?

First, there is nothing *personal* in it, either in the living who feels it or towards the dead who is the object of it. Of course, former affection enhances and perpetuates it; but it subsists for itself, without aid of any foreign sentiment. Men respect those when dead whom they did not know when living; and, further, the conscience of the human race agrees that all *animosity* shall yield to death. It has found excuses even for the murder of a detested enemy; but the indignation that did not arise at this would have arisen at any outrage upon his body at the tomb.

The human conscience goes yet further: it determines that respect for the dead is independent of their moral character and of the esteem yielded to their memory. A man may not have been loved—he may have been justly despised and detested; but that does not constitute the difference: he is dead, and a certain respect becomes due to him—not, certainly, equal to that which is bestowed upon the memory of the good. The human consciousness, which takes account of all that it sees, has infinitely varied measures for persons and things; and it determines that there is due to the obsequies,

to the name, and the tomb of a good man, a respect which is nourished and made to grow by all the sentiments which awake his memory. But the body of the criminal has no other title to respect than that it is dead. Formerly, the bodies of criminals were, after execution, delivered up to all kinds of outrages. The human consciousness now rejects such practices as barbarous: at first, probably, it required them to satisfy one sentiment—one exclusive passion—one powerful but confined idea—the need of avenging justice.

This consciousness has, in the progress of time, developed itself. It has become conversant with many other sentiments equally moral and sacred: it has learnt how to control them, and to reform the one by the other, and to accord to each that which belongs to it legitimately; and it still maintains the punishment of the criminal, but it forbids the insults to the dead.

This, then, is evident—respect for the dead is not derived from any sentiment or judgment upon their person: it is independent of all differences which distinguish men during their life. It is to the quality of man—to the human being in general—abstracted from all individual considerations, that this sentiment addresses itself. *Humanity in a dead body*—this is its only object.

And this sentiment of respect must not be confounded with *pity*. Undoubtedly, the sight of the dead awakens emotions at the fugitive, precarious, and sad condition of human life: it cost that man much to die: he had parents, friends, or children: his grief and their grief move with a confused pity those who meet his funeral procession. Pity may be thus awakened and be associated with respect; but it does not constitute it—it dwells essentially distinct from it. Pity addresses itself to the living—respect is for the dead. It is the lot of man upon earth that awakens the pity—it is the quality of man which commands the respect.

For, let the causes which awoke the pity be withdrawn—suppose the dead person in question had no parents and no friends and that he himself had looked forward to death as a happiness and a deliverance, and that all knew this and judge him happier for the change—in this case the pity will cease to arise: the respect will remain entire. It is clear, therefore, without pushing matters further, that the pity varies, being more or less prompt, general, and varied, from considerations of age, of supposed misfortune, and from many other circumstances; but the respect is always the same, the variation being not greater or less than that of the moral

development of him who feels it—a circumstance wholly foreign to the nature of the sentiment itself, and by which it is not affected.

Nor is this sentiment to be classed amongst the strictly selfish ones—that is, this respect is not founded on a calculation of what we should like to have paid towards ourselves when it shall be our turn to die : it is to be regarded rather as a natural effect of the sympathy of the individual for his species in general. The man who is living respects in him who is dead the humanity which is common to both ; and, indeed, all human sympathies have a like origin—that is to say, they are disinterested and free from personal aim. Respect for the dead does not differ in this view from those other sentiments which tie us to our species—such as that of sociability, benevolence, or pity : it is a sentiment which man feels for man, because they are both one and the other *human* : but with no further design, with no calculation of return, and from no other reason than the fact itself of the likeness of their nature.

Now, when it is considered that the distinctive character of an individual stands for nothing in the respect paid to the dead, not even his morality, this sentiment can only answer to that quality in a man which constitutes *humanity*. But would this imply an instinctive belief in humanity, that, in the region of the dead, all *individuality* has disappeared ? Is death nothing more than a symbol of man arrived at his last destiny ? Is the respect which is paid to the remains of an individual, to his name, and his tomb, addressed but to humanity in general, and not to the *individual* and real being who has died ?

This is the heart of the question : hitherto this sentiment has been but distinguished from other sentiments. It is necessary now to penetrate within it, and to see what it really is and what it implies.

A preliminary fact requiring notice, as forming a primary and fundamental element in the respect for the dead and as the first cause which awakens it, is that, at the sight of the dead, a sudden and profound sense of the grandeur of the event springs up. No doubt the gravity and the solemnity of death is the idea which suddenly seizes the mind at the sight of a dead body, or a funeral procession, or a tomb : nature shrinks at the thought that this man is dead. But why ? Is it only because it is the end of life that death appears so grand and so solemn ? Is it only for those who yet live, and because it touches us all, that man shudders at the aspect of death ? No : man sees in death something more

than the boundary of life, and is troubled at it for others than for the living. It is, in the instinct of his thought, the entrance into an unknown future—a gate which opens upon darkness impenetrable and immense. For him who is dead it is the decisive solution of a problem, and the revelation of a mystery to which all his destiny is attached. It is far more solemn on account of that scene which it begins than on account of that which it ends, and for the man whom it has struck than for those whom it is yet pursuing. Hear the opinions of those who see nothing in death but the end of life—infidels, epicurean poets, such as Horace or Lucretius, and so many others—they can either hate or fear death, but it has lost for them its *solemnity*. The human race who retain for it their feelings of solemnity deduce also its other results; and in the awe awakened at the sight of death, there is, on the one part, consciousness of the grandeur of the event for the future and for *all* men; and, on the other hand, respect for the *individual* man who has been the subject of this terrible mystery.

So far, then, is it from being true that respect for the dead addresses itself but to mankind in general, and not to man in particular, that the individual is in this case but the type of humanity. The truth is, that it is the individual himself who is the first and principal, if not exclusive, object of the sentiment and the thought. Those traits of character which appeared in him on earth, and which during his life distinguished him from other men, are effaced: it is neither as powerful or weak, nor as happy or unhappy, nor even as worthy of esteem or affection, that the imagination now considers him. It is for the individual as called to a peculiar and special destiny that the sentiment of the spectator is awakened: the forms of his earthly existence have vanished; but an individuality more intimate and more durable yet subsists and is the object of respect.

We now proceed to penetrate beyond this general expression from whence respect for the dead commences; and to enquire, when the sentiment has once arisen, what other sentiments, and what instinctive beliefs, constitute it and are discovered by it. First, we may discover a certain affection and a certain consideration of man for the dead body of man. Second, a powerful but confused idea that the dead would feel negligence, contempt, or outrage; and that by forgetfulness we should distress them, and that by insults we should offend them; and that, further, there subsists between them and us some tie and some alliance and relationship, to which senti-

ments are attached, and some duties which we could not neglect without injury to their claims upon us.

The respect of man for the dead arises from the recollection of the *soul* and of its union with the body. The presence of the soul consecrates its home—a kind of tenderness and regard clings to it when the soul has taken its departure, as to garments which a friend has formerly worn, and to houses which he formerly inhabited. Those who do not believe in the soul do not respect the body—witness so many infidel doctors, physiologists, and anatomists. Nevertheless, as belief in the soul cannot wholly perish and subsists secretly, even in that thought which denies it, so respect for the body is never absolutely extinguished. We may obtain a proof of this by considering that there are marks of contempt which the most enthusiastic anatomists could not manifest towards a dead body without giving offence to the most callous of their attendants; and, moreover, the idea of science or of general utility legitimates and sanctions, so to speak, on certain occasions and for good ends, a desecration of the human body. The same contempt, if shown without motive or object as isolated and reduced to itself, would be regarded as wrong and a symptom of depravity.

The belief in the capacity of the dead to feel and think evidently enters into the respect which they inspire. It has infinite gradations: sometimes it is absurdly rude and sometimes foolishly exalted—bringing forth on one occasion the most barbarous practices, and on another the most mystical errors. Concealed, but real, it exists in that respect for the dead which is the most transitory and involuntary, and reduced to its most modest expression. The obscure idea of a relationship, which is however yet perceived, and which rights due to the dead and a duty incumbent on the living accompany, is inherent in this sentiment. Whoever acquits himself of the duty to the dead believes that he has satisfied some one; and whoever is wanting in it will, upon consideration and in the hour of repentance, believe that he has been wanting to some one. To this belief we may even join the sentiment that, since the dead are unable to enforce their own claims, therefore the debt becomes all the more sacred. But what does this imply? Are we to suppose that the dead enjoy, or suffer from, that which the living grant or refuse them? Man knows not what to answer. How can he, who is no longer of this world, be affected by that which passes in it? What kind of ties exist and continue to unite him with those who remain here? Man cannot conceive this—the

search for it but misleads him. Nevertheless he believes it, and is no more able to escape from this instinct of his nature than to pass beyond the limits of his science. And it must be observed that this instinct has no scientific pretensions—it suffices for itself. When it has developed itself in the soul, and at the moment when man by obeying it acquits himself towards the dead of some duty, then no curiosity and no doubt disturb him. He needs not to know what kind of communication there is between himself and the dead: he acts in virtue of an irreflective faith with which he is contented—certain that, without disturbing himself about the modes of the access between the dead and the living, his act has its object and that his sentiments will not fall short of their aim. It is only when man from being an agent becomes a speculator—and when he makes observations upon his nature instead of following its dictates, and interrogates himself instead of believing himself—it is then that scientific problems spring up in him with his natural wants, and that he undertakes in behalf of science to leap over the limits beyond which his instinctive beliefs will not carry him. Scan the thoughts of the wife, or daughter, or mother, who go to the tomb to offer to a beloved body so many marks of tenderness and respect—do they believe that they comprehend that peculiar kind of relationship which subsists between the living and the dead after which the philosophers are seeking? By no means. The questions which philosophers agitate exist not for them: if they sprung up in them, as in philosophers' minds, they would become tormented with doubts and with the impossibility of resolving them. Try to raise these questions in their thoughts, and ask them how they figured to themselves that the perfume of the flowers they cultivate and the freshness of the shade they maintain, can charm the being to whom they address their cares? The suggestion would trouble their minds; and, where a passionate enthusiasm did not exist, they would murmur timid and contradictory answers. Probably, their words would contradict their actions. Before they were disturbed by this suggestion, they lived ignorant of their ignorance: they wanted to make no enquiries, whilst they confidently adhered to a simple and natural faith and rejoiced in its natural lights without extending their wishes or their ambition beyond its range.

Such, then, is the true character of the spontaneous and primitive beliefs of man. They give no reply to doubts: they solve none of those problems which are raised by science:

they exist, they inspire, and they affirm; but they have no further power and they pretend to nothing further. In respect for the dead there is evidently contained the belief—first, in the immortality of the soul: secondly, a belief in the *individuality* of the immortal being: and thirdly, a belief in the perpetuation of a certain bond, or of a certain kind of society, between those who have gone from the actual world and those who continue in it. An instinctive faith, the basis of an universal and invincible sentiment—a sentiment which could not exist if there were no faith—attests from the bottom of the soul these three facts—nothing less and nothing more; but no further demands must be made upon it to explain and to systematise them. Beyond the simple affirmation of the simple fact, it has nothing to say. At once sublime and modest, it *reveals* the future, but does not attempt to *unveil* it.

ART. III.—*Men and Women in France in the Eighteenth Century.* London. 1852.

IF it be true that every age as well as every country has its peculiar characteristics, we need not hesitate long in fixing on those of the last century. Of all the ages which have passed away since the era of Christianity there was, perhaps, none marked by so total a dereliction of the principles of true religion. A low standard alike of morals and art—an apathy on the question of religion only varied by scenes of frantic enthusiasm and savage persecution—a general absence of public virtue which rendered the occasional examples which *were* seen the more illustrious, and the deliberate adoption of a code of life which would hardly have been out of place in the court of a Heliogabalus—such was the aspect presented to the world by the century of which the generation now passing away saw the close.

In France even more than in any other country was this the case, and the lead which the brilliant but most vicious court of that country took in Europe during the entire era was in no small degree the cause of the general demoralization. He, then, who would rightly understand the causes of the awful catastrophe with which the age closed—of that open infidelity which so greatly prevailed—must look to the ethics, politics, and theology of the preceding century, and he will there find the true solution of the problem; but it is far

more easy to say this than to point out the sources where such information may be sought. To the mere English reader the books which contain it are sealed books: among those who understand the language of our neighbours there are few to whom it would be safe to entrust such works as those of Touchat la Fosse; and a merely general idea that the age was a profligate one would be neither sufficient for the philosophic nor the historical enquirer. The whole spirit is godless—the whole details are foul; and, until the appearance of the work mentioned at the head of this article, there was absolutely wanting that which would shadow forth the one and indicate the other with sufficient decency to be readable, and yet sufficient accuracy to give us a true portrait of the period.

This book, then, supplies a desideratum—fills a gap—and as such must be welcome to a great variety of readers. It is of French origin, written by one who has taken part in some of the scenes which he describes, and who has received the rest from those who are no longer “dwellers among men.” As to taste, from beginning to end, nothing can be well worse than these volumes: they are in the most despicable style of French sentimentalism. As to morals, the case is still worse. The writer describes, without a word of reproof, the most fearful instances of depravity, and gives his general approbation to characters whom no society now extant would tolerate at all. If now and then a virtuous sentiment is paraded, it is so obviously with a view to effect that it is yet more offensive than the implied profligacy of the rest. To add to its deficiencies the book is miserably translated, with a great deal of vulgar slang, and with a literal rendering of idiomatic phrases, which not unfrequently quite confounds the author’s meaning.

It may seem strange, then, that we should so unhesitatingly pronounce this book an acquisition to the literature of the day; but no one can rise from its perusal without a far clearer and more correct opinion of the eighteenth century than he could have obtained from any other *creditably accessible* sources.

We have seen the American impression from which this with some necessary alterations is a reprint, and must congratulate Mr. Bentley on having omitted many anecdotes and many remarks equally blasphemous and indelicate, and much that without being either the one or the other would hardly fail to be offensive to an English reader. It is difficult to choose selections to give our readers an idea of this singular book; but, as it treats of all classes and conditions of men, we will take a few characteristic anecdotes of French artists to com-

mence with. French painters have rarely been very much admired in England; yet the names of Greuze, Lancret, and Watteau, will not fail to excite interest; and no where can such curious details of their lives and characters be found as in these pages.

There were two schools of painting which divided the favour of France in the beginning and middle of the eighteenth century: one seeking after the grand and noble, desiring to fathom the mysteries of nature and to reveal them in turn to those capable of appreciating and enjoying them—a school of more merit in design than in execution, which aimed after more than it was able to accomplish; and another which as a mirror reflected the very image of the time. Satisfied with prettiness instead of beauty, and meretricious splendour instead of sublimity, it gave us a Mignard, a Boucher, a Fragonard, and departed from the traditions of a Poussin and a Lebrun.

Francis Boucher, who painted the beauties of Louis XV.'s court, sometimes as nymphs and sometimes as shepherdesses—sometimes with fanciful attire and sometimes without any at all—but always with the mincing affectation which characterized the pretty originals—was born in the year in which Bossuet died. The last relics of the “great reign” were passing; and Fontenelle—that anticipation of the eighteenth century—was standing in the proportions of a pigmy on the tombs of those departed giants—Corneille, Racine, Molière, and Bossuet. The heartless painter of a heartless age, Boucher had no love for nature: he lived in Paris and for Paris alone: he preferred landscapes at the “grand opera” to landscapes among the mountains; and, when some of his rosy back-grounds were objected to as being contrary to Nature, “Well—(said the opera-painter)—well, so much the worse for Nature!” Indeed, he did not scruple to admit in a letter to Lancret, still extant, “that the fields and woods were too green and badly managed as to light!” He early obtained employment at the opera, and was received with acclamation into the society of “*ces messieurs*.” The celebrated “Association,” so-called, comprised all that might have been genius. Caylus, Voisenon, Duclos, Crébillon, shed over it the lustre of their wit, and alas! the profanation of their profligacy. Such was the school in which Boucher learned to become the favourite painter of a corrupt age. What he was in himself may be gathered from the following extract:—

“Boucher had left for Rome with Carle Vanloo: he returned alone, without money or studies, denying the merit of all the masterpieces.

What could one then augur of such a painter? He was not, however, despaired of. 'His talent has ruined him: his talent will save him,' said the Count de Caylus—a just and profound remark which well describes Boucher's talent. In proof of this, he was scarcely back again when he became all the fashion: he had only to paint to gain applause. All the great mansions, all the splendid country seats, were thrown open to his graceful talents. He worked day and night, amusing himself at the expense of everybody including himself, producing, as by magic, Venuses in angelic choirs and angels equipped with arrows. He had no time to be very particular: he went on and on as rapid as the wind, finishing on the same day a *Visitation* for St. Germain des Prés, a *Venus at Cythera* for Versailles, a design for an opera scene, a portrait of a duchess, and a painting of scandalous design: by turns inspired by heaven and hell, no longer believing in glory, giving himself up body and soul to making a fortune. During the remainder of his life he made every year not less than fifty thousand livres, equivalent to a hundred thousand at the present day. He lived in grand style—he lived beyond his income: he affected the philosophy of the time: he ridiculed all that was noble and grand: he doubted all religion and all that comes to us from it—the virtue of the heart, the aspirations of the soul. He gave regal *fêtes*: one among others which cost him a year's work, a celebrated festival, called the 'festival of the gods.' His design was to represent Olympus and all the pagan divinities. He himself was Jupiter: his mistress, disguised as Hebe—that is to say, in very scanty garments—passed the night in serving ambrosia to all these counterfeit gods and goddesses. The Academicians, astounded at these achievements, determined upon admitting Boucher, the noisy fame of whose school had thrown the Academy into the shade. Boucher was no more of an Academician after he had the title than before. He continued to live as a prodigal and paint as an artist without faith."

As a man of ability Boucher has, perhaps, been underrated in later years, just as in his life he was excessively over-rated. Of high genius he had little, if any: he was the painter of a fashion, and now that the fashion has passed away the painter is well nigh forgotten. It is singular to reflect that he was both the relative and the master of David; the teacher was noted for mock grace—the disciple for mock sublimity.

Watteau has left a more enduring as well as higher reputation, for he was a more natural character. He painted what he saw and was satisfied with nature as she was. Born in Flanders, and living in an old house with its gable-end to the street, his youthful eye was caught by out-door amusements; and he who subsequently painted the *fêtes champêtres* of the court at Versailles, first commenced his career of art by sketching the groups of children admiring Polichinelle, or the

Flemish rustics gazing open-mouthed at some mountebank. These sketches were made on the margin of the "*Lives of the Saints*," a book for which Watteau seemed to have a great predilection. "He will be a priest (said his father): his uncle was one before him." One day he looked at the book himself, and found that the irreverent young scapegrace only valued the pious book for the sake of its broad margin. "Ah!—(said the old gentleman): he will be a painter: there have been painters in the family before now;" so the book was taken to an artist in Valenciennes and Watteau was furnished with a master. He went to Paris, was taken into the service of the opera, and varied his employment by his inestimable little "*fêtes champêtres*," and now and then a portrait. It does not appear that his life was one of much interest.

"He became homesick, and desired again to see the gables of Valenciennes, the paternal threshold, the quiet chimney corner where his mother had rocked his cradle, the field of cabbages where his father had bid him adieu; the great mill whose wings as they whirled round seemed to have given him, when far distant, a last friendly signal. He took the stage-coach: he found all his friends again, the mill the first of all. 'I want to live in my own land,' he exclaimed, as he inhaled with all his force his native air. After having hugged everybody, down to the servant-girl, who had never seen him before, but who wept as well as the rest, Watteau threw a fagot in the fire-place, although it was one of the finest days in July. 'You are losing your senses, Antoine' (said his father). 'Let him alone (said his mother); his great uncle had much the same kind of whims.' Watteau lit the fire; made his mother sit in the old arm-chair; he put the spectacles astride the nose of his father; gave his little sister a lighted stick, and begged the servant girl to put the coffee-pot on the fire. The cat came of her own accord and began to jump about the hand-irons. 'Wonderful (said Watteau); but I should not have forgotten her.'—'He is crazy,' said his father with anxiety. 'No, no, said his mother, who fancied that she understood him, and smiled with calm tenderness. When Watteau saw everybody in their place, he stretched his eyes wide open; he once more contemplated the thoroughly patriarchal scene which carried him back to his childhood; a good smile of the old time, somewhat saddened by recollection, spread over his pale face. 'There it is; see the fire shooting up its flames, my father reading the Almanac, my mother watching the children, the servant who arranges and disarranges the things, the sun sending in his beams, the coffee-pot simmering, the old clock marking the strides of time; there it is: I have found the true picture of my life. But (said he, in a couple of days), how is it that there is something wanting to the picture? It is my heart of twelve years old that is wanting. I have lost all the simplicity of my heart. I have let myself be ruled by glory, by noise, by Mademoiselle Montagne, and such like. My heart is as restive and unquiet as Paris: nothing can

appease it. My theatre is no longer here. I should die of ennui in less than six weeks.'

"Some days after, Watteau returned to Paris, carrying tears and benedictions with him. At the time of his departure, his poor mother was cast down and feeble. 'Adieu, my dear (said she, in a stifled voice)—adieu. I have a presentiment that you will never see me more. You should have taken my portrait.'—'I have it here (said Watteau, putting his hand to his heart). As soon as I return to Paris, I shall have no trouble in taking a copy.' He left with these words. When he saw his native land recede into the distance, the rich fields of Flanders, the last spire, and the last mill of his country disappear, he felt sadder than ever; the form of his suffering mother was always before his moistened eyes. 'The poor woman will die soon,' thought he sadly. Watteau, however, died first."

His life in Paris was much the same kind of life which everybody seemed to live in Paris at that time. He was the lover of an opera-dancer named La Montagne; and towards the close of his days, when living in retirement, he accidentally met with this lady in the country. They were both much pleased at the meeting; but their harmony was not of long duration: mutual recriminations succeeded to mutual compliments; and at last, according to Madame Lambert, they went so far as to fight! There is something touching in the following account of his death, even in spite of the ridiculous affectation which disfigures it.

"He went but seldom to Paris. On one of his last visits he painted the ceiling of the shop of his friend Gersaint, a shopkeeper on the bridge of Nôtre-Dame. What he dealt in is not mentioned. According to the accounts of the time, this ceiling was one of Watteau's masterpieces; but it has most assuredly tumbled into the river. Our painter grew more feeble from day to day. He was seen night and morning sauntering sadly along the banks of the Marne. He was already but a shadow. At last, consumed by that fire of glory, genius, and love which should have warmed his life but which consumed it, he lay down to rise no more. His death was at once humorous and touching. He made his will and his confession on the same morning. By his will he bequeathed—what had he to bequeath? Debts: he bequeathed his debts to his four friends, De Julienne, Haranger, Hénin, and Gersaint. These gentlemen were worthy of posterity, for, as true friends, they accepted the painter's bequest. In his confession, Watteau did not forget the well-known sin of having taken the good curé as a model for his best clowns. The curé, for all that, gave him absolution. As he presented an ivory crucifix to the lips of the dying man, Watteau regarded this image with surprise, seeing it was badly sculptured. 'Take away that crucifix (he exclaimed, raising his eyes to heaven); it excites my commiseration; is it possible that an artist could have treated his Master so badly.'"

He gave a whimsical reason for his dislike to be buried in

the cemetery of Nogent-sur-Marne, where however he was interred. "Nobody that I know has been buried there—I shall have no living soul to talk to." Our author tells the story, not very well known, of Watteau's refusal to paint the portrait of Madame de Parabère, the mistress of the Regent Duke of Orleans.

The chief pupil of this singular man was Nicolas Lancret. Born in Paris and designed for an engraver, he studied first under Gillot, and secondly under Watteau. The latter was of great service to him : he taught him to regard nature rather than to copy the works of other men ; but, finding him determined to adopt the style which he himself had introduced, he aided him by his experience, and was afterwards deeply mortified to find that the pupil had become a rival. It is said that he saw a crowd of connoisseurs at a picture-dealer's praising a work of Lancret supposing it to be one of his own, and adding the observation—"Watteau has surpassed himself!" From this time he scarcely painted at all, but left the field open to the new candidate for fame. Lancret is, however, very far from having equalled his master. He married, under circumstances of romantic interest well narrated in the book before us, the daughter of Boursault, the once distinguished favourite of Louis XIV. The union was a happy one though short: the painter died two years afterwards. Another spoiled child of genius, forgotten by all other biographers and dictionary-makers, is embalmed here, Lantara, a celebrity in his day, though perhaps a small one : he knew as little about the world as any who ever lived in it. Painting was with him an instinct—nothing more : an overgrown child, he walked about the streets of Paris, sketched in books kept for him at cafés and wine-shops, and thus paid his reckoning. The sketches were always bespoken in advance, and great profit accrued to the taverns he patronised. Of his origin little is known, save that he was the illegitimate son of a country sign-painter ; and of his life little more save that it was passed in almost ceaseless intoxication. He was kindly and generously treated by a fruit-woman, who was his mistress and only friend, and but for whom he would have perished of starvation. Sometimes he obtained a commission ; and once the Count de Caylus paid him a hundred crowns for a picture which had cost him but a few hours' labour. This money was a source of the greatest distress and anxiety : he *would* have it about his person, though in perpetual fear of loss or robbery ; and he *would* expend the whole in wine and

good living. For a few weeks he lived a life of wretched gaiety, and when the money was gone he returned to his sketches and the fruit-woman, Jacqueline. When she died, and she died rather suddenly, there was no other resource than the hospital and there he closed his days. One story of him is characteristic enough:—

“His weak point is the human form. When it was necessary to introduce one, his light touch becomes heavy and awkward; his men breathe less than the trees: they have no expression—no motion; he does not paint—he petrifies the figure. He, therefore, never liked to place a personage on the scene. However, as in France a landscape can only attract attention by figures, the first dauber who came along filled Lantara’s landscapes with horses, cows, fishermen, and shepherds, fancying that he increased their value by so doing. It was almost a sacrilege! Creatures are not out of place on the earth. A cavalier escaping to a shelter in the wood, a shepherd who plaits rushes on the bank of the stream, a beggar drinking at a fountain, a peasant-girl crossing the ford on her donkey, a herd of dun cows scattered over a meadow, are a great resource for relief and perspective; but when the landscape-painter cannot paint figures, we must take him as he is, whether called Claude Lorraine, Ruysdael, or even Lantara, and respect his works. A marquis had ordered a landscape from Lantara. ‘A landscape in your own style, Monsieur Lantara; follow the bent of your fancy; but do not forget a church and a vista.’ Lantara did not allow the landscape to be waited for long. The marquis was astonished at the beauty of the scene, the freshness of the colour, the simplicity of the treatment, the faithfulness of the church, but, seeing no figures, said to him, ‘Monsieur Lantara, you have forgotten the figures in your landscape.’—‘Monsieur the Marquis (the painter naïvely responded), they are at mass.’ The marquis had the barbarity to reply, ‘Well, I will take your picture when they come out.’ Lantara thus unintentionally established a good maxim for landscape-painters who know not how to paint figures. How many landscape-painters would do well always to leave their figures at mass!”

He should have established some such partnership as that which our own Lee and Sydney Cooper have formed, and then he would have sold more pictures and achieved more fame. The American edition relates an anecdote of his death which Mr. Bentley has done well to omit, for the wit by no means compensates for the blasphemy of it. Not much space is devoted to the Vanloos: their works are more highly esteemed now than they were but a short time ago; and though painters of small calibre when compared with Poussin and Le Sueur, yet standing by the side of artists of the eighteenth century with Boucher at their head, the Vanloos assume a position of eminence. Carle Vanloo had a daughter named

Caroline to whom he was devotedly attached, and the following account of her death will be acknowledged as deeply interesting even in spite of its outrageous affectation :—

“ One morning she descends to the studio paler and more pensive than usual. Not seeing Carle Vanloo there, she seats herself upon his chair before the canvass, slightly daubed with some few dashes of the brush : she takes a crayon and sets herself to designing. Her father, who had followed her, enters the studio in silence : struck by the inspired air of his daughter, he approaches in the shade of a large picture, murmuring—‘ Ah, indeed, the Vanloos ; they know how to design without having learned ! ’ At the end of a few minutes Caroline Vanloo lays aside her crayon, while she contemplates the figure she has just drawn. Carle Vanloo approaches her. Seeing her father all of a sudden, without having heard him approach, she utters a cry—‘ You frightened me,’ said she, extending her hand to him.

“ At this moment the poor father turned pale : he beheld the figure designed by his daughter—the figure was Death ! There was, indeed, the shroud, through which could be seen that dismal bosom : there were, indeed, those feet which make the circuit of the world, digging a grave at each step : there was, indeed, that terrible scythe of the eternal harvest !—but that which frightens Vanloo above all is that Caroline, without knowing it perhaps, has given her own angelic features to Death. These features are but slightly marked. Any one but Vanloo would not have recognised his Caroline, but Vanloo, Vanloo the painter—Vanloo the father !—‘ My child (said he, concealing his tears in a forced laugh), we never begin in that way—arise, I will give you a lesson.’

“ Caroline arose in silence. Carle Vanloo seats himself, effaces with a trembling hand his daughter’s design with the exception of the features of the face—takes his red chalk and hastens to produce a change. Already the head becomes animated with a pretty smile, the unbound hair floats in a spring-day breeze, a graceful contour moulds the bust, light wings are attached to it : it is no longer Death—it is Love !

“ The painter, without quitting his design, adds some accessories—a quiver and arrows, doves cooing and billing—in a word, all the paraphernalia. Caroline Vanloo, who bends over her father, follows his crayon with a smile, sweet and bitter at the same time.

“ When Carle Vanloo had finished—finished stifling his tears—he turned towards his daughter—‘ Is not that correct ? ’ asked he, as he kissed her hand. ‘ No,’ replied she, reclining her head in sadness. Her father observing she became paler, took her in his arms and carried her to the bedchamber of Madame Vanloo. ‘ Death, death ! ’ cried the poor girl, stretching out her arms.

“ From that moment she became delirious. I will not attempt to paint the despair of her father : he remained by the side of the bed of Caroline, night and day, praying for the first time in his life. She died a few days afterward. Might it not be said that she died from

being sick of life? If we are to believe Carle Vanloo, books alone killed his daughter.

"The poor painter never could find any happiness after this terrible stroke—a dismal pall always covered his fortune and his glory. The dauphin, meeting him at court some years after his misfortune, asked him why he was so sombre. 'Monseigneur, I am wearing mourning for my daughter,' answered he, as he wiped away a tear. He had preserved in his studio, as a sad remembrance, the canvass on which Caroline had designed Death."

The life of Greuze was one far from destitute of adventure; but space will not permit us to enlarge here on it or his works. Those who wish to know the romance and dissipation of the one, or the history of the other, will find them told at some length. The high prices paid for his pictures, and their comparative rarity in this country, have given him a prestige among us which, perhaps, he hardly deserves.

We imagine that our readers will excuse our passing lightly over the opera divinities of that capricious and licentious age—the Guimards, the Clairons, and the Camargos—and yet these portions of the work are far from being the least valuable: they show us the apotheosis of folly. What could have been the hopes of an age and a nation when such things were done and such people worshipped?

We turn to literature: we have sketches of Piron, Fontenelle, Dorat, the two Crébillons, Bernis, and many more. We hear of librarians to the king who never turned over the leaves of a book any more than their royal master: of readers to the king who were never called on to fulfil the duties of their office: of cardinals who spent their time in boudoirs and coulisses, and in writing silly anacreontics while kept mistresses disposed of the Church preferment of France. We hear of a Madame de Pompadour or a Madame du Barry *ascending the throne*!—and all divine laws quietly ignored. The literature of the age was strictly in keeping with its ethics. Take Dorat for an example: the inane profligacy of his writings would hardly have been tolerated even by the vicious in any other age: they are empty beyond conception; but they were presented to the Parisian public in elegant bindings and adorned with costly plates. A severe but just criticism was that of an Englishman, who, going into a bookseller's shop in Paris, purchased the works of Dorat; and, requesting the loan of a pair of scissors, deliberately cut out the plates, and then returning the book to the seller said that he had taken all that was of any value. This practical sarcasm soon became known and was the occasion of much

mortification to its object. Dorat (said Voltaire) is the glow-worm of Parnassus. A life of idleness and trifling was terminated by a death of melancholy affectation. He was privately married to Mdle. Fannier of the "grand opera." An eye witness thus speaks:—

"He suffered that gilded misery which is the worst kind of miseries. Gilbert was not more desolate in his garret than Dorat in his grand hotel. In spite of his creditors, the critics, and the epigrams—in spite of death which was already at his threshold—he pursued with vigour, as if to delude himself, his adventures and his profession of poet. Madame de Beauharnois was his last folly, not to say anything about his epic poem, nor Mademoiselle Fannier of the *Comédie Française* whom he had married under the rose. As soon as I heard that he was dying I forgot the fickle poet. I only remembered the poet who had loved me. I flew to him: he was the same *petit-maitre*, without care—the same bantering, smiling, creature. He sprung to my arms. 'I have been expecting you a long time,' said he with a cheerful air and a somewhat foolish expression. He wished still to struggle with love: he was gallant, but with his lips only: he was a worn-out player, wishing to play his part of the lucky poet to the last. Alas! when I went to see him again he was no longer struggling with love. 'Marchioness (said he, stretching out to me his parched, feverish hand), you see me struggling with death. I yesterday had a visit from the curé, who said as he went away that he would return. It is not worth while, I told him, for I shall soon be gone.'

"It was with pain that I looked upon the poor poet. He was reclining upon his couch in his morning gown and slippers. 'Ah, there you are (said he, in rising with difficulty), I expect some visitors—Madame Beauharnois, Madame d'Angeville, and Madame Death. If I am not mistaken, I have two hours longer to live. I have hardly time to dress.' He called his valet, he begged me to wait, and he then was assisted to his dressing-room.

"When he returned, his little *salon* was full of visitors: he bowed to them as he leaned upon his valet and then took his seat. Every one observed the elegance of his last toilet; he was never more carefully wigged, powdered, nor more finely dressed. 'What is the cause of this unusual display (asked the Marquis de Saint-Marc, hiding his grief); there is some mysterious intrigue behind all this?' 'You do not know, then (said Dorat, assuming a cheerful air), that I have some acquaintance with Madame Death?' I do not say it to slander her, but she requires less urging than some others. Her messenger—that is to say, the doctor—told me that she would come for me this afternoon: you will see that I shall not have to wait long. I have retained the gallant habit of being always the first at rendezvous.'

"The Marquis de Saint-Marc could not restrain a deep sigh. Every lady present turned away to conceal her tears: the young Fréron wept by himself in a corner; but the deep grief of Mademoiselle Fannier, the comic actress, who had just arrived, was more

bitter than mine. She threw herself, pale and overwhelmed with grief, into the arms of Dorat. 'You have done my heart good (he said, with a smile), but you have disturbed my wig.' These were, I believe, his last words: he died an instant after with heroic indifference."

Next we have an account of the poor Abbé Trublet, whom his friends delighted to call *l'Abbé Troublé*, who was so determined to be one of the forty members of the Academy that he wrote eulogistic discourses upon all the members, that, in case of a death, he might be ready with his essay whoever the deceased might be. Then we are told of the Abbé Prevost, who, after a life of strange vicissitudes now in the camp and now in the cloister, fell down in a fit in the forest of Chantilly; and a bungling apothecary made such an unfortunate incision with his scapel into the person of the clerical romancer that he awoke only to be present, as our author says, at his own death. We shall conclude this article with some notice of the two Crébillons. It is a pleasing relief to turn from the thorough worldliness of those we have described to the simple and honest life of the elder Crébillon. Born at Dijon, of parents in a moderate station of life, he had the fancy to imagine himself descended from an ancient and noble family, and was delighted that, by the possession a small fief near his native city, his father and himself were entitled to the territorial *de*. M. Prosper Jolyot de Crébillon then went to Paris, after having shown himself one of those—

"Foredoomed his father's heart to cross
Who penned a stanza when he should engross."

The Jesuits, his first teachers, give an indifferent account of him: it is well known that in their seminaries they keep note of all their pupils, and the decision upon Crébillon is as follows—*Puer ingeniosus, sed insignis nebulo*—a clever boy, but a notable rascal. It does not appear, however, that either then or at any other time he exhibited much rascality. *Nebulosity* (let the pun be excused) was more in his way. His poetical talents were fostered, strange to say, by an attorney, a M. Prieur, into whose office he entered; and who, while he kept him in his employment, recommended him to apply himself to literature. This advice, singular when we consider from what quarter it proceeded, was taken, and the young poet produced a tragedy full of the grand notions and stilted sublimity of Corneille: he had taken a Roman subject—*La Mort de Brutus*; and he fairly treated his ancient heroes as

so many divinities. M. Prieur, who seems to have had some interest with the actors and managers of his day, procured, though with some difficulty, permission for the author to read this work in the *foyer* or green-room. It was rejected. Crébillon came home in a rage: he reproached M. Prieur as though he had done him some irreparable injury, and vowed he would never write another line. But the good-natured attorney pardoned this ebullition, consoled the irascible poet under his disgrace, and finally induced him to try his hand on another tragedy. This time he was successful: the players accepted "*Idomenee*;" and, though it excited comparatively little applause, he became satisfied that he might proceed. His harshness, the terrific subjects he chose, and the savage and gloomy way in which he treated them, marked him as an original; and, being asked why he had adopted this style, he replied, "Corneille has taken heaven—Racine the earth: you see what has been left for me." It is pleasing to be able to add that, before his death, M. Prieur had the satisfaction of seeing his *protégé* acknowledged as a poet of great and unquestionable genius. He married the daughter of a poor apothecary; and the deep tenderness with which he regarded her—the unfeigned and almost uncontrollable sorrow with which he mourned her—and the passionate devotion with which she returned his love, form pictures as beautiful as in such an age they are rare:—

"It is from the earliest days of his marriage and from this retreat in the Place Maubert that his singular fancy for dogs and cats dates; but, above all, his singular passion for tobacco. He was, without contradiction, the most famous smoker of his day. You may see in the *Ana* that he could not rhyme his tragedies except in a darkened room full of smoke, with a population of dogs and cats jumping and gambolling about. He was known to close his shutters and light candles at mid-day. A thousand other extravagancies are cited; but we must mistrust a little these *Ana*-makers, who imagine that they are painting a man when they are only making a caricature.

"When M. Melchior Jolyot learned that his son had really married an apothecary's daughter, he well-nigh died of chagrin. The worthy man believed as firmly in his recent nobility as in his religion: this *mésalliance* made him desperate, and this time he disinherited the poet by a will in due form. Happily for Crébillon, his father, before his death, came to Paris, curious in his own despite to judge for himself the theatrical silliness of that addle-pate his son who married an apothecary's daughter, and, instead of reaching nobility by becoming an attorney, wrote fustian for the buffoons of the stage. It might have been urged in his defence before the parental tribunal that the apothecary's daughter was one of the most beautiful and charming of women; and it might have been added that the nobility of which the

father dreamed—the nobility of the gown which was not acquired by a Dijonnais family except after three generations—was not to be compared to that nobility of genius which his son had acquired with so much *éclat*.

“The father of Crébillon arrived in Paris to witness a representation of one of the follies of the wretched prodigal who, in better times, had been his son. *Atrée* had just been reproduced: the father was seized with terror, grief, and admiration. The same evening he ran to his son. He got into a hackney-coach, and was conducted to a house in the Faubourg St. Marceau, to which he had been directed. He was received by some seven or eight dogs, who jumped upon his legs as soon as the door opened. Charlotte had only to say a word to call them to order; but the dogs finding, without doubt, a family likeness in the appearance of the stranger, recommenced their gambols and barked about M. Melchior Jolyot, who did not know what to make of this noisy family. Charlotte, who was alone, waiting her husband's return to supper, was greatly surprised at this unexpected visit. At first she thought he was some great personage come to offer the poet his protection; but, after stealthily regarding the stranger a few moments, she exclaimed, ‘You are my husband's father, or at any rate one of the Jolyots.’ The old clerk was unwilling to wait for the return of his son to abandon himself to all the emotions of his re-animating heart. He embraced his daughter-in-law with warmth, weeping with joy, and reproaching himself for his harshness. ‘Yes, yes (he cried), you are ever henceforth my children—all I have is yours.’ After a moment's pause, ‘How is it (he exclaimed) that with all his successes my son should have condemned his wife to such an abode and such a supper?’ ‘Condemned! do you say (murmured Charlotte): do not deceive yourself, we are happy here.’ She took her father-in-law's hand and led him into the next room to a cradle shaded by white curtains. ‘Look!’ she exclaimed, drawing aside the curtain with the solicitude of a mother.”

What follows must be given entire. After many vicissitudes, sometimes living in splendour and sometimes in poverty, but always happy with his wife, his child, and his cats and dogs:—

“One evening, on returning after a discussion more noisy than literary at the Café Procope, Crébillon found his wife very much agitated, pressing to her bosom their sleeping infant. ‘Charlotte, what has happened?’ ‘I am afraid,’ she said, shuddering and looking toward the bed. ‘What folly! you are afraid of shadows, like a child.’ ‘Yes, I am afraid of shadows: a little while ago I was about retiring: you see I am but half dressed. In drawing aside the curtain I saw a spectre glide past the foot of the bed. I almost fainted, and scarcely had strength enough to reach the child's cradle.’ ‘You are a child yourself: you saw only the shadow of the curtain.’ ‘No, no (said the young wife, seizing the poet's hand), it was Death. I recognised him, for it is not the first time he has approached me. Ah!

my friend, with what grief and terror I shall lay me down beneath the ground! If you love me as I do you, do not quit me any more for an instant: help me to die. If you are near me, I shall think I am but going to sleep.'

"Crébillon, pale and shuddering, took his son and laid him in his cradle. He returned to his wife, embraced her, and in vain sought for words to divert her attention, and lead her to less sombre thoughts. He persuaded her with difficulty to go to rest: she slept but little. He remained silent before the bed praying in his soul; for he believed, perhaps, more than Charlotte in presentiments. Finding that she was at last asleep, he lay down himself. When he awoke in the morning he found Charlotte, in a partially-raised position, watching his sleep. He was terrified at her worn, pale look, and the supernatural brilliancy of her eyes: as easily moved as an infant, he could not restrain his tears. She threw herself despairingly into his arms and covered him with tears and kisses. 'It is over (she said, in a broken voice); see, my heart beats too violently to beat long; but I shall die uncomplaining, for I see well, by your tears, that you will remember me.'

"Crébillon rose and ran for his father-in-law. 'Alas! (said the poor apothecary)—the mother, who was as good and fair as the daughter, died at twenty-six. It was the heart that killed the mother and it will kill the daughter.'

"All the celebrated physicians were called in; but, before they had agreed on a course of treatment, Marie Charlotte Péaget quietly expired at eleven o'clock the following evening. Crébillon, inconsolable, was not afraid of ridicule in weeping for his wife: he mourned for her for half a century—that is to say, until the end of his life. For the space of two years he was scarcely seen at the *Comédie Française*. He had the air of a man of another age, so much did he seem a stranger to all that was passing about him. It might be said that he still lived with his beloved Charlotte. The once loved dead live in our hearts: he saw and conversed with her incessantly. After fifteen years of mourning he was surprised in his solitude talking aloud to Charlotte, relating to her his vexations, reminding her of their happy days. 'Ah! Charlotte, they all talk to me of my fame; but I think only of thee.'

"Crébillon, the son, who never displayed a single good impulse in his books, can he never have thought of his mother?—she who addressed these sublime words to his father—'If you are near me when I die, I shall think that I am but going to sleep.' We may almost believe so. According to a letter of the tragic poet, the author of the 'Sofa' was a good son, who came and smoked a pipe with him once a week."

An attempt was made to introduce him at court, but he neither liked the king nor did the king like him. Vexed, however, at his reception he went back to his old quarters in the Marais, taking with him only an old bed and table, and an extra arm-chair "in case (as he said) some honest man should come to see me." After much unworthy opposition

he was, at length, in his old age received into the Academy. He pronounced his inaugural discourse in verse—an unprecedented proceeding—and even this was pardoned; but his success was too late: his beloved wife could not share it with him: his son was an unworthy debauchee, and he was alone in the world. For years he wrote nothing, and during this period of inaction a very singular anecdote is related of him. He composed a whole tragedy (in rhyme of course), and committed it to memory without writing a line. Calling together a few of his brother academicians, he recited his work (his memory it need hardly be said was prodigious), and finding them all mute, he said—"I see that you do not admire my drama: had I written it, I should have had the trouble of throwing it into the fire: as it is, I have nothing to do but to *forget it*, which is much easier." Of the younger Crébillon, called the "Gay," little need be said. His reputation as an author is already gone—if, indeed, he can be supposed ever to have had any. As a writer of infamous romances—too bad, morally, even for the age of Louis XV., and of no literary merit whatever—oblivion is the happiest doom which can befall him; but there is a circumstance connected with his life which is worth mentioning here, because it shows how similar was the state of taste and morals on both sides of the channel.

"There happened to him (says M. Jules Janin), a piece of good luck, which he had not even imagined in a novel. He was a prey to all the well-grounded anxieties which gave so many *charms* to the literary life of that time, when, one morning, an English lady requested to see him. She was young, pretty, rich, and of good family, who had been seized with a violent passion for *Les Egarements du Cœur et de l'Esprit*. She gave her fortune and her hand to Jolyot de Crébillon the younger."

The *Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy* tell us in their turn—"One day he saw the arrival of a handsome lady who told him, among other things, that she had read the *Sofa*; that she felt for him, M. de Crébillon, the author of so fine a work and royal censor, a sentiment of admiration, esteem, and unconquerable love; that she had come from England on purpose to ask him in marriage; and that she was the eldest daughter of Lord Stafford, which was the exact truth in every particular. As she was a single woman, she became Madame Crébillon in the course of a fortnight."

"It was not (says Grimm), until after the death of this tender heroine that the circumstances of a marriage so ro-

mantic were known : thus everything in the world is ruled by chance. The author of a licentious tale inspires an ardent passion in a noble lady, who is willing to cross the sea in search of him ; and the lover of the new Héloïse, of all lovers the most passionate and most faithful, is compelled to marry his servant-maid." But we will hear our author's account of the matter given in words attributed, and probably not without reason, to the younger Crébillon himself.

"It was in 1740. One day in the afternoon I was engaged in literary labour when my valet informed me that a lady, closely veiled, wished to see me. I went to meet her with a kind of presentiment. 'Mon Dieu ! sir (she said to me, when seated on the sofa of my little saloon), nothing can be more simple. I have come from London to offer you my hand.'

"Though habituated to all sorts of strange adventures, I confess I must have exhibited great surprise. Fortunately the lady had raised her veil. I had already remarked her grace and distinction. 'Madame, you see me confounded by so much happiness : although marriage has never been among my habits, permit me to throw myself at your feet and kiss the hand you deign to offer me.' In fact I threw myself, completely bewildered, at the feet of Miss Stafford. 'Madame, will you explain.....?'—'Nothing is more simple. My fortune is in my own hands. I had resolved to bestow it only with my heart ; but where to bestow my heart was the difficulty. I have waited and I have sought. I should have waited and have sought still, had I not met with one of your works. You recall, without doubt, for you have infused in it so much of yourself, *Les Egarements du Cœur et de l'Esprit*, a delicious book, which has but one fault, which is that the heart has too much head. After having read it twenty times, I ordered my horses, embarked at Dover, took the post at Calais, and arrived yesterday at Paris. I lost an entire day (for I should have seen you yesterday) in recruiting myself, and in finding you out. Heaven be praised ! you are there such as I imagined you, young, witty, and distinguished.'

"Thus spoke Miss Stafford. I was so little prepared for an adventure of this nature that I knew not what to say. I gazed into her beautiful eyes, sparkling with love and pleasure. Another in my place would have imagined that he was the dupe of an adventuress without heart or money ; for my part I felt at once that Miss Stafford was really Miss Stafford—that is to say, one of the handsomest, richest, and most adorable young ladies of Great Britain.

"We were not married until after a delay of six weeks. Miss Stafford wrote to her father, who was only softened at the fifth or sixth letter : he ended by yielding, not because I was the author of celebrated works, but because I was the son of M. Crébillon, a Burgundian gentleman, member of the French Academy, author of *Electre* and *Rhadamiste*."

Of the death of this worthless man nothing is known—not

even the period at which it took place; and soon afterwards that frightful reaction—that terrific sequel to the vices and follies of an entire century—banished from men's minds the literature which had sprung up in this decomposition of society. We cannot but see that France is still writhing in the throes of that tremendous struggle. The crimes of the eighteenth century are not even yet expiated—now that another age has more than half passed; nor dare we look forward with much hope to any speedy re-establishment of peace in that country. The perusal of a work like this cannot fail to awaken in the serious mind many wholesome reflections on the nature and consequences of national sin. There were some righteous men and some pure women even then, or the judgment would have been both more severe and more abiding; but, looking at it as it is, there is enough to stir up our minds to a remembrance of our national duties. A bad man, living in a bad age and writing a bad book, may thus be made instrumental in doing us much good, and may show us how useless is glory without virtue, and how contemptible is affectation without genius; and now, as we have been led to speak very strongly, and as we would not have blame laid on the wrong shoulders, we must repeat our thanks to Mr. Bentley for a book which tells us more (and tells it with more credibility) of the private and social life of that godless and corrupt age, the eighteenth century, than any other accessible work with which we are acquainted.

ART. IV.—*The Life of Dante Alighieri.* By Count C. DE BALBI. Translated by Mrs. H. Bunbury. Two Vols., Octavo. London: R. Bentley. 1852.

DURANTE, or, according to its popular abbreviation, Dante Alighieri, was born, as became a poet, in the merry month of May, 1265, in the city of Florence. The family was old Roman by descent. Its members in politics were of the Guelph faction—that is, opposed to the rule of the German Emperors in Italy. The father of Dante was a judge of some repute. His mother was a certain Donna Bella who, previous to the birth of her immortal boy, dreamed that he was born under a laurel-tree, was nurtured on its berries, and was finally transfigured into a peacock! The *gravidamater* was confident that she was about to produce a poet and a proud one.

The precocity of the boy Dante was as remarkable as that of Tasso. The former did not, indeed, attempt to instil ethics into his wet-nurse; but he fell desperately in love not many years after she had committed him to manly keeping and school discipline. Ere he had yet accomplished his ninth year, he met at the festival of the new spring a fair girl whose scarlet robe and inexpressibly bright eyes first awoke the spirit of life in the hitherto silent chambers of his heart. The pretty child was the Beatrice Portinari on whom he has shed the most glorious immortality that ever could be conferred by poetry. For her sake he first essayed to build the lofty rhyme. The sonnets of the amorous boy circulated through Italy and won admiration from all her gifted children of song, save one Dante da Marione, who sarcastically bade the youthful aspirant take physic to cure his madness, and whose cynicism was well punished in after days, and according to the fashion which Alighieri loved.

In the mean time, the son of Donna Bella waxed in beauty and happiness. His utmost desire was to win a smile from the blooming Beatrice as she glided by him in the streets. At church she was the saint to whom he paid an involuntary adoration of gazing. His rapt fixedness of look was accepted by another fair girl who stood at Beatrice's side as especially intended for herself, and the crafty poet took advantage of the error. He made of the lady who stooped too readily to pick up the worship that was not designed for her what he calls his *screen*. He did not wish that either the name of Beatrice or the story of their loves should be sullied by the public breath of discussion; and he addressed to his *screen* a world of ardent poetry that was meant only for her that stood laughing behind it. This singular style of love-making lasted for years. Through childhood and youth, till the one reached womanhood and the other wore his hair upon his lip, sonnets and canzones continued to tell of Dante's passion. They were the songs of all true lovers and of many who were not; and just as the enamoured youth of France trilled to their trembling lutes the songs that the selfish Abelard had penned to celebrate his passion for the too confiding Héloïse—just so by Tiber, by Arno, and by Po, maidens in bowers and lovers on quiet lagunes or at the foot of rope-ladders, made the very air harmonious with the breathings of Dante's immortal verse set to more mortal music. And so Alighieri wrote, and so contemporary lovers sung whose ladies listened nothing loth, even as Beatrice, to the metrical protestations of her adorer. He seems to have had no other object than the celebration of

her countless charms ; and even after Beatrice had bent her ear to an adorer whose love was not satisfied with merely flinging words to her heart over the threshold of her ears—long after the year 1287, when at the age of twenty-one she had given her hand to the more successful wooer, Simone di Bardi—Dante continued as warmly and unceasingly as before to weave his fiery verse and to lay his costly work at the feet of Bardi's fair wife, without any injury to her reputation or any objection on the part of her spouse. But these things happened a long way off and a long time ago : such service would hardly be tolerated even now in Italy, albeit there still exists the most liberal construction upon the chapter of married ladies and their friends.

It must not be imagined, however, that during all this period Dante had been engaged in no less lazy labours than lyrics and love-making. He had learned to be a passing good artist and not an inefficient musician. He had gone through the trivium of grammar, rhetoric, and dialectics ; and the quadrivium of arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy. To these he afterwards added natural and moral philosophy. He was a steady worker in the seven studies, worked by the lamp and at dawn, and at the other hours of the day when ladies were wont to be abroad and gallants airing their plumes in fair company : then the erst grave student was in the world too, the gayest of cavaliers, the wittiest of gentlemen, the first in all manly games, the most acceptable in all family circles. He was hailed by the youths and welcomed by the maidens. Serious or gay of temperament, bright eyes looked brighter for his coming ; and he wore his cap and his sword, and moved about with a bearing that bespoke a man who exercised influence and was honestly proud of it. As far as it went, the pride was justifiable ; for, long ere this, Dante had arranged in his mind that "*Divine Comedy*" wherein he had adjusted the scales of poetical justice for friends and foes, and awarded to both social and political Guelphs and Ghibellines a place in Paradise, in Purgatory, or in Erebus. But he was a man of action as well as of meditation and pastime ; and when in 1289 the papal and popular Guelphs of Florence sent a force against the imperialist Ghibellines of Arezzo in Tuscany, Dante served on that occasion among the cavalry, and helped to win the great battle at Campadino, in the casualties of which, he tells us, he "felt a good deal of fear, and in the end extreme joy." He appears to have served in several such expeditions ; and the incidents of many, or the occurrences he heard detailed by his fellows, form some of the chief episodes

in his unequalled poem. The brother of Francesca da Rimini was his companion-in-arms on the field of Campadino, and by the watch-fires of his troopers he first heard of the then recent tragedy of Ugolino and his children.

He brought his shield home with him in honour, and when he suspended it on the wall of his house he assumed the pen for the sword, and took to writing and seeing waking visions of Beatrice; or he hurried to the streets to gaze on her with rapture, and to chronicle with delight how he had heard others, who were looking upon her as she passed by in meek loveliness, praise the Lord that he had made anything human to look so like an angel. He was in the act of composing a stanza in honour of this pure and ideal empress of his soul when he heard of her sudden death, brought on as it is believed by grief at the demise of the father whom she loved. He broke off as suddenly from the occupation in which he found life; and leaving his fragmentary "*canzone*," like the broken pillar, to at once symbolise and make memorial of death, he added to his interrupted labour of love this record of sorrow—"How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people—how is she become as a widow—she that was great among nations! I was composing this stanza (he continues), and had completed the above stanza, when the Lord of Justice called away this noble creature to be glorified under the standard of her Queen, the Virgin Mary, whose name the now blessed Beatrice ever spoke with the greatest reverence."

In his grief, Dante had recourse to Tully and Boethius and to the great fathers in theology. In proportion as he drew comfort from their experience and wisdom, so has he recompensed them in his great poem. Boethius occupies a place among the blessed; and Tully, though a heathen, is not among the condemned. The poet, however, did not depend on those alone for solace. He entered the community of Franciscan friars, assumed the cowl and the cord, tarried among them as a sorrowing brother until that sorrow was rather modified than cured, and then away into the world again.

Two years and a-half had elapsed since the death of Beatrice, and Dante was walking through the streets of Florence—her image alone possessing his soul, and that soul unconscious of all other impressions and influences—when a lady, of the fairest and the most compassionate, looked down upon him from a casement as he passed, and that with such an air of beauteous pity as even to touch the occupied yet lorn heart of him for whom it had been called up. This was repeated on more than one occasion, and with such effect that

Dante began to tax himself with baseness that he could not for an instant forget meditation on Beatrice (the wife of di Bardi, be it remembered), in the pleasure poured into him from the bright and beaming eyes of this nameless but compassionate lady. He appealed to love and tried to cure himself by philosophy, and it is a remarkable thing how he made corporeal realities of passion and sentiment. To him there was an undoubted boy "Cupido," godlike, in Olympus, reclining on the bosom of Venus, and perplexing Dante, himself, and divers other youths with hearts tender and true. So with Philosophy, to our lovesick poet she was a goddess full of grave beauty, who carried healing in her hand for wounded minds. In these matters Alighieri was an orthodox heathen. The Pagan spirit that so long loitered about the hill-sides of Italy yet survived in him; and, if he acknowledged the Cross on Calvary, so did he not deny Anadyomene. In Mary he saw the light of maternal Christian love; and, in the blue-eyed Minerva, that of ancient virgin wisdom. Quite as firmly was he persuaded that, if St. John the Baptist protected Florence, the god (or demon) Mars, the position of whose statue had been altered in the city, was ever engaged in doing his utmost to bring down misfortune upon the Florentines!

And now he turned again to be a dreamer of dreams and a seer of visions, indulging his fancy so far and so liberally as to extend to a verge almost beyond reason. So to be, was to him essentially to live; and he dreamed on, communing in his poetic spirit with Beatrice in heaven, until he had formed those glorious and never-dying pictures of her which subsequently appeared in his "*Divina Commedia*," and which will live for ever, as long as there be hearts eager to love and fond of dwelling on the theme. To this effect is the record made by him in his "*Vita Nuova*"—that most exquisite of psychological biographies. His ambition was to compose a work whose merits should be so great as to win for him the sweet recompense of beholding the spirit of his mistress abiding in the glory that surrounds the Lord! The sentiment of attachment is intense, although that of theology is somewhat loose. No poet, probably, before or since, ever conceived the idea of winning heaven by excellence of song! But something must be conceded to a poet so young and so steeped in the purple light of love! Alas, that it must be spoken, in the very intensest of his passion, he quietly wedded the noble Gemma de Donati on the recommendation of his gay companions, who subsequently laughed at him for following their advice. He became the prosaic sire of six sons, and one daughter whom he named

Beatrice in honour of his platonically-loved mistress; and having seen these happily born in each succeeding year that followed on his marriage, he abandoned home, wife, and children, and never looked again upon his hearth, nor, saving two of his sons, on those who clustered round it in sorrow. So much for sentiment !

But ere he left Florence he was as deeply engaged in political as in poetical and amorous matters. The many revolutions of his native city had ended for a time in the triumph of the Guelph or Papal-democratic, over the Ghibelline and Imperial-aristocratic party. The former had decreed that every family (Guelph or Ghibelline) that could reckon a knight among its ancestors should be accounted noble, and that no noble should be allowed to hold office. Dante came under this proscription, and underwent much oppression at the hands of the democratic party at the head of the Government. In order to amend his position he changed sides, surrendered his *caste*, and, by enrolling himself in one of the companies of arts, he became one of the people. His assumed calling was that of physician and druggist, and his adhesion to the popular party was rewarded by his successive appointment to numerous embassies, followed by his elevation to the enjoyment of the highest offices in the Republic. His embassies were not confined to mere commissioner's or herald's messages conveyed to the petty States of Italy, though he *was* often so engaged; but he was also entrusted with the arrangement of high diplomatic affairs at the courts of Naples, Hungary, and Paris. Indeed, up to the year 1300, Dante was less devoted to letters than to the political interests of Florence.

At this time (the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth centuries) the state of parties in Florence had become "confusion worse confounded." Guelphs and Ghibellines had intermingled, and then divided again under the factions of the Bianchi and the Neri. The former were the democratic and the latter the aristocratic party. Their feuds were of the bloodiest. Dante, elected as Prior of the Arts—a post of some power though held only for two months—failed to reconcile them. What the poet could not do the Pope undertook, but without better success. His holiness despatched a cardinal as arbitrator, who was so perplexed by either faction that, uttering "a plague on both your houses," he excommunicated all, placed the turbulent city under edict, and left it in dudgeon.

The origin of the parties of the Bianchi and Neri is so graphically narrated in the pleasant volumes before us that we

are glad to have recourse to them on this occasion, that our readers may be treated to a taste of their quality :—

“ There was in Pistoia a family which amounted to more than a hundred men capable of bearing arms. It was not of great antiquity, but was powerful, wealthy, and numerous. It was descended from one Cancellieri Notaio, and from him they had preserved Cancellieri as their family name. From the children of the two wives of this man were descended the hundred and seven men of arms that have been enumerated ; one of the wives having been named Madonna Bianca, her descendants were called Cancellieri Bianchi (White Cancellieri) ; and the descendants of the other wife, in opposition, were called Cancellieri Neri (Black Cancellieri.) It came to pass, through the agency of the enemy of the human race, that one day, in their sports, a son of Guglielmo Cancellieri Neri, named Lore, wounded Petieri, a son of Bertarra Cancellieri Bianchi. When Guglielmo returned home he did not consider it of great importance, and merely reproved his son, saying to him, ‘ Go to Messer Bertarra and ask him to pardon thee, and may he ask his son also to pardon thee’ The son obeyed his father : he went to the house of Bertarra, whom he found afflicted on account of his wounded son. When he had heard Lore, he said, ‘ Thou hast shown little wisdom in coming here, and thy father in sending thee.’ And being in a room on the ground floor beside one of his stables where there was a manger, he had him seized and his hand chopped off on the edge of it ; and then said to him, ‘ Carry thy hand to thy father who sent thee here.’ The youth, thus mutilated, departed, and returned to his father. When the father saw him, as may be reasonably expected from such a thing, he and his took up arms. Many conflicts ensued from this, and some died on one side and some on the other ; and it divided the city of Pistoia.”

It divided Florence also, and that most disastrously ; for when the opposing factions of Pistoia came to reside in Florence—as they were strangely compelled to do by the Government of the Republic—the city at once became dis-united, and passed over either to the Bianchi or the Neri ; the Cerchi family heading the former, the Donati the latter, and Dante endeavouring fruitlessly to maintain neutrality between both, and compel either to keep the peace. Blood was first shed through a woman’s quarrel at a banquet respecting precedence. From that moment the rival factions could not meet on foot or on horseback, at funeral or festival, on the crowded highway or in the bye-paths of the town, without there ensuing a drawing of swords, a setting of lances in rest, a furious onslaught, gallant men lying in their death-struggle in the dust, and others riding away wiping their bloody weapons on their cloaks, and fiercely exultant at the triumph achieved.

‘ There was no peace in the city until the Neri had conspired

to bring a foreign master into Florence. On the discovery of the plot they were all banished, and the Bianchi faction became sole possessors of authority in the city, exercising the same with more arrogance than justice.

But in arrogance and injustice they were exceeded by the Neri when these subsequently seized upon the government of Tuscany. Dante joined the Bianchi, because, compared with the Neri, they were moderate men. He had no very quiet house at home, and he was the better pleased to be united with a quiet party in politics. The Bianchi were moderate and the Neri violent Guelphs. The Ghibelline faction survived among either only in small numbers. Pope Boniface endeavoured again to reconcile the adverse parties; and, failing, he invited Charles of Valois to invade Tuscany in the character of a pacificator. While the latter was on his way thither, Dante with two companions proceeded on an embassy to Rome in order to prevent the entry of Charles into his native city; and, while the poet was thus engaged, the French prince entered Florence with acclamation from all parties, save the protesting company of bakers, and he began to rule therein after the fashion of King Stork. Confiscations, banishment, and death, were daily fulminated against the astounded citizens; and the block and axe stood permanently established in the market-place for the punishment of those who were called evil-doers. This condition of things resulted, on the 5th of November 1301, in the banishment of the Bianchi—a penalty which reached Dante himself. Their return was prohibited under peril of burning to death; and, as forfeiture of goods was a part of the sentence, the poet found himself an outcast and destitute. His wife, being connected in relationship with the Neri, remained in Florence. She preserved, under the title of “dowry,” sufficient of her husband’s property to support thereon herself and children; and, while Alighieri was wandering through Tuscany, Gemma and her little ones found comfort and consolation at the domestic hearth where Dante was not. But he had his consolation, too, and therewith such vengeance as the *irritabile genus vatum* loves to take. He commenced in exile the eighth canto of his “Commedia,” and he therein plunges the chief of his enemies “damned in the mire of the Stygian marsh.”

Previous to following Dante in his exile, we may be permitted to cite one or two anecdotes that will serve, better than general description, to form some idea of his ordinary bearing and disposition. Among the unhappy individuals tortured in the cold and muddy hell of the above-mentioned Stygian marsh is Argenti one of the Adimari—a race of whom he speaks with

indignation upon more than one occasion. We may discover the reason in the subjoined incident:—

“—— one of the Adimari, who all belonged to Dante's neighbourhood, finding himself implicated in some crime and about to receive sentence from the administrator of the law, begged Dante, as a personal friend of the judge, to recommend him to favour. Dante went to do as he was requested; but this Adimari was a haughty youth who showed little courtesy when he went about the city, especially when he was on horseback, for he used to ride with his legs spread out, so that he took up the whole street if it were not broad, and whoever wished to pass by must rub against the points of his shoes. Dante, to whom such a deportment was always particularly offensive, as soon as he arrived before the judge, said—‘You have this gentleman brought before you into court for such a crime. I beg you to excuse him, although his conduct in some respects deserves severer punishment; and I consider usurping the property of the comune a very great crime.’ The judge asked what property of the comune this man had usurped; and Dante answered, ‘When he rides through the streets with his legs spread out, whoever encounters him must turn back, and cannot proceed on his way.’ The judge said, ‘Do you consider this a joke? This is a greater offence than the other.’ Dante said, ‘Behold, I am his neighbour. I recommend him to favour.’ Having returned home, he told the Adimari that the judge had given him a favourable answer. A few days afterward this Adimari was summoned, and fined a thousand lire for the first offence, and a thousand more for riding with his legs spread out; and this was the principal cause of Dante shortly afterwards being banished from Florence as one of the Bianchi.”

If not the principal cause, it was doubtless one of the causes, and Adimari was not singular in making private wrongs subject to public and political vengeance. But here is Dante under another aspect:—

“Dante, on one occasion, left his house after dinner to go on some business to that of the Adimari. As he was passing by the gate of San Piero, he heard a smith who was striking his anvil, and as he worked sang some of our poet's verses, but mutilated and with additions and alterations. Dante said nothing; but, approaching the workshop where the smith kept the tools which he used in his trade, he seized the hammer, and threw it across the street: he seized the scales and threw them also, and so he did many of the tools. The smith turning towards him in a brutal manner, said, ‘What the devil are you about? Are you mad?’ Dante said, ‘What are you about?’ ‘I am about my trade (said the smith), and you spoil my tools by throwing them into the street.’ Says Dante, ‘If you do not wish me to spoil your things, do not spoil mine.’ ‘What do I spoil of yours?’ says the smith. Says Dante, ‘You sing songs out of my book and not as I wrote them. I have no other trade, and you spoil it for me.’ The enraged smith, having no answer ready, collected his things and

returned to his work; and the next time he wanted to sing he sang Tristram and Lancelot, and left Dante alone."

It is related of Verboeckhoven, the great living Flemish animal painter, that a man as rich as he was proud, and as ignorant as he was uncourteous, once entered the artist's studio, and enquired if he was the person who painted beasts' likenesses. 'I am the man (said Verboeckhoven), and if you will but sit down I will at once take your likeness!' The above was recalled to our mind by the following anecdote:—

"Another instance of the insolence Dante was apt to display in speech is recorded by a modern author:—Dante was standing in the church of Santa Maria Novella, meditating apart and leaning upon an altar when he was accosted by one of those bores who have no idea of solitude and silence, and like always to be employed in trifling conversation. Dante made many efforts to get rid of him, but not succeeding said to him, 'Before I answer thee, wilt thou solve a question for me? What is the greatest beast in the world?' The man answered, 'By the authority of Pliny, it was supposed to be the elephant.' 'Well (replied Dante), O Elephant, do not annoy me.' And so he departed."

When the faction of the Neri Guelphs banished Dante from his native territory, his first transport of rage made of him a Ghibelline. He no longer maintained that the Emperor depended on the Pope, but on the contrary that the Pope was inferior to the Emperor. He had been for an universal ecclesiastical dominion—all crowns subservient thereto: he was now for one universal temporal monarchy—the Church receiving therefrom its rights and privileges. His change of sentiment only procured for him the confirmation of his sentence; and in January 1302, not only was his banishment decreed, but, in case of his returning to Florence, he was condemned to be burnt alive. He thereon left Rome, little trusting in Rome's intentions towards him and his new party. The Bianchi generally became Ghibelline, but they were split into two factions—the dry (or violent) and the green (or moderate) Ghibellines. The latter held that, if the Popes depended on the Emperors, the spiritual Church itself was above the Crown. To this party Dante belonged.

The Florentine exiles first assembled to concert their future plans in fickle Sienna: they thence adjourned to Arezzo, but soon after dispersed. Dante, after fulfilling political missions at Bologna and Forli, proceeded to Verona, a Ghibelline city governed by the lordly Scaligers, whose arms were an eagle upon a ladder (*scala*). His object was to secure their co-operation with the exiles under Scorpetta degli Ordalaffi of

Forli, in a combined attack upon Florence—an attack which was made in 1303 and which utterly failed. The Neri Guelphs in Florence were stronger and prouder than ever: the Bianchi more furiously imperial than before. Dante sought for tranquility, and enjoyed it during one year at least, in learned leisure passed with the Scaligers. At the end of that period he resumed a wandering life, passing from castle to castle, penning sonnets to please gentle ears, mindful of the political interests of himself and country, and profoundly oblivious of his consort Gemma and “the auld house at home.”

It is remarked in his “*Commedia*” that all mentioned therein who died previous to 1302, the year of his banishment, are judged in a Guelph sentiment: those who departed subsequently to that date are treated in a Ghibelline spirit. For the persons of the Popes generally he had little respect. He scourges their simoniacal “holinesses” with a hearty hand, and contemplates Nicholas III., with his head in the mud and his heels in the air, with the intense delight of a partizan punishing an adversary. He is even more inveterate against Boniface VIII., who cajoled and menaced poor Celestine V. into abdication, then cast him into a cruel captivity after usurping the papal chair, and finally supported the French interest in Italy. Not less than nine times in the “*Commedia*” does Dante inflict poetical justice upon this Pope. With his allegiance to the Emperor, he doubly execrated a Pontiff who not only sought to place his temporal power above that of the imperial Crown, but who conspired to fling the imperial Crown itself beneath the feet of France.

Under the mild and impartial Benedict XI., who succeeded upon the murder of Boniface, Dante hoped that his party might be restored to Florence and to power, and possessions therein, either by warlike or by peaceful means. His hopes were disappointed, chiefly through the conduct of the exiles themselves. They were rather partisans than patriots—did not enter into concerted measures—or failed to carry them out when agreed upon. The confusion of parties, and the ill consequences resulting therefrom, would occupy too much space to detail. It must suffice to say that Dante looked on in despair, and, finally withdrawing from either faction, he, too, exclaimed, “A plague on both your houses!”—and straightway, abandoning politics, addressed himself to literature.

We now meet with him at Bologna, which was deprived of its university and excommunicated for expelling the exiled Bianchi. Subsequently, we fall in with him at the University of Padua, his eldest son Pietro joining with him in his studies.

However sad this exile for the poet, it was a boon to the world and its succeeding generations. Writing was his solace and our joy; and, with the exception of the "*Vita Nuova*," the whole of his works were written during his banishment. He would fain have returned to the pleasant pastimes of his native city; but the Neri there would have none of him, and thereon he forgot disappointment in the composition of the "*Convito*" (or "*Banquet*"). It is in some measure a commentary upon some of his early love poems, particularly on those addressed to the compassionate lady who had almost won his love after the death of Beatrice. He endeavours to prove that his rhymed vows to the object of his transient idolatry were but so much philosophy in the guise of allegory. Another and a far abler portion of this "*Banquet*" treats of the immortality of the soul. This is for the most part very ably executed, yet not without obscurity. The latter quality prevails in the remainder of this composition, which takes the form of an exaggerated essay, treating of many things, and but of few perfectly. It proves him, however, to have been well skilled in the astronomy, theology, and philosophy of his times.

The next work, written probably in 1304 or 1305, was "*On the Vulgar Idiom*" (*De Vulgari Eloquentia*, sive *Idiomate*)—a work composed in Latin, in order to demonstrate the excellence of that Italian language in which he subsequently completed the "*Commedia*." In this work, "he distinguishes and enumerates fourteen dialects then spoken in the peninsula:" he examines and appreciates the merits and demerits of each, and then draws this conclusion—that from all these ought to be derived that general language which he calls "*illustrious, cardinal, aulic, and curial*." Of course, he highly disgusted that respectable portion of society who exclusively possessed a knowledge of the learned languages, and who held that nothing of value should be written in a tongue comprehensible to the unlearned multitude.

This work was never completed. The troubles of the period formed the impediment to its perfecting. Even when he had the leisure, Dante abandoned his learned labour to wander in profitable meditation amid the fields, the mountains, and the valleys, wherein he built up in his lofty imagination that future gigantic work which made him immortal and all lovers of poetry for ever glad. He returned, when fuller leisure and golden opportunity came, to none of his unfinished works with rejoicing zeal, save the "*Commedia*"—a feeling for which posterity will award him as little blame as he encountered at the hands of his contemporaries.

Both Dante and Petrarch (who was born during the early years of the former's exile) apply the term "Babylon" to the Papal residence. This epithet, Count Balbi affirms, is flung, not at Rome, but at Avignon, the seat of the pontiffs who sacrificed the welfare of Italy to French interests and influence. A passage in allusion to the subject will afford our readers an idea of Count Balbi's powers at condensation of historical details :—

"The good Pope Benedict XI. died on the 22nd of July 1304 at Perugia, where he had spent most of his short reign—whether it were to be nearer to Tuscany, or because the residence at Rome was displeasing to him on account of the continual factions between the Colonnas and the Orsini, who alternately ruled there. It was said that he died from some poisoned figs which were brought him by a youth disguised as a lay-sister; and this poison was attributed by some to those cardinals who were his enemies, and by others to the King of France. The cardinals who were assembled in conclave were so divided among themselves that, although kept in confinement and almost starved, they could not agree upon the election until the 23rd of July 1305; and it was certainly the most scandalous election that was ever witnessed. The cardinals were divided into two parties. At the head of one were an Orsini and Francesco Gactani, a nephew of Boniface VIII., who stood up for his memory and desired an Italian Pope. At the head of the other party were Cardinal Nichol da Prato, the peacemaker of Tuscany, and Cardinal Napoleon Orsini, and they were both partizans of France. They at last settled that the former party should propose three French bishops, and that the latter should select one of these three to be Pope. Three Frenchmen who had been creatures of Boniface, and who had till now been enemies of Phillip, were of course named; but Phillip, by the assistance of the cardinals on his side, had time to visit one of the three proposed, Bertrand de Got, Archbishop of Bordeaux; and, showing him that it was in his (the King's) power to make him Pope, made him swear that, if he became so, he would grant him six requests, which were these:—to absolve him for his ill-usage of Boniface—to condemn the memory of that Pope—to replace in the sacred college two Colonnas who had been expelled from it—to make other cardinals by the choice of the King of France—to give up to him, Phillip, *the tithes due to the French clergy* for five years; and, worse than all, he spoke of a sixth article which he would explain in its proper time. Bertrand swore to all, and he became Clement V. He never entered Rome or Italy, not only because they were distasteful to him from the factions which prevailed there, but because every party was now against him, and he could scarcely trust himself out of France. And he not only remained there himself, but, by creating French cardinals and other Frenchmen being elected by those as his successors, France became and continued the residence of the Popes for several years."

Dante's next place of sojourn, of tarrying rather than of residence, was in the Lunigiana—a locality whither Florentine exiles were wont to wend; and among them, at this period, were some humble members of an obscure family named Buonaparte, whose descendant has so recently seated himself in the place belonging of right to the legitimate Bourbon. And herewith is connected a species of poetical justice which even Dante's far-seeing eye could not detect. In his day, France made nice of no vile means to enslave Italy. Among the humblest of the Florentines opposed to the French party were the Buonapartes, and out of their descendants the divine Nemesis plucked the instruments that should in future ages scourge and fetter France! If the majestic shade of the great poet be permitted to contemplate this thing, be assured that an ineffable smile lights up into gladness the melancholy features shaded by the laurel—the circumstances being in the very spirit which he affected and after the very fashion which he loved.

In Lunigiana, Dante's patron was Malaspina, of that branch called "*the dry thorn.*" To the branch named "*of the flowery thorn,*" he owed no grateful acknowledgment. The poet served his patron in many an office, such as gentlemen might exercise who were possessed of ability and lacked not leisure. It was during his residence here that were forwarded to him those fragments of his great poem, with many other of his early compositions, which had been discovered in an old chest in the old home from which he had been banished. He had commenced the "*Commedia*" in Latin: he now resumed it in Italian, and manifested thereby that the "*Vulgar Idiom*" was of a strength, a beauty, and a melody, such as even Italians themselves had not hitherto dreamed of. At the friendly hearth of the Malaspina the fugitive first resided in tranquillity during two years, and the residence is made for ever famous by the fact that it enabled him to complete the "*Inferno*," the exclusively immortal part of his nearly all immortal poem. When the political horizon became more obscure, and the hopes of the exile in the restoration of his fortunes and his country were extinguished, Dante crossed the Alps, and we next find him seated, on the straw-bestrewn ground, with French students in theology, listening to divinity lectures in the University of Paris. He went there, it is suggested, the better to prepare himself for the treatment of the scriptural subjects which were to form so important a part in his "*Purgatorio.*" He left the manuscript of his "*Inferno*" with Fra Ilario, a humble but merry monk of the Corvo monastery at the mouth of the Magra in

the diocese of Luni. Dante presented himself at this monastery without an introduction. The brethren, seeing a stranger gazing at their building, asked him what he sought for, and he replied, "Peace!" When they became acquainted with the name and quality of their guest, they gave him cheerful welcome. To brother Ilario he confided the manuscript, as we have said, of the "*Inferno*." The good brother received it on his lap with gratitude, opened it, and fixed his eyes on it with affection. When, however, he saw that the words were in the vulgar tongue, a feeling of contemptuous wonder took momentary possession of him; and, on Dante enquiring for the reason thereof, the monk marvelled at the language being as it was, both because it appeared to him to be difficult, or rather inconceivable, that Dante should be able to express in the vulgar tongue so deep a subject; and, adds the monk, "because it did not appear to me fitting to clothe so much learning in a popular dress."

Dante distinguished himself at Paris, whither he went in 1308. On one occasion he maintained fourteen different theses against as many opponents, taking the points of his adversaries one after another on his buckler and returning them all successively barbed and entirely worthless. He came off as gloriously when he challenged others, and in this sort of contest he, too, was a spoiled child of victory. He was emphatically a "poor scholar"—a scholar, indeed, rich in learning and in the leisure to acquire more; but so poor as to be often in need of the very necessities of life. Poor as he was, he is said to have undertaken a visit to England when Edward II. was King, and to have sojourned for a very brief season at the University of Oxford. But of this visit and sojourn there is only tradition, but no testifying record, unless we accept as such the line of Petrarch which says that the great Alighieri dwelt among "*Parisios dudum extremosque Britannos*."

We return to certainty when we direct our attention once more to the peninsula. The German Emperor, Henry VII., was about to enter Italy, the first of the emperors who had crossed the frontier or interfered personally in Italian politics for many years. At once Dante conceived hopes of establishing peace in Italy by means of this visit. He addressed a letter to the Sovereign and one to the people of Italy in their universality, advising the latter to acknowledge and obey the emperor as their true lord; but, at the same time, to stand fast by their free and independent Governments. The Guelphs feared that the emperor would receive with welcome none but

Ghibellines; while the latter, mindful of the conciliatory spirit manifested by Henry towards the Church, asserted that the monarch "would not look on any one but the Guelphs." Both parties, nevertheless, flocked to greet him on his way. Wherever he held his court, in camps or cities, the various factions appeared to unite for once in order to bid him welcome. The only exception was in the case of Florence. The Government there dreaded political dissolution, with something personal of the same nature to follow at his hands, and they determined to oppose every attempt that way tending. The emperor's measures were stringent, but they were not marked by injustice. In cities over which he claimed authority he placed governors named by himself, and where his authority was disputed he asserted it by force of arms. He was thus employed before Brescia when Dante once more appeared beyond the Alps. His mission was not of a very patriotic complexion: it was to induce the emperor, a foreign prince, to turn his arms against Florence—a city, not in Lombardy, where the imperial authority of right prevailed; but in Tuscany, where the German eagle must necessarily be an invader, to expel whom all parties should have been united. But in Dante's time patriotism consisted in sacrificing many for the sake of the few. It was the doctrine held by the Florentines. Their descendant in Paris is now marking his reign by just such measures as would have been put in practice by his ancestors the Buonapartes, with their confederates, five centuries ago. France has gone back to the policy of the middle ages!

The diplomacy of Dante and the arms of the emperor failed. The latter, indeed, was crowned King in Milan and Emperor in Rome; but at the latter coronation the Papal presence and sanction were alike wanting, and Henry hoped to make up for either by subduing Florence and Tuscany. This hope was also frustrated; and soon after, in 1311, Henry died, and Dante found himself as far as ever from the accomplishment of his wishes. He had incited a foreign prince to take up arms against his native city: all that can be added thereto, less by way of apology than in mitigation of the sentence which free men will always be ready to hurl against him, amounts simply to this—namely, that he drew no sword himself against his native city; and, though he advised the mischief, he took no share in its doing. He was not himself ashamed either of his counsel or its consequences, and out of gratitude to Henry he composed the "*Monarchia*," in which he advocates the establishment of one universal monarchy, the Roman (in the person of the Emperor of Germany), with the Church subservient

thereto. The Church thundered against him and his work its censures in return. Upon one passage of the book Count Balbi thus speaks:—

“The right of the Roman people to universal empire is proved by a grand syllogism, which takes up almost the whole treatise, and runs thus:—1. Right or *jus* is nothing else than the will of God, which means that which God wills. 2. It was God’s will that the Roman people should possess the empire, since it was of all people the most noble and the most virtuous—since through it He performed miracles—since public and universal good has always been its object—since that people was, by nature, ordained to govern—since God manifested His judgment in the struggle which took place between it and other nations for the empire. 3. Therefore, the Roman people had a right to the empire: if they had not had it—if that empire had not been *de jure* over the whole human race—our Lord Jesus Christ being under it, and having died by the sentence of a judge of that empire would not have died by the deed of the whole human race; nor, consequently, in expiation of the sin of our first father! We may see to what absurdities one may be carried by seeking for facts to prove a bad argument. Here the truth of a fact is proved merely by what followed it, and human redemption is allowed to be legitimate and beneficial only to the subjects of the Roman empire. It is difficult to say whether the philosophical or religious heresy is here the greater.”

Passion, not low motives, led Dante into this and other heresies, marking the whole time of his residence at Pisa and Lucca, in 1313 and the following year, and marking not less strongly many passages of the “Purgatorio” then composed; and partly made amends for, in the opinion of some, by the counsel which he gave to the conclave of cardinals, on the death of Clement V., to elect an Italian Pope. The cardinals, not more patriotic and less Romanist than Dante himself, scorned the counsel and elected once more a French pontiff. If the poet desired to see an Emperor in Rome, he desired quite as ardently to see a Pope there also. The cardinals, more guilty than he, would have neither, and Italy fared worse than if it had possessed both.

Between Guelph and Ghibelline poor Italy was now reduced to a state of anarchy, and every man was only thinking of fighting for himself when he professed to be doing both for his country alone. Florence repelled the bold attempt made to reduce her by Uguccione della Faggiola, the proud lord of Pisa and Lucca, one day; and the wandering prince without purse or patrimony the next. Dante was not present at the attack, but he suffered for it nevertheless. His counsel was discerned therein; and that circumstance, added to the offence

raised by his publication of the "*Monarchia*," caused a renewal of the decree of perpetual exile to be again fulminated against him. He took refuge at Verona with its lord, Can Grande della Scala, a man of much barbaric magnificence, who entertained beneath his roof a host of great and exiled men, but who liked to have his services acknowledged and his position as patron reverently bowed to by his "clients." At his table sat Dante, the "Florentine by birth but not in manners," sumptuously fed, extensively employed, chiefly as a judge, and beggarlily rewarded. In his splendid misery he was made to feel, in his own words from the "*Paradise*:"—

"———What bitter savour bears
The bread of others, and how hard to wend
Upward and downward by another's stairs!"

"My fellow citizen Dante Alighieri (says Petrarch) was a man highly distinguished in the vulgar tongue; but in his style and speech a little daring, and rather freer than was pleasing to delicate and studious ears or gratifying to the princes of our times. He then, while banished from our country, resided at the court of Can Grande, where the afflicted universally found consolation and an asylum. He at first was held in much honour by Can, but afterwards he by degrees fell out of favour, and day by day less pleased that lord. Actors and parasites of every description used to be collected together at the same banquet: one of these, most impudent in his words and obscene gestures, obtained much importance and favour with many. And Can, suspecting that Dante disliked this, called the man before him, and having praised him to our poet, said, 'I wonder how it is that this silly fellow should know how to please all and should be loved by all, and that thou carest not, who art said to be so wise.' Dante answered, 'Thou would'st not wonder if thou knewest that friendship is founded on similarity of habits and disposition.'.....It is also related that at his table, which was too indiscriminately hospitable, where buffoons set down with Dante and where jests passed which must have been offensive to every person of refinement, but disgraceful when uttered by the superior in rank to his inferior—a boy was once concealed under the table, who, collecting the bones that were thrown there by the guests, according to the custom of those times, heaped them up at Dante's feet. When the tables were removed, the great heap appearing, Can pretended to show much astonishment and said, 'Certainly, Dante is a great devourer of meat.' To which Dante readily replied, 'My lord, you would not have seen so many bones had I been a dog (*Cane*).'"

The protector and the protected quarrelled, and Dante, whose son Pietro had resided with him in Verona, and whose descendants are to be found there at the present time, departed from the house of "Can Grande" in 1318, and turned his face towards another refuge. He went forth in his pride, haughtily

refusing a pardon from Florence to be purchased by money. He found peace for a time in the monastery of Fonte Avellana; cultivated literature with the protector he found in Bosone da Gubbio; and, being cordially received at Udine by the patriarch of Aquileia, Pagano delle Toro, applied at that good pastor's hearth the last touches to his "Paradise," and wrote a history of the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines which has been unfortunately lost. He next found a home and a welcome at Ravenna, with Guido de Polunta di Rimini, the father of Francesca, and endeavoured to forget the times and their perplexities in delivering lectures on poetry, and in instilling its beauties into the minds of the young and listening children of his host. In his retirement here he was joined by his son Jacopo as well as by Pietro; but we hear no word of his wife Gemma, nor of the little daughter whom he had named after his loved Beatrice. He strongly resisted all counsel from the learned to write in Latin—a resistance for which Italy, especially, owes him an inexhaustible gratitude. An anecdote connected with this period would serve to prove that his exile had by no means rendered him morosely indifferent to all other matters. Cecco of Ascoli had said that "Art could never conquer Nature." Dante proved the opposite by teaching a cat to hold a candle; but Cecco triumphantly asserted the superiority of Nature by letting some mice loose in the midst of the experiment. But our exiled poet had worthier pursuits than these. It was at Ravenna that he translated into the vulgar idiom the Penitential Psalms, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Ave Maria, the Decalogue, and the "Seven Mortal Sins"—a work which, in its entirety, goes by the name of "Dante's Creed," but which is hardly equal to Dante's reputation.

At the hearth of the Poluntas he fell sick, and tranquilly died in the month of September, 1321. Nothing of circumstance is known: the fact itself alone is recorded, and further that he was buried in the garb of the Tertiary order of Franciscans, of which he, in common with many lay persons of both sexes, was a member. Florence claimed the body dead which it had rejected when living; but Ravenna would never surrender the bones of the exile. His native city, finally, was content with decreeing a monument to his memory: the decree was dated in 1396—it was carried out in 1829! Nearly four centuries and a-half had intervened, and in the meantime Dante had established an imperishable fame, greater than that of Florence herself or any of her sons—albeit Michael Angelo and Galileo are among them. That great and imperishable renown rests

almost solely upon the "*Commedia*"—a poem, probably, which few either in or out of Italy have ever read completely to the end! And with good reason. The chief merit of this work lies, first, in its gigantic conception; and next, to the unequalled ability of its execution in that part of it called the "*Inferno*." Of his "*Three Kingdoms of the Dead*," this is most deservedly popular. In the Easter week of the year 1300, Dante, passing from the deserts near Jerusalem, glides through the gates of hell under the allotted guidance of the poet Virgil. He reviews the indifferents and the absolutely wicked—enters the sojourn of the virtuous but unbaptized, and consequently condemned, heathens—and that of the couples who had loved not wisely but too well, and had not repented them of their unhallowed affection. Paolo, and his sister-in-law Francesca di Rimini, are here met with, borne round in the whirlwind that sweeps the circle in which they are confined. The illustrious poets then descend into the third of the seven concentric circles into which hell is divided. Here gluttons lie wallowing in fetid mire, and battered by endless showers of gigantic ice. As the visitor painfully descends, demons oppose his progress, but oppose in vain. In the fourth circle, the avaricious and the prodigal maintain a continual and cruel warfare. Lower still, robbers are in unceasing antagonism with serpents, who enfold them about, breathe over them a poisonous breath, make consequent mutual exchange of their respective monstrous natures, and then renew hostilities ending in similar results. The choleric roll tormented in a hellish slough: the heresiarchs are tortured in a circle of their own; while other offenders roast for ever in glowing tombs scattered over a gloomy plain, the air of which is as that of a million furnaces. Tyrants and homicides swim shrieking for ever in the bloody sea of the seventh circle, and are kept from landing by the demons on the shore, who repel them with their heated forks. In short, the variety of torture is beyond description, and must be read with all its attendant scenery and actors, to be thoroughly appreciated or even comprehended. The kingly stature and station of the immeasurable Lucifer are described with a grandeur and a fertility of imagination that have never been surpassed, and the same may be said of the extraordinary passage of Dante and his guide from hell to purgatory. In the latter locality there is much less to interest us: there is no lack of variety, but there is also too much of philosophy, theology, and metaphysical disquisition—all of a fashion that exacts no reverence from modern readers at least, and all necessarily to be read (as, indeed, are all his incidents) by the light of the political history

of the day: The *Purgatory* has its circles like the *Inferno*, and they are as thickly and as wonderfully peopled; but the detail of the former occupies twice the space given to the latter without being commensurately interesting. From this fainter hell we are glad to escape into the lovely light of Paradise and the vision of Beatrice. Here, too, the persons are many, and the scenes varied; but we care less than ever for both—least of all for the transcendental obscurity of the arguments, and everything for that incomparable Beatrice, fairest of angels, though a little too much given to argument at times, when we would rather be told of her eyes and the memories of her heart than of anything she had to advance touching mysteries she could not explain nor make understood. By looking upwards she ascends, and by gazing on her calm and peerless eyes, the poet, too, is borne upwards to a scene wherein dwells the Divine Essence, and whereon he wisely lets the curtain fall lest speculation should become too daring.

We, too, must here close our imperfect record; but we cannot do so in justice without first heartily recommending to all who love pleasant and profitable reading to at once address themselves to this biography of Dante by Count Balbi, and admirably translated by Mrs. Bunbury. From some of its pages we select the following extracts wherewith more gracefully to conclude our review. Here is a popular scene:—

“Among the nobles who resisted the oppression of the people, Corno Donati must have been the chief; but he did not at first come forward. With one of his usual stratagems, however, he was the cause of a new revolution which drove Giano della Bella, the leader of the people, from the city. In January 1295 it happened that Messer Corno Donati, a powerful knight, sent some armed men to stab his relation, Messer Simone Galafrone, and in the scuffle one was killed and some wounded. Both parties brought forward an accusation, and therefore it was necessary to proceed according to the ordinance of justice in receiving the evidence and in punishing. The proceedings came before the podesta, Messer Gian di Lucino, a Lombard, a noble knight, and of great sense and goodness; and one of his judges hearing the case, and listening to the evidence which both parties produced, and finding it told against Messer Corno, made his notary write just the contrary, by which means Messer Corno was to be acquitted and Simone condemned. Therefore, the podesta being deceived, absolved Messer Corno and condemned Messer Simone. The citizens, hearing the fact, concluded he had done this for a bribe, and that he was an enemy to the people; and the opponents of Messer Corno, above all, cried out with one voice—‘Death to the podesta! burn, burn!’ The tumult increased to such a height that the people hastened to the palace of the podesta with straw to burn down the gate.

“Giano, who was along with the priors, hearing the cries of the

multitude, said—‘I will go and rescue the podesta from the hands of the people;’ and he mounted his horse, thinking that the people would follow him, and would retire in obedience to his words; but just the contrary happened, for they turned their lances against him to thrust him off his horse: therefore he turned back. The priors came down to the Piazza with the Gonfaloniere, hoping to please the people and to mitigate their fury; but it increased to such a degree that they burned down the gate of the podesta, and carried off his horses and furniture. The podesta fled to a house in the neighbourhood: his servants were taken, the documents were torn up, and whoever had a law suit going on in court, and was evilly disposed, went and tore it up; and one judge, of the name of Messer Baldo delli Amnicto, managed to do this very well. He had many adversaries, and had in court against him many accusations and law-suits; and having proceedings going on against him, and fearing that he should be condemned, he and his followers craftily managed to break open the chests and tear up the documents, so that they could never be found. Many did strange things in this uproar. The podesta and his family were in great danger: he had along with him his wife, who was much esteemed in Lombardy, and possessed great beauty. She, along with her husband, hearing the cries of the people, they called out, ‘Murder!’ and fled to a neighbouring house, where they found friendly aid and remained concealed and hidden. The following day the council assembled, and it was settled that, for the honour of the city, they should secure to the podesta everything of which he had been robbed, and that they should pay him his salary; and this they did, and he departed.”

We have already intimated that Dante’s Beatrice, like Petrarch’s Laura, was a married woman, when the most ardent of the poet’s verses were addressed to her. In connection with this matter the author says:—

“The love of Dante towards a married woman would certainly be considered strange in our days; and the professions of love he makes to her in various verses published in the ‘Vita Nuova’ and in the ‘Commedia’ would not be permitted. But here the difference of the times must be considered, in which such professions of servitude, and disinterested, pure, and platonic love, were not unusual in poetry, and were consistent with the manner of chivalry. If they were not always believed to be such, nor tolerated by the interested parties, still they were not so universally condemned as they would be in our days. The good Boccaccio, although a bearer of scandal, assures us, however, that Dante’s love was most pure—‘not a little wonderful (he says) in the present world, from which every pure pleasure has fled.’ It appears also from the ‘Vita Nuova’ that Beatrice henceforward always denied Dante a greeting and that she avoided his company: it is certain that he was not with her at the close of her life. But the purity of Dante’s recollections of Beatrice is most clearly shown by the noble thoughts with which she inspired him.”

There seems, however, to have been some suspicion on the part of "certain ladies who used to assemble together from delight in each other's company." It was when Dante was once in such a company that he was asked by a fair enquirer, who thought that a lover who lived only on the passing smiles of his mistress, and who concerned himself by "sighing like furnace," was but an indifferently foolish wooer—"To what end (said this experienced lady) dost thou love this mistress of thine, since thou can'st not support the presence of her eyes. Certainly, the end of such work must be most novel." When Dante saw all this fair circle smilingly gazing on his face awaiting an answer, he talked an infinite deal of nothing, touching a mysterious delight. "We beg thee to tell us in what thy delight rests" (said one); and the poet confessed that it was in "writing those words that praise my mistress." A confession which the ladies looked upon but with qualified admiration, admiring, as they acknowledged, gentle works as well as gentle words.

The following spirited sketch gives a prose view of one whom Dante has immortalized in poetry:—

"Count Ugolino della Gheradesca was descended from one of those feudal lords who, from taking up their abode in the town, had become powerful citizens. He had formerly been a Ghibelline, but now for some years had become a Guelph. In 1285 he raised a tumult in Pisa, and placed the city under the dominion of the Guelphs who had so lately been triumphant: he then formed a close alliance with her two enemies, Lucca and Florence, and yielded up to them the best castles of the Pisan territory: thus he became undisputed head of the commune. He was padesta—he was captain of the troops—he was everything within the city; and by this means he became one of the principal leaders of the Guelph party in Tuscany. After this state of things had lasted for some years, the Pisan Guelphs became divided amongst themselves, even in Ugolino's own family. Nino Visconti, the son of his daughter, and the judge of Gallure in Sardinia, revolted against his grandfather, drawing along with him it appears all the most extreme Guelphs. Ugolino, who in name was once a Ghibelline and was now a Guelph, and who probably in his heart was indifferent to both parties, allied himself with the Archbishop Ruggeri degli Ubeldini of Mugello, and the Ghibelline leaders, of whom the principal were—

'The Gualandis, with the Sismondis and Lanfranches.'

"Nino of Gallara, with his party, was driven from the city (*Inferno*, c. xxxiii. v. 32), and Ugolino was declared Lord of Pisa. But Ugolino soon fell under the suspicion of the archbishop and these powerful Ghibelline families: he was attacked by the populace in his own house, laid hands on violently and made prisoner, and was shut up in the Tower of the Gualandis, which was situated at the meeting of seven streets. With

him were his two sons, Gaddo and Uguccione; and his three grandsons, Ugolino surnamed Il Brigata, and Arrigo (both children of his son Guelfo); his third grandson was Anselranccio, whose father was Ugolino's son Lotto, who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Meloria. The archbishop remained head of the commune with the title of 'padesta' five months, and then resigned the office to Gueltiere di Branforte. Gueltiere resigned it to Guido di Montifeltro, a powerful Ghibelline lord of Komegua, who had been expelled from it by the Guelphs, and were then in banishment at Asti. Scarcely had the new padesta arrived, when, with the rancour of an exile, on the 10th of March 1289, he ordered the horrible tower, in which the old man and the five youths had been for the last nine months languishing, to be locked up and the keys to be thrown into the river Arno. Thus he left them in unknown sufferings to perish by the dreadful death of starvation. 'For this cruelty (says Villani) the Pisans were reprovèd and blamed by the whole world, not so much for the sake of the count who, by his crimes and treasons, had perchance deserved such a death, but on account of his sons and grandsons, who were little boys and quite innocent.' A late historian has proved Dante and Villani both to be mistaken in calling these sons and grandsons little boys of tender age. I fear he has not equally succeeded in clearing the archbishop from the odium of the crime, whether he were padesta or not: he was certainly all-powerful at Pisa, and he was called to account for this crime at the Roman Curia, though it is not known whether he was condemned or absolved. At any rate, it appears that the youthful poet Dante received the account of this scandalous event from the reports spread, with more or less accuracy, throughout indignant Italy; and his Guelph tendencies must have rendered him still more compassionate towards Ugolino and indignant towards the archbishop. Every one knows how these early impressions were afterwards expressed in a maturer form, in that immortal narrative, the longest and most terrible in his '*Commedia*.'"

With these extracts we take leave of a work in which there is much graceful writing. With the biography of Dante, and an account of his works, there are also sketches of his contemporaries and many interesting illustrations of Italian history in his times. The translation has been admirably executed, and the whole forms a work that must necessarily secure for itself an undivided admiration.

ART. V.—*Life of Lord Jeffrey: with a Selection from his Correspondence.* By Lord COCKBURN. Two Volumes. Edinburgh: Black, 1852.

JEFFREY was a man remarkably amiable in private life, warm and steadfast in his friendships, talented and industrious in his

profession, and gaining thereby its highest honours; but these qualities would scarce have sufficed to establish a claim for public notice or to cause his name to be remembered by posterity. It is as having been one of the original projectors of the *Edinburgh Review*, and as its editor for more than five and twenty years and as the largest contributor to that journal, that Jeffrey became known beyond the circle of private friendship, or outside of the courts of law, in the good city of Edinburgh.

We are not Whigs or Liberals, and on many other points are opposed to the principles of the *Edinburgh Review*; but this does not render us blind to its literary merits or slow to acknowledge the great effects which it produced in England as well as Scotland; for it not only improved the taste of those who had been readers already, but it also created a very large class of readers, and increased the number of authors, and thus gave a literary impulse to the age. Many who had been accustomed to read nothing more than the newspapers before received from that *Review* their first taste for literature, most of its articles being both instructive and suggestive; and not a few of the literary institutions which are now so common in the land unconsciously owe their origin to the impetus in this direction first given by the *Edinburgh Review*.

For this *Review*, of which Jeffrey was the soul, wrought a remarkable change, not only among publications of its own class, but upon English literature generally. It not only introduced a higher style of writing into periodical and ephemeral publications, but exercising on perfectly independent principles a severer tone of criticism than the floating literature of the day had been before subjected to. The authors themselves were benefitted by passing through such an ordeal, and the public taste was also directed and improved. Through these means a taste for literature became much more widely diffused, and was more zealously as well as more popularly cultivated. And many similar journals followed in the wake of the *Edinburgh Review*, incited by its example or opposed to it in politics, and desiring to counteract its influence.

Our sole reason for noticing Jeffrey's life arises from his connection with the *Review*, and our only concern with the *Review* is to show how the peculiar turn of Jeffrey's mind fitted him for doing the work then in hand—not that Jeffrey himself was aware of this, or that any of the first contributors to the *Review* had determined the sort of character it should assume, and still less calculated upon the influence which it afterwards acquired. But each felt a desire for the enlargement and the improvement of our periodical literature; and each followed his own impulse

rather than a preconcerted plan pursued in common by them all. The first numbers consisted of very short articles on a great variety of subjects, treated with spirit but in a desultory manner; and it was not until the *Review* came under the sole management of Jeffrey that it assumed its fixed character, and the articles then became fewer and took the form of distinct essays or short treatises, in which principles of criticism might be enunciated and measures of government might be freely discussed:—"There were *Reviews* in England; but, though respectable according to the notions at that time of critical respectability, they merely languished in decent feebleness. Indeed, the circumstance of their almost restricting themselves to the examination of books, exclusively of public measures and principles, narrowed the range of their criticism and congealed its spirit" (i. 129).

It was intended that the first number should appear in June, 1802. Jeffrey wrote in June:—

"Our *Review* is still at a stand. However, I have completely abandoned the idea of taking any permanent share in it, and shall probably desert after fulfilling my engagements, which only extend to a certain contribution for the four first numbers. I suspect that the work itself will not have a much longer life. I believe we shall come out in October, and have no sort of doubt of making a respectable appearance, though we may not, perhaps, either obtain popularity or deserve it."

This despondency of public affairs had become habitual in Jeffrey at that time, and made him regard every effort to ameliorate or alter the condition of things as unavailing and likely to prove abortive. Indeed, the most sanguine might despond of the Whig party when they did not even dare to hold a public meeting in Edinburgh:—

"Meetings of the adherents of Government for party purposes, and for such things as victories and charities, were common enough. But with ample materials for opposition meetings, they were in total disuse. I doubt if there was one held in Edinburgh between the year 1795 and the year 1820. Attendance was understood to be fatal. Thus, politically, Scotland was dead. It was not unlike a village at a great man's gate. Without a single free institution or habit, opposition was rebellion—submission probable success. There were many with whom horror of French principles, to the extent to which it was carried, was a party pretext. But there were also many with whom it was a sincere feeling, and who, in their fright, saw in every Whig a person who was already a Republican, and not unwilling to become a regicide" (i. 77).

This accounts for the alarm felt by all who engaged in so hazardous an undertaking as a liberal and independent journal;

for "Scotland did not maintain a single opposition newspaper, or magazine, or periodical publication" (76). "Smith was by far the most timid of the confederacy, and believed that unless our *incognito* was strictly maintained we could not go on a day; and this was his object for making us hold our dark divans at Willison's office, to which he insisted on our repairing singly and by back approaches or by different lanes! He also had so strong an impression of ——'s indiscretion and rashness that he would not let him be a member of our association, though wished for by all the rest" (i. 137.)

Yet in less than a year the same Sydney Smith had so changed his opinion by the success which the *Review* met with that he wrote to Mr. Constable, the publisher, in the following terms:—

"You ask me for my opinion about the continuation of the *Edinburgh Review*. I have the greatest confidence in giving it you, as I find everybody here, who is capable of forming an opinion upon the subject, unanimous in the idea of its success and in the hope of its continuation. It is notorious that all the *Reviews* are the organs either of party or booksellers. I have no manner of doubt that an *able, intrepid, and independent Review* would be as useful to the public as it would be profitable to those engaged in it."

And though Jeffrey scarcely expected that the *Review* would succeed, this was only in accordance with the gloomy aspect which at that time all things seemed to wear in his eyes. Yet, when it succeeded beyond his expectations, he gave himself heartily to the work of the editor which now devolved entirely upon him; and to his presiding spirit the *Review* owes the chief portion of its brilliancy as well as its consistency and stability. For he not only contributed more than two hundred articles wholly written by himself, but as editor gave the tone to all the rest; and often suggested additions where any flatness or deficiency might be felt, or omissions of anything which might seem discordant with the principles generally and customarily maintained.

The principles were avowedly those of the Whigs, and it must be allowed by all that the *Review* did well the work which it proposed to do: of this the sensation which it produced is the best evidence. We have no right to complain of its leaving other work undone—work which its conductors never proposed to do; and for doing which, if it had been proposed, they might have felt themselves disqualified. Literature of the lighter kind, physical science in its more popular aspect, and politics of the Liberal school, were meant to form the chief topics of discussion. In the classics they were shallow, and when they crossed

lances with Oxford they came off in sorry plight, having been discomfited; and religion or theology does not seem to have taken much hold on Jeffrey's mind and spirit at the time that he edited the *Review*: and to this ignorance on the subject, rather than to wilful and deliberate scepticism, we would gladly attribute the flippancy and levity of manner in which sacred subjects are often spoken of, as well as the decidedly objectionable passages that we sometimes find in the earlier as well as the later numbers of the *Review*.

But the grand characteristic of the *Edinburgh Review* was its fearless independence. It was not a bookseller's undertaking to recommend his own publications: it was not a combination of authors to eulogise each other's works and to condemn the productions of rivals; nor was it set on foot as a speculation for gain or with any mercenary motive whatever. The articles for the first year were to be given to the publisher, he undertaking all expenses and all pecuniary risks; and when in the unpromising circumstances of the times it succeeded beyond all expectation, and took the lead of all the periodical publications both in London and Edinburgh, the publishers became able to offer very liberal pay to their contributors, and the *Edinburgh Review* soon became the depository of nearly all the floating talent of the rising generation of authors on the Whig and Liberal side: and it afforded an opening for many to try their skill in a brief essay, who, by the success they met with in these anonymous and less formidable attempts, were encouraged to more arduous enterprises in the higher and more enduring branches of literature.

The chief fault of the *Review* was an error common to the whole Whig party—they thought too favourably of the French Revolution. For, blinded by Utopian notions of man's natural capacity for self-government, and entirely overlooking, perhaps disbelieving, the natural tendency of fallen man to degenerate rather than to improve when left to himself, they extenuated the excesses of the French Revolution as accidents arising out of circumstances, instead of regarding them as characteristics which proved that the French were incapable of self-government and could not be trusted with liberty; and, by a similar misapprehension of the English character, the same party continually underrated the strength and the resources of Great Britain. For, when the natural consequences of the revolutionary licence appeared in the military despotism of Buonaparte, they fell into a perfect panic; and depreciating our own strength on the one hand, and exaggerating the power of the Emperor of the French on the other, they regarded our resistance as madness; and, if

their timid counsels had been followed, it is not improbable that Great Britain might have lost its place among the nations, and that the other nations of Europe would not have risen to shake off the yoke of France.

It is a mistake to suppose that any people, however well-informed, can be all at once trusted with unrestricted liberty. Each man living in a society is expected to exercise some self-restraint out of deference to others; and a well-ordered government is such a system of checks and restraints as may not press upon one class more than upon another, but may only exercise such a controul over individual wilfulness, or over class prejudices and partialities, as may best conduce to the common prosperity of the whole community. Theory alone cannot construct such a government, because it must be shaped according to the character of the people, and they are the machinery by which it is to be carried into operation. But they are a living machinery and they are perfected by exercise, and the theory will enlarge and improve, just in proportion as the capacity for self-government becomes more fixed and habitual among the people.

The British Constitution is the growth of a thousand years, and the people have grown with it and grown into it; and this is the secret of its stability. For, notwithstanding the Norman conquest—notwithstanding the feudal oppressions—notwithstanding the wars of the Roses and the changes of dynasty to the Scotch and Orange and Hanoverian lines which might be expected to bring with them some foreign elements—notwithstanding all these disturbing forces, the British Constitution has continued uniformly progressive, till, by its well-balanced system of king, lords, and commons, it has become the admiration of all nations and the imitation of not a few.

Alfred laid the foundation by establishing the principle that each man should be held responsible for the good conduct of his neighbours as well as for his own conduct. This not only puts a restraint upon individual caprice or insolence and prevents outrage by the certainty of detection, but, by laying the foundation of self-government at the very basis of all society, it prepares a people either for exercising the art of government on the largest scale and in its highest offices, or enables them to understand the duty and the advantage of submitting to the necessary restraints when exercised by others. Trial by jury, representation in Parliament, and the other safeguards, are only consequences of this fundamental principle.

In no one particular does the contrast between England and Ireland appear so strong as in this—that, while the murderer in England knows full well that every Englishman will be ready to

deliver him up to justice and that his only hope of escape is by absconding himself, the assassin in Ireland knows that even the spectators of the murder will let him go free, and every cottage will furnish him with a hiding-place from the police; and that if he should be apprehended no Irish jury will convict him, but will rather perjure themselves than find him guilty. Until this fundamental defect in Irish society can in some way be remedied, they cannot be trusted with the same liberty as that we enjoy in England. They must be governed by others, because they have not yet learned how to govern themselves.

It was in 1809, or seven years after the commencement of the *Edinburgh Review*, that the *Quarterly* began its course; and being on the opposite side in politics, it not only corrected any exaggerations into which the older *Review* had fallen, but tended to render it more cautious and circumspect for the future; while it does not seem to have in any considerable degree diminished the extent of its circulation. Jeffrey represents the Whig party as being in a deplorable condition at that time, and the picture as truly represents their actual condition now. Writing to John Allen, Esq., in December 1809, Jeffrey uses these words:—

“Indeed, if the Whigs do not make some sort of a coalition with the Democrats, they are nobody, and the nation is ruined, internally as well as from without. There are but two parties in the nation—the Tories, who are almost for tyranny; and the Democrats, who are almost for rebellion. The Whigs stand powerless and unpopular between them, and must side with, and infuse their spirit into, one or other of them before they can do the least good. Now, the Tories will not coalesce with them and the Democrats will; and, therefore, it is the duty of the Whigs to take advantage of this, and to strengthen themselves by the alliance of those who will otherwise overwhelm both them and their antagonists. Such are my notions” (ii. 127).

Alas! for the shallowness of such notions. A party confessedly “powerless and unpopular,” siding with a dreaded popular party to defeat their political antagonists, and expecting thereby to make Whigs of Democrats, when they must of course be at the mercy of the Democrats!

The panic which seized him shortly after about Buonaparte and foreign affairs is expressed in the following terms to Horner:—

“I am mortally afraid of the war, and I think that is all I can say about it. I hate Bonaparte, too, because he makes me more afraid than anybody else, and seems more immediately the cause of my paying income-tax, and having my friends killed with dysenteries and gunshot wounds, and making my country unpopular, bragging, and servile, and everything that I do not wish it to be. I do think, too, that the risk was, and is, far more imminent and tremendous, of the subversion of

all national independence, and all the peaceful virtues, and mild and generous habits, by his insolent triumph, than by the success of the most absurd of those who are allied against him. Men will not be ripe for a reasonable or liberal government on this side of the Millennium. But though old abuses are likely to be somewhat tempered by the mild measures of wealthy communities, and the diffusion of something like intelligence and education among the lower orders, I really cannot bring myself, therefore, to despise and abuse the Bourbons, and Alexander, and Francis, with the energy which you do. They are absurd, shallow, and hollow persons, I dare say. But they are not very atrocious, and will never have the power to do half so much mischief as their opponent. I prefer, upon the whole, a set of tyrants, if it must be so, that we can laugh at, and would rather mix contempt with my political dislike than admiration or terror. You admire greatness much more than I do, and have a far more extensive taste for the *sublime* in character. So I could be in my heart for taking a hit at Buonaparte in public or in private whenever I thought I had him at advantage; and would even shuffle a little on the score of morality and national rights if I could insure success in my enterprise. But I am dreadfully afraid, and do not differ from you in seeing little but disorder on either side of the picture. On the whole, however, my wishes must go to the opposite side from yours, I believe; and that chiefly from my caring more about the present compared with the future. I really cannot console myself for the certainty of being vexed and anxious, and the chance of being very unhappy all my life, by the belief that some fifty or a hundred years after I am dead there will be somewhat less of folly or wretchedness among the bigots of Spain or the boors of Russia" (ii. 159).

This was written to Horner, for whom Jeffrey entertained a higher respect, and towards whom he showed greater deference, than to any other individual with whom he was associated; and it shows that extreme opinions were not countenanced by Jeffrey himself, and that where they found admission into the *Review* it was rather in deference to those who assisted him in conducting it than in accordance with the editor's own judgment. Horner had on one occasion written to blame him for not doing enough for his party and taking things so easily:—

"Situating as I am (says Jeffrey), at a distance from all active politics, I give way to my political and constitutional carelessness without self-reproach. If I were in your place, it is probable I should feel differently; but these are none of the matters on which I should ever think of quarrelling with your principles of judgment. Neither will I deny that the *Review* might have been more firmly conducted, and greater circumspection used to avoid excesses of all sorts. Only the anxiety of such a duty would have been very oppressive to me, and I have ever been slow to believe the matter of so much importance as to impose it absolutely upon me. I have not, however, been altogether without some feelings of duty on the subject, and it is as to the limits and extent of these that I am inclined to differ with you. Perhaps it

would have been better to have kept more to general views. But in such times as we have lived in, it was impossible not to mix them, as in fact they mix themselves, with questions which might be considered as of a narrower and more factious description. In substance it appeared to me that my only absolute duty as to political discussion, was, to forward the great ends of liberty, and to exclude nothing but what had a tendency to promote servile, sordid, and corrupt principles. As to the *means* of attaining these ends, I thought that considerable latitude should be indulged; and, that unless the excesses were very great and revolting, every man of talent should be allowed to take his own way of recommending them. In this way it always appeared to me that a considerable diversity was quite compatible with all the consistency that should be required in a work of this description, and that doctrines might very well be maintained in the same number which were quite irreconcilable with each other, except in their common tendency to repress servility, and diffuse a general spirit of independence in the body of the people. This happens, I take it, in every considerable combination of persons for one general end" (ii. 152).

At a somewhat earlier period, Jeffrey had told Horner that he had found it necessary to make his writings on all subjects very simple and elementary to save them from being misunderstood; and that the best rule was to begin at the beginning as if the reader had everything to learn.

"I have heard an obscure rumour that you had spoken favourably to somebody of my *Review* of Leckie, which I am much afraid would appear tedious to all persons who are past their A B C in such matters. However, you know I always profess to write for babes and sucklings, and take no merit but for making things level to the meanest capacities. When I saw you at —, I think you said you were growing more in charity with that meritorious sort of prosing; and, indeed, all philanthropic persons who commerce a little largely in the world, and find how many of all ages have still their whole education to begin upon everything where right opinions are of any importance, will daily feel more indulgence for the slow and persevering methods which persons still more philanthropic must use for the instruction of these unfortunate infants. It is to this feeling I take it for granted I am indebted for your good opinion. For there is a good part of that article which I thought in considerable danger of being attacked and ridiculed as a caricature of our Scotch manner of running everything up to elements, and explaining all sorts of occurrences by a theoretical history of society" (ii. 139).

It is to these two lines of conduct, adopted by the editor, that we feel inclined to attribute the success of the *Edinburgh Review*. By the first rule, which permitted every man of talent to take his own way of recommending his views, provided they were in consistency with the general principles of the party, he not only enlisted all the floating talent on that side of the ques-

tion, but ensured variety, which is as important as talent to the success of a periodical work. And by the second rule, of rendering the articles which he wrote as clear as possible both in principle and in expression, he gained the attention of numbers who had never been accustomed to analyze or examine their own opinions before, and who became favourably inclined towards a work which opened, as it were, a new sense; and taught them to give a reason for their former instincts or prejudices and placed even the abstruser sciences in a popular point of view. All those who have had much experience in writing for the public have felt the importance of attending to both these things; and more especially the latter, of tracing things back to their elementary principles. For every individual, whether writer or reader, has some idiosyncrasy—something peculiar to himself in his mental character as well as in bodily organization—and each has his own prejudices or principles, which impart a certain portion of their own colour to whatever he writes or reads. These prepossessions are often hereditary or habitual, often the result of education, and often spring up we know not how. Every author should bear this in mind, and should first endeavour to overcome his own individual partialities by submitting all his opinions to the test of broad general principles or elementary and fundamental truths; and should also endeavour to indoctrinate his readers with the same elementary principles, that they also may be delivered from any such prepossessions as might cause a misapprehension of his meaning or prevent the reception of those truths which he is desirous of inculcating.

Opposed as we are, in all respects, to the principles and politics of the *Edinburgh Review*, we desire to do justice to the sagacity and tact with which it was conducted, and to acknowledge how largely it contributed towards the raising our periodical literature to the influential position which it occupies at the present time. Those alone will fully estimate these obligations who, like ourselves, are old enough to remember what dull and spiritless things the magazines were before the *Edinburgh Review* began its course, and how rapidly they improved after that time.

Jeffrey's public character is summed up in his duty as editor of the *Review*; for, though he was made Lord-Advocate when the Whigs came into power, he never much distinguished himself either in Parliament or on the Bench. This was chiefly owing to a mistake which he made early in life through a vain endeavour to speak English like an Englishman. The result was that he ceased to speak as a Scotchman without being any the nearer passing for an Englishman; and only acquired a sort of false

mode of utterance, which is one of the very worst defects that a public speaker can fall into: for, let his arguments be ever so cogent, this false manner of delivery will give an impression of insincerity which steels the heart of the hearer against their power. He wrote from Oxford—"My opinions, ideas, prejudices, and systems are all Scotch. The only part of a Scotchman I mean to abandon is the language; and language is all I expect to learn in England" (i. 46). On which Lord Cockburn remarks:—

"He certainly succeeded in the abandonment of his habitual Scotch. He returned, in this respect, a conspicuously altered lad. The change was so sudden and so complete that it excited the surprise of his friends, and furnished others with ridicule for many years. But he was by no means so successful in acquiring an English voice. With an ear which, though not alert in musical perception, was delicate enough to feel every variation of speech, what he picked up was a high-keyed accent and a sharp pronunciation. Then the extreme rapidity of his utterance, and the smartness of some of his notes, gave his delivery an air of affectation to which some were only reconciled by habit and respect. The result, on the whole, was exactly as described by his friend, the late Lord Holland, who said, that, though Jeffrey *had lost the broad Scotch at Oxford, he had only gained the narrow English*. Still, as the acquisition of a pure English accent by a full-grown Scotchman, which implies the total loss of his Scotch, is fortunately impossible, it would have been better if he had merely got some of the grosser matter rubbed off his vernacular tongue, and left himself unencumbered both by it and by unattainable English to his own respectable Scotch, refined by literature and good society, and used plainly and naturally without shame and without affected exaggeration."

In private life Jeffrey seems to have been very amiable and attractive. Warm and steadfast in his friendships, he attached others as strongly to himself: and several who, like Byron and Moore, had been first brought in contact with him as editor of the *Review* and by the severity of his strictures, becoming acquainted with the man, were won by his amiability and continued his friends till death. He was generous, too; for, on hearing that Moore was in straitened circumstances in the decline of life, and that a subscription was in contemplation, he wrote to one of the parties offering £200 or even £500, if it was needed, to supply Moore with the requisites of life.

Jeffrey was fond of society, and was at the same time a very domestic man, delighting in the prattle of children, and as ready to sport with them as to join in the animated intellectual discussions at the weekly club of Edinburgh which consisted of some of the most distinguished men of the day. He was twice married and in both instances very happily. The first Mrs,

Jeffrey was Miss Wilson, a cousin; the second, Miss Wilkes, an American by birth, but connected by marriage with Jeffrey's family. The second Mrs. Jeffrey only survived him a few months. He died on the 26th of January, 1850, in his seventy-seventh year. "Mrs. Jeffrey never recovered the shock of her husband's death. She died at Haileybury on the 18th of May, and on the 29th her remains were laid beside his" (i. 410).

ART. VI.—*The Brand of Dominic; or, Inquisition at Rome "Supreme and Universal."* By the Rev. W. H. RULE, Author of "Martyrs of the Reformation," &c. London: Mason. 1852.

THIS small volume should be in the hands of every one who takes an interest in the Papal question; for it furnishes, from authentic sources, accurate information concerning that dread tribunal in which the spirit and the operations of the Papacy are more fully and unmistakeably expressed than in any other of its institutions, and where its cruelty as well as its hypocrisy are unmasked; since the sufferers were almost all of them the victims of private revenge or of political enmity, yet were tortured in order to extort some avowal which might be perverted into a charge of heresy, that the cruelties might seem to be perpetrated with the view of saving the souls of men.

But it may be asked does the Inquisition still exist? Has it not been abolished in all the countries of Europe? And what likelihood is there of its ever finding its way into England? The advocates of Rome would fain persuade us to think thus in order to lull us into false security, while they are laying their toils around us. We must remember that Rome never abandons such an instrument of power as the Inquisition—in this respect she is unchangeable; and, though she may change the mode of operation according as times are changed, the machinery exists still, and is ready to be brought into activity wherever the Jesuits obtain the ascendancy and ultramontane principles are allowed to develop themselves. There is a court of "THE SUPREME AND UNIVERSAL INQUISITION" which meets at Rome three days in every week where the Pope usually presides, and which receives reports from its agents in all quarters of the world, and which has its number filled up by other cardinals whensoever vacancies occur. In a bull dated August 22, 1851, Pius IX., in condemning the works of one of the professors at Turin, says—"After having taken the ad-

vice of the doctors in theology and canon law—*after having collected the suffrages of our venerable brothers, the cardinals of the congregation of the supreme and universal Inquisition,*" &c. And on March 18, 1852, the Pope filled up four vacancies by appointing four cardinals to be "members of the sacred congregation of the holy Roman and universal Inquisition." So that the tribunal still continues in force.

And Gavazzi, as having examined the dungeons of the Inquisition, when the Pope fled from Rome in 1849, has furnished Mr. Rule with an account of what he then saw, concluding thus—"You may make any use of these notes of mine in your publication that you please, since I can warrant their truth. I wish that writers, speaking of this infamous tribunal of the Inquisition, would derive their information from pure history, unmingled with romance; for so many and so great are the historical atrocities of the Inquisition that they would more than suffice to arouse the detestation of a thousand worlds.....The palace of the Inquisition at Rome is under the shadow of the palace of the Vatican: the keepers of the Inquisition at Rome are to this day Dominican friars; and the prefect of the Inquisition at Rome is the Pope in person"—(March 20, 1852).

"To impart correct information, and to assist the general reader in forming his judgment of the Inquisition as it was and as it is, is the object proposed to himself by the author. He has not attempted to give anything more than a well authenticated statement of its establishment and progress. Much more might have been related under the title of this little volume; but those countries where the system of the Inquisition was never established, although they were theatres of persecution, are not included; neither would the author have been justified in including all persecuting courts or authorities under the single name of Inquisition. He has laboured to be technically exact, and preferred passing over doubtful anecdotes to setting forth as history what is no better than romance; and has also thought it more important to disclose the policy and the power of this member of the Romish Church than to multiply recitals of the same class beyond what is really necessary to complete a truthful picture..... Neither can he speak of the Inquisition as an obsolete barbarism or as of a something that cannot any longer exist: it is a permanent, active, and vigorous institution of the Church of Rome. While the Papacy survives, the Inquisition must live; for the spirit of it is not that of the middle ages, but of the Church itself.....While seeming to have been beaten away from the wide field of the Poppedom, and forced to retreat within the frontiers of the Papal State, even there the congregation of the faith plies its agencies with an impalpable, noiseless, and all pervading energy, that mocks our jealousy by eluding our vigilance. The Inquisitors are actually conducting a crusade, in union with the Jesuits, against the civil and religious liberties of the world,

and are causing that intensely ecclesiastical but worldly spirit, which is erroneously called Ultramontanism, to prevail in countries which very lately seemed to be open for a religious reformation" (*Preface iv*).

Domingo de Guzman (or St. Dominic), the founder of the Inquisition, was a Spaniard; and Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, was also a Spaniard; and thus Spain is entitled to the ambiguous notoriety of originating two of the most cruel and reckless of the institutions that have disgraced the name of Christianity, but which have also been the Societies held in highest esteem by the Papacy as its chief supporters and the arms of its power. The Spaniards are unquestionably a ferocious and bloodthirsty people: of this their delight in bull-fights, whether regarded as cause or consequence of their ferocity, is an unquestionable evidence. It is reported of Dominic's mother that she dreamed she was about to be delivered of a dog, carrying a torch in his mouth, by which the world would be set on fire; and this was a true emblem of what the Inquisition has been literally as well as figuratively, for its wholesale burnings exceeded everything that had been known before, even in the persecutions of the heathen emperors.

Honorius III. in 1217 granted two bulls to Dominic: the one declaring that he and his brethren were champions of the faith and true lights of the world; the other empowering them to possess property and perform their intended functions of extirpating heresy. Dominic on the same day told his friends that the Pope had conferred on him a new office—that he was determined to defend the faith manfully—and that, if the spiritual and ecclesiastical weapons should be found insufficient, he had made up his mind to call the secular power to his aid, and to excite or impel Catholic princes to take up arms against heretics that their memory might be utterly blotted out.

The "holy office" was first called into operation at Toulouse, where a council had assembled in 1229 in order to take measures for exterminating the Waldenses and Albigenses, who were still numerous although several crusades had been directed against them. They were called the worst of heretics and were classed with the Jews and Moors of Spain; but no crime was alleged against them, and the only accusations were that they were accustomed to read the Scriptures and to meet together for prayer and mutual exhortation. The priests, however, felt that if these things were allowed their power was gone, for they would not be regarded as the sole depositaries of divine truth; and the principal part of their devotion was gone if men learned to pray to God for themselves, and through Christ alone, instead of solely trusting to the prayers of the priest and seeking

the mediation and intercession of saints. It is curious to observe that these are the very things that provoke the rage of the Irish Romanists at the present time against the Scripture-readers and all who listen to them. In this respect, at least, Romanism remains the same, and why? They hate the light, and come not to the light, because their deeds are evil. It was at this Council of Toulouse, *for the first time*, that the laity were forbidden to read the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament. "An aged person might possess a Latin Psalter, a Breviary, or the Hours of the Virgin; but (said the council) we most strictly forbid them to have the above said books translated into a vulgar tongue" (10).

Under Pagan Rome, to accuse a man of being a Christian was imputing him to be capable of perpetrating every crime: he was held to be a despiser of the gods and bound by no human laws, and therefore no faith, no forms of law, were necessary to be observed in such a case: the mere fact of being a Christian was sufficient to condemn him, and he might be executed at once without any further process. And under Papal Rome, heresy seems to have been dealt with in the same summary way; for it was held sufficient to show that a man associated with those who were reputed to be heretics to prove him one of the number; and as all heretics were regarded as despisers of the Church, and as being bound by no laws human or divine, it was laid down as a maxim that no faith was to be kept with heretics, and that the mere fact of heresy being proved dispensed with all legal process.

And it never was defined what constituted heresy: the inquisitors for the time being were the sole judges of the law as well as of the fact. Therefore, any short coming, or any deviation from the present practice, was sufficient ground of suspicion, and would lead to apprehension by the familiars of the Inquisition; and if a man came short in any one point he was held to be guilty of all and might be condemned as a heretic. Nay, to show the least kindness to any suspected of heresy, even to compassionate them and not to denounce them to the Inquisition, was regarded as sufficient ground for apprehending every one who retained any vestige of humanity towards these persecuted outcasts.

The Council of Toulouse decreed that every bishop should appoint a priest, and two or three laymen of good repute, in every parish, who should be sworn to seek out heretics diligently and frequently in houses, caverns, and all places where they might be concealed; and, after having taken precautions

that none might escape, they shall give immediate notice to the bishops, the lord of the place, or his bailiff. The lords were required to search in villages, houses, woods, or other hiding places; and, if any one of them was known to allow a heretic to take refuge on his domain, he should himself be punished. Converted heretics, although reconciled to the Church, were not to live in a village suspected of heresy; "and, to show that they detest their former error, they shall wear two crosses, of a different colour from their dress, one on the right and the other on the left breast" (10).

While the bishops had any control over the Inquisition it is probable that some legal forms were observed in its proceedings. But it soon became entirely independent of the local authorities, under an inquisitor-general of the province appointed by the court of Rome; and though the bishops were regarded as inquisitors *ex officio*, and were expected and required to give every assistance towards the detection and apprehension of heretics, yet the examination and sentence were conducted and determined in the secret tribunals of the Inquisition where the proceedings were altogether arbitrary; and when we have said that a tribunal is secret and arbitrary, nothing more is needed to determine that its proceedings will be both cruel and unjust. For corrupt human nature will then have no check—innocence no guardian angel—and malice or revenge have fullest licence.

Of these secret tribunals we cannot, of course, expect to know the worst; but we find enough to inform us of what their real nature was in the "Directory of Inquisitors," by Nicholas Eymeric, who was inquisitor-general of Arragon in the year 1356. He begins by laying down the principle that, in a case of heresy, you should proceed quietly and simply, without formality and noise of pleadings. There should be no delay, no interruption, no appeal, and as few witnesses as possible. "It is the peculiar and high privilege of the tribunal of the Inquisition that its judges are not obliged to follow forensic rules; and, therefore, the omission of what common right requires does not annul the process, so that nothing essential to the proof be wanting" (28).

There are three ways of proceeding against heretics—*accusation* by confronting accuser and accused: *information* given in private to the inquisitor; or an *inquiry* instituted by the inquisitor, *ex proprio motu*, without information or accusation. Eymeric discourages accusations and advises accusers to refrain from bringing a charge, and to content themselves with

information. For, says he, an attorney or fiscal of the holy office does this by virtue of his ministry, and therefore runs no risk of punishment, *if the charge should turn out to be false.*

One person *informs* against another, not to involve himself in the affair, but through zeal for the faith, or to avoid the excommunication denounced on those who will not inform. The obligation to inform is absolute and imperative, notwithstanding oath, bond, or promise to the contrary. The information may appear groundless, but the inquisitor must not cancel it on that account: for what is not brought to light to-day may be made clear to-morrow.

When there is no informer, resort may be had to *inquiry*: this may be general, by setting the population to hunt for heretics wherever they are likely to be found; or it may be undertaken by the inquisitor alone, when there is a common report that such an one has said or done anything against the faith. The inquisitor may question others concerning the reputation of that person; and, if he can elicit that there is any ill report against him, he may call him up: or, if he only entertain suspicion, in the absence of all such report, he may proceed in the same way, but cautiously. There ought to be two witnesses to confirm the suspicion; but their evidence will be valid, even if they cannot say that they have ever heard him utter an erroneous opinion, but can only testify that they have heard it from others. Neither need they say what they have heard, for it will suffice if they declare that people talk suspectingly about the party in question.

In cases of heresy, testimony of all sorts of persons is admissible. They may be excommunicate, accomplices, infamous, or convicted of any crime; but only *against* the accused is such evidence valid—never in his favour. The testimony of infidels and Jews may be taken also, even in a question of heretical doctrine. And domestic witnesses, as relatives and servants, may be taken against a man, but it never must avail to his advantage: for it is said that nothing but the force of truth would so overcome natural feelings as to lead one member of a family to betray another; and, as heresy is best known at home, such evidence is in general very necessary (30).

When a suspected heretic was brought before the tribunal of the Inquisition, the artifices and falsehood employed in order to make him criminate himself were such as could only proceed from the suggestions of the father of lies; and it can scarcely be conceived that any one could avoid falling into one or other of these snares. They began by presuming him to be guilty, and talked of charges clearly established by unexceptionable

witnesses. If he asked their names, they were not to be given : if he guessed the names of any, it was to be denied that he guessed right ; and other names might be invented at random to make him believe that the witnesses were numerous. And all those whom he might chance to name were to be looked after either as evidences or as suspected persons : if this does not succeed in making the person under examination criminate himself, the other tack was tried :—

“Speak gently : let him understand that you know all, and discourse with him after such a sort as this :—‘Be assured, my child, that I am very sorry for you : they have imposed on your simplicity and ruined you. You have been in error no doubt ; but your deceiver is more to blame than you. Be not a partaker of other men’s sins, nor think of acting the part of a teacher when you are but a learner. Confess the truth : you see that I know it well already ; but I want you to save your character and enable me to set you at liberty as soon as possible, and let you return home in peace. But, tell me, who led you first astray ?’ Give him good words, but keep firm, and take it for granted that the fact of his heresy is certain. Perhaps the evidence may be incomplete, and the heretic may persist in declaring that he is innocent. In that case put general questions ; and, when he denies something that you happen to have taxed him with, turn over the notes of a former examination, and say : ‘It is clear that you are not telling the truth : do not equivocate any longer.’ And so he will fancy that you have other evidence against him. Or you may turn over a bundle of papers, seem to be reading them, and when he denies anything start as with surprise, and ask how he can deny that, seeing that it is clear as day. Read your papers, turn over the leaves, and say every now and then—‘Ah ! did I not say so ? Confess the truth.’ But be careful not to go into particulars, lest he see that you know nothing about them” (32).

This appears to us truly diabolical. The poor suspected person stands trembling for his life, and the judge, quite indifferent to his mental agonies, plays upon his feelings in the same way as a cat playing with a mouse ; and the victim knows full well that other agonies, the greatest that the human frame can bear, await him in either case. If he confess, he will be consigned to the flames and burnt alive : if he refuse to confess, being innocent, he will be taken to the rack and may be forced by the anguish to accuse himself or other innocent persons, or die under the torture. Acquittal of a person once suspected was a thing never heard of.

Spain was the country in which the Inquisition had the freest scope to show itself in its true character. There the King supported it with all his power, and the whole populace flocked to an *Auto da fé* as they now flock to a bull-fight. In most of the cities a permanent amphitheatre was erected for

these horrid spectacles. "As so many persons were to be put to death by fire, the Governor of Seville caused a permanent raised pavement or platform of masonry to be constructed outside the city, which has lasted to our time, retaining its name of *Quemadero* or burning place; and at the four corners four large hollow statues of limestone within which they used to place the impenitent alive that they might die by slow fires" (67)

The Jews and Moors afforded subjects for the Inquisition where heretics were not to be met with in sufficient numbers; but of these last victims there does not appear to have been any lack, since, exclusive of the Jews, Llorente calculates that the Inquisition of Castile, during the administration of Torquemada alone, burnt at the stake 10,220 persons: burnt in effigy 6,860: punished with infamy, confiscation, perpetual imprisonment, or loss of civil rights, 97,321 individuals—thus making 114,401 who were thus openly sentenced, beside those who had perished under torture or in the secret dungeons, scarcely inferior in number.

The *Autos* of Spain were conducted with all pomp and splendour, and were often held on Sundays, as a greater number of spectators could assemble on that day. One was held in the great square at Valladolid on Trinity Sunday, 1559. There were present Dona Juana, governess of the kingdom in the absence of the King; Don Carlos the prince, and a numerous circle of councillors, grandees of Spain, ladies of all ranks, gentlemen of all classes; and on the ground a vast concourse of spectators. Fourteen were on this occasion to be burnt, and sixteen wearing penitential badges were compelled to witness the execution, being exempted from the stake only in order to suffer perpetual imprisonment or to be doomed to the galleys and the loss of all things. The coffin and effigy of a lady, the wife of the King's comptroller, was also brought to be burnt, because certain persons when on the rack had declared that she entertained Lutheran opinions, although no accusation had been made during her life, and she had died in communion with the Church, having confessed and received the eucharist and extreme unction. Yet, on such a charge as this, sentence was pronounced by the Inquisition that she had died in heresy: her children and grand-children were declared infamous: their property was confiscated; and her body was exhumed to be thrown into the pile which was raised to consume fourteen other reputed heretics. These fourteen were a doctor of divinity and canon of Salamanca, son of the lady just spoken of, with his brother and sister: a knight of the Order of St. John; a

presbyter and master in theology: five gentlemen and four ladies, one of them a lady of rank.

Another *Auto* was perpetrated in the same year at Seville, on Sunday, Sept. 24, 1559, which is rendered remarkable by the learning and piety as well as by the age and reputation of the principal sufferers. They were chiefly of the monastery of St. Isidore in Seville; where, through the teaching of Fray Garcia de Arias, called "the white doctor" from his snow white hair, more enlightened doctrines had gained admission than the Church of Rome would tolerate. Three of that monastery suffered at that time and two more shortly after. The whole number of victims at this *Auto* were twenty-one burnt alive, one burnt in effigy, and eighteen penitents—among whom were several women, besides one who died under torture while they were endeavouring to force her to confess things of which she was innocent, but of which she was accused by her sister while under torture.

Another *Auto* took place in the same year at Valladolid, on Sunday, Oct. 8, which deserves special notice from us as being commanded by Philip II., the husband of our bloody Queen Mary; and also from the nature of the charges brought against some of the victims. Philip was overtaken by a storm in the Bay of Biscay in returning from Flanders to Spain, and he made a vow that, if permitted to set foot on firm ground again, he would take signal vengeance on the heretics.

The king, princes and princesses, with the whole court of Spain, were present on this occasion. Ambassadors from France and Rome were also present, and multitudes of dignitaries of the Church, councillors, and magistrates in their robes of state, with ladies of rank and a great concourse of people. Valdes, the Inquisitor-General, Archbishop of Seville, advanced to the King to administer the oath—"Does your Majesty swear by the holy cross, with your royal right hand upon your sword, that you will give all favour that is necessary to the holy office of the Inquisition, and to its ministers, against heretics and apostates, and against those who defend and favour them, and against whatsoever person, directly or indirectly, who may impede the efforts and affairs of the holy office; and that you will force all your subjects and people to obey and observe the constitutions and apostolical letters given and published in defence of the holy Catholic faith against heretics, and against those who believe them, receive them, or favour them?" The King rose, drew his sword, brandished it bravely, and answered—"Thus I swear" (125).

It should be remembered by us that this same Philip prepared the Spanish Armada against this country in 1588; and, had it not been providentially destroyed, he would unquestionably have followed the same course in England as in Spain: every town in Britain would have had its *Auto da fé* and the land be filled with blood. The King himself took part in the act, and went from his seat on the scaffold to the hearth, witnessing all the executions and making his guard assist. There were fourteen burnt, sixteen sentenced to the *sambenito*, and forty-five prosecutions still pending:—

“One case occurred in connexion with this *Auto* which deserves especial notice, as illustrating the inexorable spirit of the Inquisition even prevailing over the considerations of personal regard which sometimes find place among the thoughts even of an Inquisitor. When Dona Maria Miranda, a nun of the Cistercian convent of Bethlehem in Valladolid, was in the hands of tormentors, it escaped her that one of the sisterhood, Dona Marina de Guevara, a lady of high family connexions, partook of her opinions—that is, they had heard some one repeat this sentence—*Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord*; and they thought it sounded well, and believed it, although they knew not in what sense. Marina went to an Inquisitor, and laid what is called a spontaneous information against herself. The Council of Beziers had determined that a spontaneous self-accuser should not suffer death, imprisonment, exile, nor confiscation of goods, if the confession were full and true. Trusting in the letter of the law, and unwilling to suffer for a mere intellectual faith, Dona Marina threw herself at the feet of the Inquisitor, and told him that she had admitted some Lutheran opinions as probable; but had never given them full assent and desired to renounce them altogether. She underwent several examinations, and a summary of the charges was shown to her and she was required to confess *the whole truth*, and assent to what others had witnessed against her, but she had neglected to confess. For the love of God she prayed them to believe her statement; for in His sight, and on oath, she had told them the whole truth, and could neither say nor remember any more. The abbess and five nuns of her convent certified on oath her good religious conduct: even the Inquisitor-General, who knew several of her friends, interested himself in her behalf; and, knowing the unfavourable temper of the Inquisitors of Valladolid, sent her cousin, Don Alphonso Tellez Giron, lord of the town of Montalban and cousin of the Duke of Osuna, to entreat her to confess what the witnesses had deposed against her, and to tell her that by this means only could she escape death. She replied that it was impossible, without falsehood, to add anything to the confession already made. The judges were inexorable, and, being assembled with the consulters, all voted that she should be put to death, one only dissenting who advised that she should be laid upon the rack. The council of the ‘Supreme’ confirmed their sentence. Of this, however, she

was not informed until the eve of the *Auto*; when the Inquisitor-General, still hoping to save her, sent Don Alphonso once more to advise her to confess all and save herself from death. The provincial Inquisitors refused him admission, complaining that it was scandalous to display so much anxiety to save *that single nun when many others had been killed for lesser faults*. Valdes appealed to the 'Supreme,' who resolved that their president might be gratified; but that the Inquisitors, or one of them, should be present at the conference together with her advocate. This was done; but Marina still refused to make a false confession, even to save her life, and she therefore suffered the *garrote* and her body was burnt. The sentence read at the *Auto* was remarkable, for all in it that is definite may be summed up in a few words:—'*That she had heard some one constantly repeat this sentence—Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord—she thought that it sounded well and believed it, although she understood not in what sense.*' For this only was she put to death; and, so unanimous were all others in the sentence, that not even the Inquisitor-General could save her!" (129).

Cases such as this were frequently occurring in all places where the Inquisition was established, and the universal terror which it excited may be easily conceived; for no one was safe. A careless word might be construed into a charge of heresy, or an accusation of the innocent might be extorted on the rack, against which exceptionable evidence the strongest denials of the accused party, or the most unimpeachable testimony to good conduct, was not allowed to be of any avail. The guilt of a suspected person was at once assumed, and every artifice was employed to entrap them into some admission which might give a colour to the sentence already determined.

Sometimes the Inquisitors had recourse to artifices still more diabolical. The wife of a physician, with her three daughters, were suspected of holding Lutheran opinions. One of the daughters was imprisoned first and put to the torture to force confession from her, but she made no disclosure. "The Inquisitor then tried another method. He had her brought into the audience chamber, sent his subordinates out of the way, and professed that he had fallen in love with her and was resolved to save her life. Day after day he repeated the declaration, and at length persuaded the poor girl that he was, indeed, her lover. He then told her that, although she knew it not, her mother and sisters were accused of heresy by many witnesses, and that for the love he bore to her he desired to save them; but that, in order to effect his object, he must be fully informed of their case, under secrecy, that he might so proceed as to save them all from death. She fell into the snare and told him all. His point was gained—their conversation ended. The very next

day he called her to another audience, and made her declare judicially what she had revealed to him in the assumed character of her lover. That was enough. The mother and her daughters were sent together to the flames and the fiend-like inquisitor saw his victims burnt" (184).

We purposely avoid giving such instances of the brutal ferocity of the Inquisitors as would harrow and shock the feelings of our readers; and it may be well believed that not a tithe of the horrors perpetrated within the dungeons of the Inquisition have ever been brought to light. It is only by accident that the secrets of that dread tribunal are ever known; and as we approach modern times, when all the examinations, and tortures, and executions, were carried on within the walls of the Inquisition, the discovery of these practices becomes still more difficult. But Gavazzi tells us that on examining the Inquisition at Rome, after the Pope had fled in 1849, he saw, between the great hall of judgment and the apartment of the *Primo Custode*, a trap, covering a deep shaft, which descended into the vaults running under the whole building. "As soon as the so-called criminal had confessed his offence, the second keeper, who is always a Dominican friar, sent him to the father commissary to receive a relaxation* of his punishment. With hope of pardon, the confessed culprit would go towards the apartment of the holy inquisitor; but, in the act of setting foot at its entrance, the trap opened and the world of the living heard no more of him. I examined some of the earth found in the pit below this trap: it was a compost of common earth, rottenness, ashes, and human hair, fetid to the smell, and horrible to the sight and to the thought of the beholder" (272).

Gavazzi describes the vaults of Pius V., (who was especially honoured by the Roman Church for his zeal against heretics), as having raised the popular fury to the highest pitch when they were exposed to public view in 1849:—

"You descend into the vaults by a very narrow stairs. A narrow corridor leads you to the several cells, which for smallness and for stench are a hundred times more horrible than the dens of lions and tigers in the Colosseum. Wandering in this labyrinth of most fearful prisons, that may be called 'graves for the living,' I came to a cell full of skeletons, without skulls, buried in lime; and the skulls, detached from the bodies, had been collected in a hamper by the first visitors. Whose were those skeletons? And why were they buried in that place, and in that manner?..... The following is the most probable opinion, if it be not rather the history of a fact. The condemned were immersed in a bath of slaked lime gradually filled up to their necks. The lime, by

* In Spain, relaxation is delivery to death.

little and little, enclosed the sufferers or walled them up all alive. The torment was extreme, but slow. As the lime rose higher and higher, the respiration of the victims became more and more painful, because more difficult. So, what with the suffocation of the smoke and the anguish of a compressed breathing, they died in a manner most horrible and desperate. Some time after their death, the heads would naturally separate from the bodies and roll away into the hollows left by the shrinking of the lime. Any other explanation of the fact that may be attempted will be found improbable and unnatural" (274).

The Spanish Inquisition had its agents in Mexico and Peru; and the Portuguese Inquisition was in full operation both in the Brazils, and at Goa in the East Indies, till a very recent period. We must give some account of Buchanan's visit to Goa: premising that he had already been made acquainted with much of what was done at Goa by reading the narrative of M. Dellon, a French traveller, who had "incurred the jealousy of the governor and a black priest, in regard to a lady, as he is pleased to call her, whom they both admired. He had expressed himself rather freely concerning some of the grosser superstitions of Romanism; and thus afforded the priest, who was also a secretary of the Inquisition, an occasion of proceeding against him as a heretic" (189).

"In the summer of 1808, Dr. Claudius Buchanan visited that city (Goa), and had been unexpectedly invited by Joseph & Doloribus, second and most active inquisitor, to lodge with him during his visit. Not without surprise Dr. Buchanan found himself 'heretic, schismatic, and rebel,' as he was politely entertained by so dread a personage. Regarding his English visitor merely as a literary man or professing to do so, Friar Joseph, himself well educated, seemed to enjoy his company, and was unreservedly communicative on every subject not pertaining to his own vocation. When that subject was first introduced by an apparently incidental question, he did not scruple to return the desired information, telling Dr. Buchanan that the establishment was nearly as extensive as in former times. In the library of the chief inquisitor he saw a register containing the names of all the officers who were still numerous.

"On the second evening after his arrival, the doctor was surprised to see his host come into his apartments clothed in black robes from head to foot, instead of white, the usual colour of his Order (Augustinian). He said he was going to sit on the tribunal of the holy office; and it transpired that, so far from his 'august office' not occupying much of his time, he sat there three or four days every week. After his return in the evening, the doctor put Dellon's book into his hand, asking if he had ever seen it. He had never seen it before, and after reading aloud and slowly *Relation de l'Inquisition de Goa*, began to peruse it with eagerness. While Dr. Buchanan employed himself in writing, Friar Joseph devoured page after page; but, as the narrative proceeded, betrayed evident symptoms of uneasiness. Then

he turned to the middle, looked at the end, skimmed over the table of contents, fixed on principal passages, and at one place exclaimed, in his broad Italian accent—‘*Mendacium!—Mendacium!*’

“The doctor requested him to mark the passages that were untrue, proposed to discuss them afterwards, and said that he had other books on the subject. The mention of *other books* startled him: he looked anxiously on some books that were on the table, and then gave himself up to the perusal of Dellon’s ‘*Relation*’ until bed-time: even then he asked permission to take it to his chamber. The next morning they met less cordial than before. As to Dellon’s book, the inquisitor acknowledged that the descriptions were just; but complained that he had mis-judged the motives of the inquisitors and written uncharitably of holy Church. Their conversation grew earnest; and the inquisitor was anxious to impress his visitor with the idea that ‘the Inquisition had undergone a change in some respects, and that its terrors were mitigated.’ At length Dr. Buchanan plainly requested to see the Inquisition that he might judge for himself as to the humanity shown to the inmates, according to the inquisitor; and gave as a reason why he should be satisfied his interest in the affairs of India, on which he had written, and his purpose to write on them again, in which case he could scarcely be silent concerning the Inquisition. The countenance of his host fell, and after some further observations he reluctantly promised to comply with the request. On the following day, Dr. Buchanan accompanied the inquisitor to the ‘holy-house,’ and was shown the great hall and the apartments of the chief officers; and the narrative proceeds:—‘Now, father (said I), lead me to the dungeons below. I want to see the captives.’—‘No (said he) that cannot be.’ I now began to suspect that it had been in the mind of the inquisitor from the beginning to show me only a certain part of the Inquisition, in the hope of satisfying my enquiries in a general way. I urged him with earnestness; but he steadily resisted and seemed offended, or rather agitated, by my importunity. I intimated to him plainly that the only way to do justice to his own assertion and arguments regarding the present state of the Inquisition was to show me the prisons and the captives. I should then describe only what I saw; but now the subject was left in awful obscurity. ‘Lead me down (said I) to the inner building, and let me pass through the two hundred dungeons, ten feet square, described by your former captives. Let me count the number of your present captives and converse with them. *I want to see if there be any subjects of the British Government to whom we owe protection.* I want to ask how long they have been here—how long it is since they have seen the light of the sun, and whether they ever expect to see it again. Show me the chamber of torture, and declare what modes of execution or of punishment are now practised inside of the walls of the Inquisition in lieu of the public *Auto da fê*. If after all that has passed, father, you resist this reasonable request, I shall be justified in believing that you are afraid of exposing the real state of the Inquisition in India.’

“To these observations the inquisitor made no reply, but seemed impatient that I should withdraw. ‘My good father (said I), I am about to take my leave of you, and thank you for your hospitable at-

tentions; and I wish always to preserve on my mind a favourable sentiment of your kindness and candour. You cannot, you say, show me the captives and the dungeons: be pleased then merely to answer this question, for I shall believe your words—How many prisoners are there now below in the cells of the Inquisition? The inquisitor replied—‘That is a question which I cannot answer.’ On his pronouncing these words, I retired towards the door and wished him farewell. We shook hands with as much cordiality as we could at the moment assume; and both of us, I believe, were sorry that our parting was with clouded countenances. In passing through the hall, Dr. Buchanan saw a poor woman sitting by the wall: she clasped her hands and looked at him imploringly. The doctor pointed to her and said with emphasis: ‘Behold, father, another victim of the holy Inquisition!’ (203).

Such, therefore, may be regarded as the present state of the Inquisition wherever it is suffered to exist. Its character is not changed; but the exercise of its cruelties is confined within its own walls, because the change in public opinion in most of the countries of Europe will not now admit of their open display. But it is manifestly the endeavour of the Roman priesthood to render the rising generation ignorant and ferocious: they would brutalize them by withholding education, while ministering continual stimulants to the savage propensities of the lower orders in Papal countries; and some of the acts of incendiarism, which have been perpetrated at their instigation in Ireland, approach very nearly in guilt to *Autos da fé*. For houses are fired in the dead of night with the intention of consuming all the inmates for no other reason than their having received Protestant lodgers.

In bigotry, intolerance, and cruelty, Romanism remains the same as in the darkest ages. It has not changed in this respect nor can it change; for it exists only by such means as these, and let in the light upon Romanism and it would soon cease to exist. The present Pope tried for a short time to reconcile Romanism with the advanced state of knowledge in the rest of Europe, so as to remove the stigma of ultramontanism which is become the synonyme for ignorance and brutality. But, alas, it would not do! His cardinals and the Jesuits would not bear it. And the dog is returned to his vomit, or rather the dispossessed has become the prey of seven other spirits worse than the first.

We have been able to do no more than present a few leading points in this history of the Inquisition, and must refer such of our readers as desire further information to the work itself. It is very full, and mostly derived from original and authentic sources, and so far as we are able to speak is trustworthy and not exaggerated.

ART. VII.—*Œuvres du Bibliophile Paul Jacob ; Revues et Corrigées.* Paris : 1850.

IN our *Review* last year of the Marquis de Bouillé's great work upon the Dukes of Guise, it was therein stated that the first Duke of Guise unhorsed the first Duke of Suffolk at a tournament given in honour of the nuptials of the sister of Henry VIII. with Louis XII., King of France. The Duke of Guise hated the marriage; but he was wrong in detesting Suffolk as the maker of the match, that last-named nobleman having been himself intensely in love with the lady.

She was the lady of many lovers. A king wooed her, yet she died the wife of a subject. That subject was in her train. He loved one, but he lived to marry three. A more remarkable personage still in the suite of Mary, when on her progress to the nuptial altar at Abbeville, was a young lady who was courted by many a sighing noble, but who became the consort and the victim of a king. These two attendants of the Princess Mary were Charles Brandon, who had recently won his dukedom on the field of Flodden; and Lady Anne Boleyn, destined to be greater and less happy than the illustrious lady whom she now served.

Mary of England had been promised to Albert of Austria. When Tournay opened its gates (1514) to the Leopards of England, the hand of the young girl (she was but 16) was engaged to Charles of Spain, and the marriage ceremony was to be solemnized at Calais. A change in the political atmosphere worked mutation in love's diplomacy too. Charles of Spain espoused Renée the daughter of Louis XII.; while Louis, with a shattered constitution and more than half a century of winters to oppress it, offered his shaking hand and a share in his diseased greatness to the royal lady thus harshly flung from prince to prince. There were but two dukes in England at the time and she loved one of them; but she loved in vain. Blooming May must to shivering January. Her royally imperious brother swore it "by God's splendour." Mary smiled faintly upon Suffolk, and the gallant lover took his trembling lady by the hand; and in her escort, of which Norfolk was chief, led her to the greatness forced upon her, and the couch she coveted not at priestly Abbeville. She vowed scanty thanks to St. Wulphran as the royal galley which bore her and her fortunes plunged and tumbled through the sea on its bridal way to Boulogne. The whole race of curiosity-stricken Picards had crowded around the old tower of Caligula, on the heights, to greet the arrival from

Britain of the successor to their late queen, Anne of Brittany. But they were disappointed; and so, indeed, was Mary. The royal tub in which she lay disgusted would by no maritime persuasion be induced to make Boulogne. The sun had gone down, and the night, the wind, and the sea, had all arisen together with triple terrors. Every galley that followed in the wake of the bride was as obstinate as the royal yacht itself. As morning broke the whole squadron went ashore with a mischievous alacrity about three leagues to the east of Boulogne. The princess, her suite, two thousand archers of King Henry's guard, a levy of very pale knights and paler ladies, with a multitude of sick and helpless domestics, stood joyless on the sands. The cannon, which were incessantly emptying their brazen throats at Boulogne in a guess-sort of greeting at the presumed propinquity of the bridal party, seemed to mock the latter's condition. It was a cheerless one enough, but there were means, hands, and ready hearts to better it. There is still a little hut on the spot, and it is said to have been for some hours the temporary palace of the young Queen Consort. Around it speedily arose, and that with a magical rapidity, an encampment really gay and glorious. Tents composed of brilliant striped silks dotted the ground. Hundreds of pennons fluttered above and around them, making the melancholy marshes for once look glad. When the Duc de Longueville and the deputation from the royal and expectant husband arrived from Boulogne at this congress of saucy-looking camps, they declined to believe that the landing had been forced. There was such an air of preparation that the impromptu quarters seemed to have been most thoughtfully cared for. At this very day there is a tradition among the local hearths and their loquacious gossips that "Madame Marie d'Angleterre" preferred the open coast to the close town, and chance greetings to those elaborately got by heart, and perhaps in spite of it. The greetings, however, of the fishy population of the district were hardly less venal than if they had been uttered by gallants in slashed hose. They cried lustily *Noel!* and *Dieu Gard!* and picked up their *largesse*, while Mary stood with tears in her eyes gazing over the sea towards her old home. The weeping princess was, undoubtedly, in less sorry plight than appearances would have warranted for assuming. She was so well cared for, in short, that her presence there was, naturally enough, attributed more to her own irresistible caprice than to the invincible obstinacy of her galley. When Longueville entered the palatial hut he must have felt something of the doubting wonder of the awakened sleeper, Abou Hassan. Whether viewing the general effect or the details, he probably did full justice to the talents and taste

of Mary's master of the wardrobe, Andrew de Windsor. The properties had been all at hand in the little fleet, and the Court master-of-spectacles had exercised his craft with vigour and effect. The writer, so well known in France under his pseudonym of "Le Bibliophile Jacob," has entered, in one of his chronicles, into long details of the glories that environed Mary on this occasion. We can only humbly and modestly follow in the steps of the huge labourer in literary harvest-fields. From his full sheaves drop many a rich ear worth the gleaning, and these are of them.

There was but one room in the hut, but out of it courtly ingenuity had made a gay saloon and a cheerful bed-chamber. The bare walls were forgotten beneath a tapestry of cloth of gold, rich in quaint devices worked thereon, in crimson silk, and framed in one uniform velvet border; while over the shingled floor was spread *a tapis de verdure*, on which Boccaccio's ladies might have lain and laughed. The couch of the princess was surrounded with purple velvet hangings blazing in the bloom of the reddest of roses, and graceful in fringed extremities of cerulean silk and golden thread. A chair of cloth of gold and purple tissue awaited to be pressed by the heroine of the passing scene; while *tabourets* and ottomans from the royal yacht, all bearing the Lancastrian rose, were arranged for the service of those who, by privilege or power, were not compelled to stand in the presence of royalty that chose to be recumbent.

The "Pearl of England," as Henry, with mingled pride and affection, called his peerless sister, was worthy of all the praise awarded her by admirers on either side of the channel. Sixteen summers had steeped her in beauty: the gem was even more costly than the casket, and her wit was as rare as her features were charming. Her smile is said to have been unusually enchanting, and her teeth were of so brilliant a whiteness that her laugh was as welcome to the eye as to the ear. Usually her blue eyes were bathed in gladness, and on her young cheek sat enthroned a thoughtful content, a resignation, perhaps, to what was, with an unrefining yet saddened memory of what might have been. Her shape was graceful and her heart was kind: her courtesy captivated all who came to bid her welcome; and, as her French was that of Paris and not of "Stratford-le-Bow," she was doubly welcome to those whose homage she had come to claim as the consort of their king. Next to her speech and person, the admiration of the French was excited by her *trousseau*, or what would now be called by that name. Golconda's mines and India's looms, Asia's slaves and China's worms, had contributed to its fulness and its splendour. The

dainty hand of Master William Verner had arranged the diamonds and other precious stones. The items and the cost of all were noted down and despatched with the bride, like an invoice or a bill of lading: the inventory was made out by "Andrew of Worcester." The MS. still exists, and, if we recollect rightly, the "Bibliophile Jacob" alludes to it as among the treasures of the old "Bibliothèque du Roi" in Paris. It would seem therefrom that the marriage was strictly a mercantile or trading transaction. It had a political motive in one respect, doubtless, but it was in itself a commercial matter. The account might, truthfully enough, have been rendered in some such fashion as this—"Louis XII., Dr. to Henry VIII. for the Princess Mary and her clothes, 1,000,000 crowns." It was the purchase-money promised by private treaty; but we strongly suspect that to this "little account" neither the creditor nor his heirs were ever called upon to subscribe a receipt and write "settled."

In the train of the royal lady thus sold to France was, as we have said, that young Anne Boleyn, between whom and the Princess Mary herself, the Count of Angouleme, afterwards Francis I., divided the homage of his very worthless heart. The MSS. of the Count de Chateaubriant are quoted by the "Bibliophile" with respect to the personal appearance and accomplishments of Anne at this period. The old count appears to have been of a very cynical turn, and he has given a pen-and-ink portraiture of the lady that renders her "counterfeit presentment" to posterity with an extremity of ugliness beyond the ugliest of female daguerreotypes. He gloats over her alleged deformities. He allows that her lips were of the rubiest; but they were spoiled, he says, by the tooth, or rather dog's tusk, that protruded from her mouth, and marred the harmonious and immortal smiles which played around it. The count further affirms that her left hand bore one finger above the number that nature is wont to find sufficient. The ample frill that held her neck, as it were, veiled behind a perpetual cloud of snowy whiteness, had a reason for its permanency. How Chateaubriant came to discover what lay concealed from rude mortal eye beneath its screen of triple gauze, he sayeth not; but he does not hesitate to affirm that on her fair throat rested something more than a mark which dated from her birth, and which assumed the appearance of a piece of bleeding flesh. "Jacob" laughs at the exaggeration, affirms that the neck was the fairest in the world, and not marred at all by the "strawberry stain" which Anne owed to a "*fantaisie de la grossesse de sa mere.*" The protruding tooth he will not

consent to at all ; but he acknowledges that the defect in her left hand existed, and that it was her custom, not unnoticed by those about her, to keep that hand generally closed, or the fingers of it closely pressed together, in order to conceal a little deformity which after all did not, probably, exist to the extent spoken of in the manuscripts of Chateaubriant.

The count is reported as making rapturous record of the lady's wit. To be within the circle of her display was a privilege sought after with a struggle, well worth the cost, but sometimes repented of. She sang like a syren; and lute, harp, flute, or rebeck, had no difficulties which she had not surmounted. Her voice was not less sweet and effective in recitation than in song; and the poesy of the day fell from her lips loaded with musical expression. Nor was she less gifted in the "poetry of motion." She danced not only with grace and vivacity, but joined with equal skill in the dances of all nations, and invented many of her own which long retained her name, or were known by those of the perfumed and brilliant gallants who were proud to tread a measure with lady so marvellous. It is added that at games of hazard she played skilfully, and with proverbially good fortune. The proverb held good to the end, for the fortune of the "tables" did not attend her in her passages of love.

The escort despatched from Abbeville by the royal bridegroom, especially to do honour to the youthful bride, was commanded by the Duc de Valois. The morning after that of her arrival on the coast, Mary set forward thus attended, but accompanied also by her English guard. At a very patient pace the passive bride moved on tranquilly to Hesdin, a very dull village, which was aroused into liveliness by the appearance of the visitors, and which has never been conscious of aught but a sleepy existence ever since, save on that memorable 19th of August 1805 when Napoleon and a glittering retinue of generals galloped into the startled locality, and held there that council of war the issue of which was the raising the camp of Boulogne. The visionary conquest of Britain was there wisely abandoned, and the imperial eagles turned to their quarry by the Danube, and basked in the glory which fell in such desolating radiance from the sun of Austerlitz.

It was not far from Hesdin to the princely city which took its name from its princely abbots—Abbeville; but Mary exhibited no eager haste to reach it. She rather protracted the inevitable interview with the husband of whom she knew little and was not over desirous of knowing more, by writing to him. The letter rings very clearly of an epigrammatic metal—"I assure you,

Monsieur," are the terms employed in her epistle, "as I lately wrote and signified to you by my cousin the Duc de Longueville, that the thing I most covet and desire at this present time is *to hear favourable news of yourself*, your health, and your prosperity." Desire to see the king, the young princess did not feel, and, therefore, did not express. The monarch, however, entertained an impatience worthy of a less aged wooer. Etiquette, that heavy load of fetters upon honest hearts, sternly forbade his entering within the district called the "*Boulonnais*." Love, or what passed for it, inspired the ardent monarch to practice upon ceremony a cheat. Gout racked him sorely, but stimulating drugs spurred him into action. He proclaimed a hunting-match, flung himself feverishly with his more than half a hundred years into the saddle, and issued from Abbeville with such a numerous and noisy train as the spiritual old city had not beheld since the morning when Phillip of Valois passed through the same gates to meet the English army and complete defeat upon the bloody field of Cressy.

According to the chroniclers of the time, unearthed by "Jacob," the royal huntsman and his joyous suite pursued imaginary stags with reality of ardour until they encountered the bride and her escort slowly wending their way towards Abbeville. Louis rode more rudely than gallantly, drawing bridle suddenly by the side of the new queen's palfrey. The worn-out man looked scrutinizingly into the face of the young girl, and then he clapped his feeble hands in senile joy, and gave loud utterance to his "*sacramental*" expression, embodying his desire and his opinion that all the devils in hell might then and there seize him, if Madame Marie were not twice as fair as common fame had told of her! The royal pair rode side by side towards Abbeville, attended at discreet distance by their gorgeous and watchful train. On what they discoursed, or on what Suffolk dwelt in thought, the chroniclers have not treated; but it may well be guessed. The duke might, at all events, have murmured as he gazed upon the lovers—

"Ah! qu'il soit roi; mais qu'il me porte envie;
J'ai votre cœur; je suis plus roi que lui."

For the moment, however, the advantages were with the king, and the honours for the lady. They were expected at Abbeville long ere they reached its gates, where stood to greet them a goodly gathering of the collective wisdom, greatness, holiness, and beauty of the ancient city. The Bishop of Amiens, at the head of all, advanced to meet the English Princess. He placed richest tribute that his diocese could render into the hands

of Madame Marie—viz., a very minute portion of the real cross. The lady accepted the equivocal relic and passed on to scatter wreathed smiles among the portly burgesses and their pretty wives who stood expectant by with tribute more substantial. This was offered for them by the “Mayeurs,” and was the result of a sort of compulsive voluntarism ruled by custom so to be whenever monarch or his consort first made passage through the city. The little gift consisted of three tuns of wine, as many sheep, well pastured beeves, and five times three-quarters of oats, three pecks of which were offered on bended knee to the somewhat astonished lady, in a measure of sky-blue and fleurs-de-lis of gold. The ponderous compliment was concluded by a singular communication made to the monarch by the mayor. It had been feared that a certain “custom of the country” would have robbed St. Wulphran’s of the glory of the royal nuptials being solemnized beneath its roof. The magistrate hastened to inform the sovereign that the custom had long since been abrogated, and that the religious city no longer interfered with the after-course of ceremonies that followed the nuptial benediction. “Sire (urged the mayor)—you may celebrate your marriage in this our beloved city without any peril of incurring sin by breaking an ecclesiastical rule. The synodal statutes which sought to enforce that rule were abolished as long ago as 1409; and the church authorities of our town no longer forbid men to live with their wives during the first three days and nights which follow upon their wedding.”

Thereupon was concluded the ceremonial which made of Mary of England a Queen of France. The tournament ensued in which Guise unhorsed Suffolk, the more rejoicingly as he looked upon the latter as the author of the marriage. Thus Suffolk lost his honour and his love without having had the slightest inclination to effect results, one of which had half broken his heart, and the other had well nigh broken his bones. But balm for both was already distilling: his mistress had been espoused to the French King, first at Greenwich, where Louis was represented by the Duc de Longueville. The ceremony, according to Rymer, was subsequently repeated at Paris, where the Earl of Worcester stood proxy for the sister of his Sovereign. Finally, this triple-bound union was now completed between the parties in person at Abbeville. Such care in the making should have ensured long endurance for the thing achieved. It lasted, however, neither long nor happily. On the 10th of October, 1514, the day after the wedding, the bridegroom ordered all the English attendants on his Queen to leave his dominions forthwith. He made exception solely of

Anne Boleyn and two other ladies; and, with these at her side, the Queen wore the matrimonial crown, placed on her brow at St. Denis, for three brief months. At the end of that period the anti-nuptial warnings of the physicians of Louis were realised, and the exhausted monarch trembled unresistingly into his grave.

The now Dowager Queen was speedily wooed by Francis the First. The house of Lorraine dissuaded him from an union to which Mary herself had no idea of consenting. She smiled upon Suffolk—did the wooer's office for herself—bade him be bold—promised him her brother's pardon; and, finally, married him privately, but nothing loth, Francis abetting, the Guises aiding, and Henry, instructed of all, nothing opposing. Thus all ended merrily, though the festivities followed hard upon the funeral. But all were satisfied. Francis got rid of any possibly posthumous heir to Louis: the Guises were relieved from the presence of a lady for whom they entertained a sovereign dislike: Wolsey hailed in Suffolk a man who would amuse the King and refrain from meddling in public business; while the Monarch of England was well content to have near him his "cousin" Brandon, who never spoke ill of another nor asked favour for himself. Finally, as the mode for espousals was in the vein, Henry, in April, 1515, had the wedded lovers publicly re-married in his presence at Greenwich, where Mary of England, Queen Dowager of France, accepted with alacrity the humbler coronet of Duchess of Suffolk.

She wore it briefly, lived quietly, and died resignedly. Her husband's sword was more than once drawn on stricken fields against that of Guise carving victories for the advantage of France and the glory of his house. The fortune so propitious to Brandon on the field of Flodden did not accompany Suffolk in the struggles in which he bore part against the lieutenants of Francis. At home his sword was employed but once, and that against an ignoble foe, "Captain Cobler"—as Dr. Mackrel, Prior of Barling, was called, as leader of the Lincolnshire mechanics in their abortive insurrection in 1536, raised against Henry under pretence that the suppression of the monasteries was illegal, and that the popular grievances should be redressed by Parliament—"Captain Cobler" surrendered to Suffolk and was flung over to the hangman. Against the subsequent and more serious northern rebellion, known as the "Pilgrimage of Grace," Norfolk was sent as chief, and rest was given to the sword of Suffolk. In 1546, the duke was summoned to his own rest, from which there is no earthly awakening. He re-joined two wives in the companionship of the grave; and he

left a widow who found speedy consolation for him upon earth. Cranmer regretted him bitterly and had most cause; for, when Suffolk died, the arm fell which could have saved him in his need from that terrible but glorious death whereby he passed from the judgment-seat of men to the mercy-seat of heaven. Brandon's greatness died with him. The "sweating-sickness" had robbed him of his two sons; and his title was, some three or four months after his death, conferred on the Marquis of Dorset, the luckless father of a luckless daughter, Lady Jane Grey.

From the union of Mary of England with the Duke of Suffolk there survived two daughters—Elinor, married to Clifford, Earl of Cumberland; Frances, married to Grey, Marquis of Dorset. Lady Jane Grey was the most celebrated and least happy of the three daughters, the issue of this last marriage. The ducal title of Suffolk was given to the marquis in consequence of his having espoused Brandon's daughter. Frances bore calmly the destruction which visited her house through the ambition of those who would have forced greatness upon "the Lady Jane," and when a widow she gave her hand to Stokes, a man of low birth, who had been her master of the horse. When Elizabeth heard of the match, she exclaimed, "Why, the silly fool has married her horse-keeper!"—"And (remarked Cecil to a bystander, out of hearing of Leicester), our gracious mistress would not at all be sorry to do something very similar."

For the romantic adventures of Brandon's surviving widow, we must refer our readers to contemporary and later chronicles. Here it must suffice to say that she speedily married an obscure scholar named Bertie; and, on the accession of Mary, left England in hot haste before the blasting wrath of Gardiner. Herself and husband, with their little daughter, crossed the sea, for religion's sake, to find persecution and penury attend them through Flanders. So complete was their desolation that the wife of Bertie gave birth to a son beneath a church-porch in the town of Wesel, where snow, sleet, and rain fell heavily and drearily upon mother and child. And yet the mother was noble—daughter of the ninth Lord Willoughby: *her* mother, a Spanish lady of rank, had been maid of honour to Catherine of Arragon; and she herself had been the ward, and had slept (the last of his wives) on the bosom of Suffolk. The lady so softly nurtured passed through the terrible trials incident to persecution, want, and starvation, till with her husband and children she reached Poland. The King, Sigismund Augustus, the last male heir of the house of Jagelo, sheltered the fugi-

tives, and showered on them a more than princely hospitality; and when they returned to England, in the halcyon days of Elizabeth, their tale of diversified gladness and sorrow, storm and sunshine, was the theme at many an English hearth. Some years later, the little boy, born in bitter travail beneath the church-porch of Wesel, appeared at Copenhagen as the representative of Elizabeth. The Queen had restored him to his maternal grandfather's title on his undertaking to defray the expenses of the Danish mission out of his own purse; and, when a Dane enquired who was the Peregrine Bertie who represented so bravely the Majesty of England, answer was made—"He is Earl Willoughby d'Eresby, and his mother was the widow of the man who erst married for love Mary of England, Queen Dowager of France."

ART. VIII.—*Letter of the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer, to his Constituents.* June, 1852.

IN the most momentous conflicts recorded in the history of England, whether we regard those which have risen to the height of civil war, or those conducted in a more orderly manner within the limits of a free constitution, it may be reasonably doubted, whether the great mass of those, who have taken their places under the banners of one or other of the rival factions have understood the real nature of the cause for which they contended? Of many it might be said with truth, that they sought only some vent for their inherent ferocity, and chose their party by accident, or by the example of others, rather than as the result of pure deliberation. The partisans of the Red or White Rose fought and suffered, in perhaps most instances, rather for the badge, than for the great principle of which it was the symbol. Under the Commonwealth, although the participation of each of the contending parties was more intelligent, yet of those who filled the ranks of the Cavaliers or Roundheads there were not a few who did not enter into the grounds of the difference between Charles and his Parliament. Personal aversion towards individuals or classes—contempt on the one hand and a newly-awakened spirit of rivalry on the other—above all, the call of ambition—were more powerful motives of action, than a disinterested zeal for the welfare of the people, and a desire to maintain the old established laws and institutions of the realm.

In the more peaceful and moderate age in which we live the same description will be found, although in a lesser degree, applicable to the political contests, that are decided by the suffrages of the people, through their representatives in Parliament. A spectator, who, not interested himself, should visit a town or city where a contested election is in progress, cannot fail to be struck with the appearance of earnestness and even vehemence, sometimes proceeding to open violence and bloodshed, visible in the supporters of the rival candidates. At such a time he sees, in the strongest possible point of view, the appropriateness of the poetic figure, by which a large multitude is compared to the waves of the ocean tossing to and fro upon their bed; and, if he were a foreigner, he would conclude that some question of vital importance to the welfare of each person, touching the innermost springs of life, agitated every breast. Yet, if he were to draw one of the most impetuous from the crowd, and ask of him the cause of his excessive ardour, he would probably receive for reply that he was strongly interested for the success of the "blue" or the "yellow," and that he was only standing by his "*colour*." We do not mean to assert, that such a person would not have some idea of a principle involved in the contest; but for the most part his views would be found vague and undefined, or limited to some point of inferior importance.

A solemn appeal is now about to be made to the electors of the united kingdom, upon a subject of the greatest importance, which it would be, perhaps, impossible to exaggerate. The question proposed to them is—by whom, and according to what policy, is the administration of the British empire to be conducted? Never, perhaps, was the supreme authority of the people in the constitution so distinctly and unreservedly recognised—at no period were they invited to exercise their suffrages under circumstances of deeper responsibility. Under Providence, it may be said, that the nation holds its destinies in its own hands—a position most anxious, if most honourable. From the wide diffusion of knowledge of every sort, political, statistical, historical, and scientific, which has taken place within the last few years, especially the last twenty, a calm and dispassionate response to the appeal of the Sovereign ought reasonably to be expected, based rather upon sound and permanent principles, such as should be found in the hearts of a great and free people—free, not merely from external coercion, but also from false and erroneous views, which seldom work more deadly harm—than upon prejudice and half-truths, such as most com-

monly govern mobs, who rush into action without taking any counsel of their understandings.

As a portion of the people thus appealed to, at once sensible of the importance of the crisis, and feeling that the welfare of a few cannot be separated from that of the whole nation to which we belong, we would venture to offer a few considerations, to our fellow countrymen of all classes, which, if seriously weighed, will we trust enable them to arrive at a sound and beneficial determination. In doing so, we render no more than due homage to the intelligence of those whom we address, by presenting before them reasonings, which call for calm and deliberate attention, rather than those more exciting topics and bitter personalities with which political discussions are too often disfigured.

The issue, about to be submitted to the verdict of the nation, is not merely whether the Earl of Derby or Lord John Russell shall be Prime Minister, as if it were a matter of choice between these two individuals, which men might determine according to their personal predilections or prejudices; but whether the principles of which each of them may be regarded as the representative should at the present time prevail in the administration of public affairs? To the nature of these principles we solicit attention.

In every country of civilized men, acknowledging the rights of property and united by common laws into one people, there are two opposite powers or interests of the State under which all other interests may be classed—namely, permanence and progression.* If the institutions of any nation were to be subjected to a series of changes, whether from caprice or a desire of experiment, so that some alteration regularly appeared in each revolving year as if there was a necessary charm in novelty because it was new—if the fabric of the constitution were to be caused to go through the process which we have read of, with respect to the mansion-house of an eccentric man, who had no sooner built up a part of it, than he had it pulled down that he might build it up anew—it would prove utterly destitute of any beneficial effect upon those who lived in such a shifting scene of events. Such temporary institutions would hardly call forth temporary reverence, and would never prove adequate for the development or maintenance of national life. It is one of the principles—by some it may be called prejudices of man's nature—that he looks with respect upon that which has been hallowed by time, and contemplates a dura-

* Coleridge, "Constitution of Church and State," chap. ii.

bility in all that he may accomplish. Hence, in his estimate of individuals, the hoary head of age is looked up to as the symbol of a superior wisdom ; and a long-established family with its illustrious ancestors, richly quartered armorial bearings, and long-descended titles, is regarded with a reverence which no "new man," however great his merits, can expect either for himself or his immediate posterity. Even republics, which repudiate the idea of an aristocracy, will reckon among their citizens an "upper ten thousand." The same feeling prevails with reference to institutions, which always have a greater weight and solidity, in proportion to the length of their existence, and their consequent capacity for moulding and directing the habits and views of the people. This is the case especially in England, where, as has been declared by Mr. Burke, "It has been the uniform policy of our constitution to claim and assert our liberties, as an entailed inheritance derived to us from our forefathers and to be transmitted to our posterity :"—

"This policy (he adds) appears to me to be the result of profound reflection, or rather the happy effect of following nature, which is wisdom without reflection and above it. A spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors. Besides, the people of England well know that the idea of inheritance furnishes a sure principle of conservation, and a sure principle of transmission, without at all excluding a principle of improvement. It leaves acquisition free, but it secures what it has acquired."

Without permanence, the institutions of a country would be destitute of that weight which long prescription brings with it, and without progress they would become obsolete, and a hindrance to the further development of the nation's life. Civilization admits of many degrees ; the point of highest advancement at the time of the Norman conquest appeared a state of barbarism in the reign of Elizabeth ; again, the era of Elizabeth would seem barbarous in the era of George the Fourth and Victoria ; and, if the world should last so long, the present age may be regarded in a similar point of view, by those living in the twenty-second or twenty-third century after Christ. It is necessary, then, that our institutions should be adjusted to meet the altered circumstances of the times, and to harmonise with the new lights discovered in political science, and the new forms of combination in which society may present itself to the view—in short, that they should be brought into the same condition in which our forefathers would have constructed them, if they had been in our position. But they

who are thus engaged ought to beware, lest, in their zeal for modern improvements, they may detract from the solidity and picturesqueness of the time-hallowed edifice.

The permanence of the State is connected with the land, and what may be called the landed interest, whether owners or occupiers. Property of this kind is less liable to fluctuation than any other: it slowly passes from hand to hand, and hence the same families will be found linked to the same soil for several generations. The opinions and prejudices of the fathers are thus transmitted on most commonly to their descendants without much alteration, and the uniformity of their lives and pursuits produces a settled order of thought and habit. In an occupation, in which so much depends upon nature, and so little comparatively upon themselves, a state of passiveness is engendered, which rarely appears in those engaged in pursuits resting for the most part upon human energy and enterprise. Hence such persons slowly adopt changes, even though manifest improvements; their natural impulse is to resist them, and they rather apprehend the risk, than hopefully anticipate the prospect of advantage. Dwelling each in his isolated sphere, and in the midst of an unvarying round of occupations, they are less exposed to those external impulses which act often with such "lightning-like" celerity upon those who habitually congregate together; and, of all others, are the most indisposed to yield to their influence in promoting any disturbance of the existing order of things.

The progress of the State is connected with the trading and commercial classes, or what may be called the monied interest. To these classes each country is indebted for most of the comforts, and all the conveniences of life which distinguish the civilized from the barbarous nations, as well as for its improvements in government, police, and general administration of its affairs. But, whereas the very nature of his pursuits leads the agriculturist to stand still, a similar reason causes the trader to have a constant tendency towards change, so that movement seems as natural to the one as rest to the other. Thus, in those engaged in manufactures, which admit of various degrees of improvement—from the rude fabrics of savage tribes to the elaborate workmanship of the most polished nations—invention is ever taxed, not only to improve, but also to produce those varieties of pattern which may satisfy the fastidious taste of their customers. In such a career as this, where there is much competition, the faculties become excited and sharpened to the utmost degree, and they who stand still find themselves distanced in the race.

Then the mercantile classes, whose largest gains result from their most venturous schemes, come eventually to prefer risk, with the prospect of a greater profit, to an old beaten track with a lesser. Unlike the cultivators of land, who are satisfied with a certain though moderate return for their outlay, and which can be made beforehand a matter of almost exact calculation, they place no limits to their expectations; show themselves ready to open up new channels of commerce however hazardous; and are disposed to hail any scheme of policy which may seem likely to realize their hopes. As their calling is one of enterprise, it renders them rather bold than cautious; so that a large possible profit outweighs in their estimation a probable loss. Hence they may be set down, as a soil ready prepared for the reception of innovating theories, in which they will quickly take root and spread wide their branches.

As in the human body, a due proportion of rest and motion is necessary in order to preserve it in health and capacity for action, so in every State a certain equipoise of those two antagonistic tendencies of permanence and progress ought to be maintained; and to this object every man, who deserves the name of a statesman ought to apply himself, keeping watch not merely over the temporary interests of party, but over the health and well-being of the constitution itself, taking due care that the landed interest should not prove a hindrance to the necessary progress of the nation; and that the monied interest, in rushing into untried paths, may not dissolve those institutions in which the habits and prospects of the people had been fashioned.

Previous to the Reform Bill of 1832 it may be admitted, that the landed interest had obtained an undue preponderance in the House of Commons; for the representation of many ancient cities and towns heretofore wealthy and populous, but in later times long fallen into decay, had passed from the trading and commercial classes, of which they might have been regarded as the constitutional organs, into the hands of some neighbouring nobleman or rich landed proprietor who nominated the members. Although it ought to have been part of the implied contract, that towns enfranchised should not continue to send representatives to Parliament, when their importance and population had very sensibly declined; and that a revision of this arrangement should be undertaken, when the evil grew to a great magnitude, transferring these rights to other towns which had taken their place; yet from year to year the reasonable and moderate demands of those, who sought for such a revision, were vehemently resisted by the landed interest, who desired to maintain, not only their just

weight, but also their unjust usurpations, until at length they were compelled to yield to the aroused and indignant voice of the people and acquiesce in a reform of Parliament. By this measure, which abolished a large number of nomination boroughs, and granted the right of returning members to large towns, such as Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, and Huddersfield, which had previously been unrepresented, a great increase was given to the weight of the commercial and monied classes in the House of Commons, by which a more adequate proportion was shown, between their actual political influence, and that power which, though not organized, they possessed over the public mind. Thus far the organs of the *permanence* of the State were weakened and those of *progress* strengthened: the machinery of legislation received a new impulse and direction, and a change not inappropriately termed "a revolution" was effected, the results of which it would be difficult to anticipate in detail, but which at present appear not so much in the nature of the laws that have been passed, as in the tone and language of public men of every political party.

The depression of the landed interest, which was commenced at the Reform Bill, was further effected by the repeal of the protective duties on foreign corn in 1846, by which the produce of countries lightly taxed, and raised by persons maintained on the lowest scale of subsistence, was brought into competition with the produce of a country the most heavily burdened in Europe and in which the labourers receive the highest rate of wages. This measure, which its warmest advocates will admit was carried by surprise, and others more plain spoken by an act of treachery by the hands of the very Ministry, who were brought into power, in consequence of their expressed determination to resist the proposition of a fixed duty made by their Whig predecessors, in a desperate effort to regain the popularity they had so justly forfeited, has had the effect of producing deep distress among the agricultural classes, which has been even acknowledged by the Free-trade Ministry, as they love to call themselves, in successive speeches from the Throne. It may not be considered an exaggerated statement to declare, that the ultimate effect of this measure will be to diminish the value of landed property throughout the united kingdom by *one-fourth*, even granting credit for the increased value of money arising from the cheapness of food.

In all measures of a comprehensive character, involving extensive changes either in the political or financial condition of the country, carried through the Legislature with a sort of tumultuous haste, and with an apparent desire of triumphing

over opponents, there is most commonly a reckless disregard of justice, toward those whose interests are so unceremoniously dealt with. The repeal of the corn laws in 1846 forms no exception to this rule, but is on the contrary a very striking instance of its operation; for justice is as little attended to in the conflict of political factions, as the voice of law in civil warfare. Many and peculiar burthens have been, in a series of years, accumulated upon the occupiers of landed property for purposes not solely confined to them, but such as all other classes equally participate in—as for instance, the county-rate, the tithe, the land-tax, the malt and hop duties, and an undue proportion of the poor-rate. Manufactures are subject to no such burthens, and are protected from foreign competition by an *ad valorem* duty of ten per cent. It is very obvious, the landed and manufacturing interests do not enter into the free-trade mart of the world upon equal terms; for that the former have, besides their share of the imperial taxation, large local imposts to discharge. Hence there is no fair or reasonable man, who will not admit the undeniable justice of the claim made on their behalf by Mr. Disraeli in a speech addressed to his constituents on the 12th March at Aylesbury, in which he says, “We have not the slightest wish to restrict the energies and enterprise of the foreign producer, provided that when he comes into competition with the English producer the English producer is not over-weighted.”

One of the principles, upon which the party recognising the Earl of Derby as its political head, and now in office, is bound together, is a determination to do justice to the landed interest, by the removal of this overweighting. To this *object* they are pledged: as to the *manner*, the choice is open to them to adopt the course which may appear most practicable and expedient. It may be done either by imposing a moderate import duty on corn, which appears to Mr. MacCulloch and other free-traders a just, although, in the present spirit of the times, not an attainable measure; or by re-adjustment of taxation, which will throw upon the general finances of the State, those charges now borne exclusively by the land for objects of general utility. The landed interest may feel confident, that the Ministry of the Earl of Derby will do them justice, so far as they may possess the power to carry their convictions into effect, and all other parties in the country may be assured that they will not seek to obtain for them any more. “A clear stage and no favour” is the reasonable demand of every Englishman; he desires nothing more—he will be satisfied with nothing less.

It is absolutely essential to the prosperity and content of every

country' that all classes in it should have a full conviction, that they are justly treated, and subjected to no burthens beyond those which they ought properly to sustain. Where a different impression prevails, sullenness and disaffection will be very generally exhibited in the oppressed class, and cause it either to become turbulent, or to take the earliest opportunity of removing from the country, often possessed with a feeling of alienation towards the land of their birth.

Then, a calamity cannot fall upon one class of persons in a State without in a greater or a lesser degree affecting all the others, so close and intimate is the inter-dependence of the one with the other, as has been observed by Cicero—" *Non enim possunt una in civitate multi rem atque fortunas amittere ut non plures secum in eandem calamitatem trahant.*" The manufacturer who looks with folded arms in calm indifference upon the struggles of the agricultural class, shows an ignorance of his own interest, for his market becomes thereby proportionably limited by the disability of the most profitable body of his customers. It is true, that the numerous openings for commerce which present themselves in almost every quarter of the globe may produce a certain indifference towards one: some even go so far as to say that, "if agriculture were entirely to perish, no great harm might result from it, as England would become the workshop of the world." But, as M. Thiers wisely stated, "to command so wide a market as she now requires, England must be very powerful abroad;" and so happily she at present is; but the long peace which has now subsisted for so many years may be broken, and the recollection of the effects of the Berlin decrees, yet existing in some still living, might awaken them to the value of a home market and domestic customers.

It may be well, however, to notice a very remarkable statement made by Sir James Graham, in an electioneering speech at Carlisle, in the latter part of March last, as to the obligations incumbent on the Earl of Derby in reference to the relief of the agriculturist:—

"Lord Derby (he says), and with him Mr. D'Israeli, declares, if I cannot impose a corn law—and let me in passing observe that when the first Minister says that he knows a particular course to be best, he is in my opinion, at all hazards, bound to propose that which he thinks to be best, and take the consequence of success or failure; but he (Lord Derby) continues, failing the direct imposition of the corn-laws, I shall then endeavour to adjust and modify the burdens which attach to the agricultural interest in particular."

There are few living men, we believe, who can surpass the right honourable baronet in eloquence, official aptitude, and

above all, ability for "getting up a case;" but with all these qualities, we hardly think that he will leave behind him a system of "Grahamite ideas," to which future Ministers will look back with much respect, as the guides of their course. He, who should bequeath to posterity such a possession, must be able to claim a consistency and an adherence to philosophical principles rather than a subservience to circumstances, which he is very far from being in a position to pretend to, whose career so closely resembles that of the Roman poet:—

"Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.
Nunc agilis fio, et mensor civilibus undis,
Virtutis veræ custos rigidusque satelles:
Nunc in Aristippi furtim precepta relabor,
Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor."

He, who in 1833 separated himself from the fortunes of the Whig Administration, because of the "storm of the appropriation clause," is now prepared even to outbid Lord John Russell in an opposite direction, to join hands with the radical reformers, to recruit his rank and file from the Irish brigade, and even hesitates about the ballot. But this new position, that he seems to have adopted, renders the sentiments he has expressed most strange and inappropriate; for in a Government which is carried on by means of a popular constitution, such as that of Athens was in ancient times, and that of England is now; the duty of a Minister is to propose and carry, not such measures as may appear to his own judgment to be the fittest, but such as the people are prepared to sanction. An enlightened despot may stamp his own ideas, without any variation or interruption, upon the people over whom he rules, and, instead of accommodating himself to circumstances, may compel them to bow to him; but this, whatever it may be, is not *Civile Imperium*.

In a body like the English House of Commons, containing so many conflicting interests and so many men of different views and habits, as Mr. Burke has wisely observed, "All change must be a matter of *compromise*; and in its practical working it produces *temperaments* preventing the sore evil of harsh, crude, unqualified reformations, and rendering all the headlong exertions of arbitrary power in the few or in the many for ever impracticable." If no Administration were to be formed unless the first Minister should obtain, not merely a sanction to his general policy, but to all his own private views and theories in all the details of the public service, it is to be feared that the country would soon relapse into a state of anarchy, and government would become simply an impossibility.

But this condition, which Sir James Graham would impose

upon Lord Derby, is one to which no public man would bind himself, and one by which Lord John Russell, toward whom he feels "returning confidence and friendship," has by no means been bound. There are few of the leading politicians of any party, for instance, who would not be ready to endow Romanism in Ireland, and who do not think, that it would be an effectual method of promoting tranquillity in that country: it is, however, quite obvious that the popular will is most determinately opposed to any such course; and yet, if Sir James Graham's theory of ministerial obligation were correct, none of them ought to accept office, when they could have no hope of having their views carried into effect. Yet they have not been hitherto, and we make no doubt will not hereafter be, so fastidious. Witness the conduct of the Whig Ministry, of which Lord John Russell was one of the most prominent members, when they succeeded, with the help of the then Irish brigade, in driving Sir Robert Peel from office in the year 1835. At that time they passed their famous resolution, that no settlement of the tithe question in Ireland could be satisfactory, unless a certain portion of the Church property were to be secularized, thereby establishing a principle which would eventuate in the confiscation of the whole. Upon this question they succeeded to office—we will not say to power; and, although they passed a tithe bill in the year 1838, yet it did not contain the wonder-working clause, which was to result in the pacification of Ireland and the contentment of the Romish ecclesiastics and agitators. Having served its purpose as a ladder to raise them into place, it was allowed quietly to slide down, never again to be seen, unless it may be found serviceable in some new political exigency. Yet some of those who acted in this manner are now amongst the foremost in accusing Lord Derby of a want of fidelity to his party, because he does not at once, against wind and tide, propose the imposition of a duty on foreign corn. But these personages forget, or they suppose that the country forgets, that he never spoke of this but as one of the different courses open for him to pursue; and that he did not succeed to office by carrying a resolution *declaring that no other settlement of the question could be satisfactory*, but from finding the coast clear by the voluntary abandonment of his predecessor. From the opening of the session of 1852, he manifested towards them the utmost forbearance; and when their bark foundered, it was not the result of any violent concussion, but of mere decay—

"For its sides

Gaped wide with many a rift, and its frail joints
Swayed with the undulations of the tide."

But the mission of the Earl of Derby has at the present time a wider scope than merely to do fiscal justice to the landed interest: it also comprehends the maintenance of the principle of permanence in the state of England, of which that interest is the natural guardian. That such is the aim of himself and his colleagues we may conclude from his own words, than which none can be more eloquent and appropriate, delivered in the month of April at a banquet at Goldsmiths'-hall:—

“ We feel (he says) that it is our duty not to be the promoters of this or that class, but to be the protectors, and defenders, and upholders of the whole; and by maintaining and encouraging the industry of the country; by upholding and supporting those laws which are the best encouragement to that industry, because they secure to industry of every denomination the safe return for its successful exertion; *by upholding in their integrity the institutions of the country, whether in Church or in State*; by maintaining inviolate the constitution, and upholding the religious liberties of this country and the rights of the Protestant religion from whatever quarter they may be assailed, we feel sure that we shall best discharge those arduous duties which are cast upon us—that we shall best warrant the confidence that has been reposed in us by our gracious Sovereign—and best merit the support and the confidence of that people over whose interests we are about to watch.”

It cannot be denied, that progress has within the last few years advanced rather too rapidly—some of its advocates have extended their demands to the very verge of destructiveness—and that the weight of the executive may now be profitably made to lean on the side of permanence, that the proper equilibrium may be restored and maintained. The present state of education, by means of which knowledge is very widely diffused, though it is to be feared in rather a superficial manner, has given a most powerful impulse to the minds of the commercial and manufacturing classes, which renders them quick in discerning imperfections, earnest for innovation, confident in themselves, and destitute of that patience which results from a more comprehensive experience of things. They who would advocate a rapid and far-extended progress have thus a very great advantage in casting forth their opinions, upon a soil so well prepared for their reception; for to use the well-known and memorable words of the venerable Hooker:—

“ He that goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be shall never want attentive and favourable hearers, because they know the manifold defects whereunto every kind of government is subject; but the secret lets and difficulties which in public proceedings are innumerable and inevitable, they have not ordinarily the judgment to consider. And because such as openly reprove supposed disorders of State are taken for principal friends to

the common benefit of all, and for men that carry singular freedom of mind, under this fair and plausible colour, whatever they utter presseth for good and current. *That which wanteth in the weight of their speech is supplied by the aptness of men's minds to accept and believe it.*"

This statement, true at all times, is especially so at the present time; and hence it is of the highest importance, that the conservative organ in the constitution should be sufficiently vigorous to withstand the attempts of rash and daring innovators. We fully admit, that the Ministry of which Lord John Russell was the head could not with any propriety be called *destructive*; but, from the necessities of his position, he was compelled to lend too indulgent an ear to the party of extreme progress, and rather to parley with them, and offer terms, than oppose to them a firm unyielding front. When he was to be seen driven by the "storm" at one time to take refuge with the Irish brigade, and again with the Manchester school, one could hardly confide in his power, whatever his intentions might be, to maintain our institutions both in Church and State. But the Administration of Lord Derby, supported as it is by the landed interest and by the more enlightened part of the commercial classes, affords a strong and reliable ground of confidence for the future, that in all their legislation there will be no violent departure from the old foundations, and that they will oppose a strong barrier to rash and ill-considered change.

But while, Lord Derby may be looked upon as the decided opponent of violent organic change in the constitution of the country, it would be in the highest degree unjust to regard him as one, who is either a bigotted or an illiberal opponent of useful reforms. On the contrary, there is no one of those salutary measures that have passed through the Legislature of late years, and contributed so much to the prosperity and contentment of the people, to which he has not freely given both his eloquence and the sanction of his great name. Every one conversant with parliamentary proceedings will readily admit, whatever his political predilections may be, that if the debates on Catholic emancipation, reform of Parliament and of the Church, whether in England or Ireland, emancipation of the slaves, and various other measures by which the comforts and power of the people have been so essentially promoted, were to be shorn of all those parts to which the name of STANLEY is prefixed, they would be deprived of the larger portion of their eloquence and luminous ability of detail. It would be, indeed, very difficult to find a statesman, who so effectively combines within himself permanence

and progress, and who has always endeavoured so to improve the wisdom of the present, that he may not lose sight of the wisdom of the past.

But, beside the adaptation of his principles to the present requirements of the country, the Earl of Derby possesses eminent qualifications of various kinds to enable him to fill with effect the station which he occupies. Born in the highest ranks of the nobility—the inheritor of a large estate—the bearer of an old historic name rich in chivalric tradition, and yet having fulfilled his political noviciate as one of the representatives of the people, he has at once the dignity and capacity for command which are to be found in the aristocracy, with the energy and power of persuasion, which exist in those who have sprung from the ranks of the people. As an orator few can be named of the present century, whether of the living or dead, who can be said to surpass him: as a parliamentary debater he is without a rival. His bearing has ever been dignified, straightforward, man-like—such, in short, as Englishmen love to call *English*, and in maturer years he retains the fire without the impetuosity of his youth. In the selection of his colleagues he has shown himself nobly superior to the little prejudices of caste, to which persons of his order, even where they possess liberal principles, are too servilely devoted; and his choice of Mr. Disraeli for the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the House of Commons—of whom it is no slight praise to say that he is as distinguished in his political as in his literary career—is alike creditable to his judgment and a clear proof of his freedom from aristocratic weakness. As it respects the remainder of his colleagues, it cannot be asserted with truth, that they were chosen merely on account of their connexions, and that they are not at least equal in official aptitude to their predecessors—in not a few instances much superior. If he has not succeeded in securing the co-operation of some of those distinguished members of the Conservative party, who held office with Sir Robert Peel, and who now feel themselves bound to follow his *memory* as they followed his fortunes, the fault does not rest with him; for he made overtures to them, when upon a former occasion he was invited to form a Ministry, which they declined to accept; so that he cannot be charged with a desire for constructing his Administration upon a narrow basis.

We have mentioned the party of the late Sir Robert Peel. It is with deep and unfeigned regret that we contemplate men of eminent ability, with the highest qualifications for the service of their country—(and he is a person of little foresight

who does not feel, that no long time may elapse, before her true sons will be summoned to rally round her and defend her most valued institutions)—pursuing a course of undisguised factiousness. If they possessed strength and distinctive principles clear enough to form a party, which might be expected to succeed to office, and maintain their position in it according to the ordinary course of political warfare, it would be quite natural that they should use every lawful means to gain this desired end. But they have no such power or prospect; strong as they are in ability and official skill, they are utterly weak in point of numbers in the House of Commons; they have no considerable party out of doors which looks up to them with sentiments of decided adhesion—in fact, they have been most admirably designated as “an army of officers, with no rank and file.” Even though they may gain the precarious aid of the Irish brigade, such support would probably be rather a source of weakness than of strength. Although political leaders are not always fastidious as to the character of their supporters, provided they can find those who will serve their turn, yet some of those supporters may, like *Falstaff*, except against the quality of those with whom they are expected to march in company. If they consider that the maintenance of an unmitigated system of free-trade is emphatically the policy in which the welfare of the country is so essentially involved—that to it every other consideration ought to give way—they ought to have followed Sir James Graham’s exhortation to the free-traders “to close their ranks;” and, failing their own capacity to succeed to office, to have rallied round the Administration of Lord John Russell. If, on the contrary, they regarded him as likely to embark in perilous experiments upon the constitution of the country both in Church and State, and hence remained in a state of isolation; and that they show themselves more determined opponents of Lord Derby than they were of him, they declare that a mere financial question—one of import duties—has a greater importance in their eyes than the stability of our most valued institutions. If a reversal of the whole commercial policy of their master were proposed, they would have some show of reason for their conduct; but this was never contemplated. When Lord Derby proposed to Mr. Gladstone to unite with him in the formation of a Ministry in the year 1851, he distinctly informed him that it was not his intention to reverse free-trade but to *modify* it; to which the latter replied—“I am opposed alike to a reversal or modification of that policy.”

There is, perhaps, no class of persons more impracticable and even unfeeling than those who have not merely adopted but

are *possessed* by a theory—especially if it is one upon which they have staked in a certain degree their reputation—above all, if it is one, which they had long resisted, and in the end embraced under the influence of strong excitement. They will not re-consider their position—admit of any species of modification—or even approach the subject with calmness or moderation. However strong the facts may be which are adduced to the discredit of their ruling theory, they turn away from them, and listen only to those which are confirmatory of their own views. They remind one of the person of whom it was pleasantly said, that he undertook to feed a horse upon a straw per day; and, though the unfortunate animal died under the experiment, it never occurred to him to account for his failure, by admitting that his theory was erroneous. Such errors are eventually corrected by enlarged experience; but until this period shall have arrived, much suffering and many losses may be endured which it may be difficult, if not impossible, at an after period to remedy. Thus, of late years, the tide of emigration from Ireland has flowed to such a degree, that it has been called the “Irish Exodus,” and it continues even now unabated: in England, too, a large number of the agricultural population has sought out “a home lying under another sun;” and, though such events may not be looked upon with much alarm or anxiety—even in some instances with satisfaction—yet the day may come when England may feel the want of their stout hearts and stalwart arms:—

“Ill fares the land, to hast’ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.”

It is necessary ever to bear in mind, in working out any problem in political economy, that what may seem very clear and unquestionable upon paper may not turn out equally satisfactory when reduced to practice. There are always disturbing influences to be accounted for which may be forgotten, and a certain rigidity of the materials operated upon which prevents them from falling into their proper position; and hence a result may be found different from that anticipated. There is no doubt but that free-trade would work well, if all the parties concerned were to start fair: this can never be the case, when the growers of corn in England are subjected to burthens not imposed upon the manufacturers of cotton and woollen goods, and from which the corn-growers of other countries are exempted; and hence, until this error is rectified, the advantage will be only one-sided, coupled with an injustice on the other. Free-trade, it may be alleged, enables the inhabitant

of Glasgow or Birmingham to consume a larger quantity of bread than he did before the abolition of the corn-law, and this fact is considered a conclusive argument in favour of the present state of things; but, if this take place at the expence of the English agriculturist, the whole question does not assume an equally satisfactory aspect on all sides. What the Administration of the Earl of Derby contemplates, if it should be supported by the country at large, is to modify this measure in such a manner, as to secure to the consumer as far as possible his present advantages, and at the same time relieve the producer from an unjust weight of taxation. Deeply sensible as we are of the desirableness of cheap food to all classes in the State, we still consider that in this design the present Government deserve the earnest and energetic support of all those, who, exempt from the littleness of faction, desire to see their fellow countrymen of every degree prosperous, contented, and free from mutual jealousy and alienation.

With respect to the Church—the nobler member of the English constitution—and its prospects under the Administration of Lord Derby, we would now speak. We adopt the old and familiar expression of the alliance of *Church and State*, as the most suitable to express the true character of their relations each to the other. The Church is a kingdom which is not of this world: its powers and prerogatives are derived from no earthly source: kings or parliaments could not confer or take away the very least of them; and, in her days of highest authority, she was opposed and persecuted by the great ones of the earth. But though her mission has for its object, to train men for heaven by motives and influences drawn from thence, yet, in pursuing this course, she inculcates and maintains all those virtues, which the rulers of every State ought, for its own particular worldly interests, to foster most carefully: as, for instance, peacefulness, submission to constituted authorities, resignation, industry, and brotherly kindness towards persons of all ranks and conditions. In return for these services, the value of which is incalculable, the State, when it is under the direction of men professing the Christian religion, is bound to render to it protection and the maintenance of its rights. From the very earliest times, devout men have set apart certain portions of land and other property for the support of the priesthood and the other purposes of religion, which it is the duty of every State to preserve inviolate, for the object for which it was granted, without waste or alienation. Donations of this character have been respected even by the heathen emperors of Rome; for Gallienus, who succeeded to the empire in 259,

gave orders for the restoration to the Church of all the buildings, lands, cemeteries, and other possessions, which had been confiscated under the preceding reign. Christian States have often gone farther than this, and have compelled all within their dominions by temporal penalties to hold spiritual communion with the Church; but, by so doing, they have materially injured her true interests, and introduced an alien force into the kingdom of Christ. This was the case in England until of late years: now, happily, no political or temporal disqualification exists against any of its professing Christian inhabitants, who are equally eligible for all offices whether of trust, emolument, or dignity. Besides protection in the enjoyment of her rights—which is only what justice claims for every individual or corporation in the State—the Church, to use the words of Mr. Coleridge, requires nothing further than *to be let alone*. Containing within herself a principle of life, she wants but room to evolve it without check or interruption, which will arise from either persecution or undue interference on the part of the authorities of the State—the former of which separates from her weak believers, and the latter fills her ranks with hypocritical professors. When we speak of the State “letting the Church alone,” we are very far from including in these words the idea of indifference towards her, as contrasted with other rival bodies: for we believe the national recognition of religion to be of the highest importance, and one of its most valuable subsidiary helps; but that it should not intermeddle with purely ecclesiastical concerns, and try to infuse into her a spirit and manner of operation alien from her own. The State in England possesses great powers of producing an influence upon the Church, by means of the veto lodged in the Crown upon all synodical action, and the right it has long enjoyed of nominating to bishoprics and the chief ecclesiastical dignities. This last right, in early times exercised by the clergy and people, has now been vested in the Sovereign as representing the first grantor of the temporalities of each episcopal see who in most instances was the then reigning king; and as being, to use the words of Mr. Coleridge, “the *representative person* and crowned majesty of the nation.” As, then, the bishop is the source of all ecclesiastical authority within his diocese—the main-spring from which all its movements proceed—the Crown by its advisers possesses the power either of strengthening the Church by the appointment of chief pastors whose principles harmonise with it, or of weakening it by nominating those who are either unfaithful or lukewarm, and who, as far as they can, will make her practical working contradict her theory. It is very obvious

that this prerogative is one of the most important which the Sovereign possesses: it is a sacred trust rather than an ordinary branch of patronage, and committed to the highest personage in the realm, as the one of all others least liable to be swayed by mere worldly and political considerations. Prior to the *Revolution* of 1688 this trust was, in the greater number of instances, discharged as a thing which touched the conscience of the Sovereign. Even Charles the Second made choice of the saintly Ken as the fittest to fill the see of Bath and Wells, of whom he knew little but that he rebuked the vice of his royal master. But since that period it has been made a matter of jobbing and corrupt contract; and, in his evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, Lord John Russell lately declared openly, that he "looked upon his Church patronage as one of the elements of his power!"

When a routine has been long established, to which the minds of men have grown accustomed, and according to which their habits have been formed, it is a matter of extreme difficulty to break through it, and introduce a material change for the better. This is more especially the case in a constitutional government, where a Minister is continually plied with applications from persons, by whom he is enabled to retain his hold of power, and to whom, even against his better judgment, he must yield or be prepared to dispense with their cordial support. It were an unreasonable expectation, perhaps, to form, that Lord Derby, departing from long established usage, should show an indifference to the solicitations of persons of political influence, and that he should dispense his Church patronage purely upon a consideration of the merit and ability of those brought under his notice; but we think the country may feel confident, that a man, such as he is, of sincere religious belief, and one who at once values and loves the Church of England, will not raise to the episcopal bench any whose views do not harmonize with her principles, and who are not thoroughly and devotedly loyal to her cause. From him the Church may expect, with some degree of hope, the removal of the present restriction upon the assembling of the convocation for the despatch of business, with such reforms in its constitution as the present altered condition of the age requires. Churchmen at least may regard their position in every way as of a more hopeful character than under the Administration of his predecessor, by whom their demands were not even treated with decent courtesy. Upon this part of our subject, we would simply quote his lordship's own words in the House of Peers, delivered upon his accession to office, embodying his intentions relative to the Church and education:

"I say further that for the promotion of religious knowledge among the people I rely with confidence on the enlightened and disinterested exertions of the parochial clergy of the United Church of England and Ireland. To uphold that Church, as the depository of religious truth and as an instrument of incalculable value in diffusing good both here and hereafter—to uphold its influence and maintain its power is not only the interest but also the moral duty of Government—to uphold and maintain it in its integrity, not by penal enactments directed against those who may differ from her communion, not by virulent invective, or by abusive language against the religious faith of those whose errors we may deplore, but to whose conscience we have no right to dictate—but by steadfastly resisting all attempts at aggression upon the rights, the privileges, the possessions of that Church, come from what quarter and backed by what weight of authority they may; and by lending every power of the Government to support and extend the influence of that Church in its high and holy calling of diffusing throughout the length and breadth of the united empire, for I speak not of this country alone, that knowledge which is only derived from the diffusion of the holy Scriptures."

There is no Churchman in the United Kingdom, who really deserves the name, after reading and reflecting upon the bold and earnest declaration just quoted, so wise, so temperate, and yet of no uncertain sound, so widely different from the sentiments we have been so long accustomed to hear from the lips of the Ministers of the Crown and which bear upon them the visible impress of sincerity—who can look with cold indifference upon the progress of Lord Derby; but must, on the contrary, be prepared to make any required sacrifice to maintain and consolidate his influence. We could never think otherwise than meanly of the earnestness of that man's religious belief, who would not reckon the interests of religion as of immeasurably greater importance than any merely political object; and yet it is a lamentable fact, that some who look upon the Church as the divinely-constituted organ of religious truth, in whose efficiency and strength the well-being, temporal and spiritual, of the nation is involved, yet hesitate between him and his opponents, because they cannot endure to think of any modification of the free-trade system. Can such persons be called earnest-minded Churchmen—are they not sadly deceiving themselves? Assuredly they are; for, as a man whom no one ever accused or suspected of being an enthusiast has said, "If religion be not everything, it is nothing"—there can be, as it would seem, no alternative between the putting it in the highest place and permitting it to fall in the streets. Where the interests of religion then appear plainly to be involved, all other considerations, however weighty they may be otherwise,

should at once give place. If these pages should fall into the hands of any Churchman, who has not as yet decided upon the course he ought to adopt—who hesitates about giving his cordial support to the Earl of Derby, and watches his progress either with cold indifference or in a critical spirit, hinting a fault wherever an opportunity may present itself—we would respectfully say to him, that no object ought to have a higher place in his affections, more occupy his energies while living, or his thoughts at the hour of death, than the Church of God: that for the extension of it he ought to be ready to undergo any danger or difficulty: that no consideration of mere temporal policy ought to be permitted to interfere with it; and that the political leader who is ready to promote this object is the one who has the strongest claim upon his sympathy and co-operation.

The Earl of Derby presents himself before the country and asks for support mainly on the ground that he loves the Church and earnestly desires to promote its stability and extension; and, while he would be unwilling to use any of the influence, which his official station gives him, to depress any nonconformist body in the State, he is not afraid to declare that he will uphold it by all the means in his power, and defend it from aggression from whatever quarter it may proceed.

Since the period of miraculous agency has ceased, there seems to be no way of effecting any object, except by the use of those means which in the ordinary course of things lead toward it; and thus, if we would really see the Church recognized and maintained in its proper position, as the lawful branch of the one holy Catholic Church, and not degraded to that of the most numerous of the sects existing in the country, which is endowed because it has the greatest number of people in its communion, we must give our support to the man who makes the maintenance of it one of the prime objects of his policy. Whatever influence we may possess, whether directly in our own persons or upon others, we are bound to employ as a talent entrusted to us for which we are accountable before God, and not as a privilege to be used for our own profit or the indulgence of our mere predilection.

The course which the Earl of Derby proposes to follow, with respect to the most important but difficult question of the education of the people, is one that must commend itself to every fair and candid mind, which does not look for impossibilities, and is disposed to make the best use of the opportunities fairly within its reach. While he renders homage to that ancient principle of the constitution which recognizes the clergy of the Established Church as the guardians and superintendents

of national education, and shows himself ready to render them the assistance of the State, without any insidious purpose of interfering with it in order to render it more latitudinarian; he declares at the same time, that he is not disposed to withhold or in anywise diminish the grants heretofore given to other bodies. On the contrary, he says, "I desire to look on all those who are engaged in the work of spreading knowledge, even though they may be of a different communion from that to which I am most sincerely attached, as fellow labourers rather than as rivals in the war which we jointly wage with vice and ignorance." In common with all the religious and thoughtful portion of the community, Lord Derby is unwilling to accord the name of education to the "mere development of the intellectual faculties" and the acquisition of mere temporal knowledge; and will be found by argument and all the influence at his disposal to resist any scheme for national education without religion.

In Ireland, while he is not prepared to overthrow the system which has prevailed for so many years, he is at the same time desirous of modifying it in such a manner as to meet the conscientious objections of the clergy of the Established Church in that part of the kingdom, and proposes to dispense the ecclesiastical patronage at the disposal of the Crown impartially, with a view only to reward piety and professional usefulness; and not, as was the practice of the late Administration, to *bribe* persons of lax principles to give their countenance to the national board, and sanction the endeavours of the Roman Catholic priesthood to take away from the rising generation the key of knowledge. Public opinion upon Irish concerns is but slowly excited in England, unless where they are taken up for party purposes: the Irish clergy are a body of men who have but few friends, and many powerful and deadly enemies: they are bad electioneering agents, and are both unable and unwilling, by violent practices and by a prostitution of the sacred name of religion, to usurp the representation of counties and boroughs; and hence they have been treated by the Administration of which Lord John Russell was the head in a manner in which they dared not to deal toward any other class of persons in the empire. It is but a characteristic trait of the Earl of Derby that, when this foul injustice was brought before his notice by his excellent Attorney-General for Ireland, he at once declared, "No: that shall not be"—a resolve worthy of a high-spirited generous nobleman, who would not stoop to mean arts in order to advance even a measure toward which he was favourable.

Such are the prospects of the Church and State under the

Administration of the Earl of Derby ; but widely different will they prove under that of Lord John Russell, if the country shall be either so supine, or so infatuated, as to permit him to return to power. Dangerous as he always was, he will be ten-fold more so should he again resume his lost position. We conclude, that such must be the case, when we consider the character of the man, and the nature of the support upon which he must for the future depend. In private life the noble lord is said to be amiable, and faithful in the discharge of all the duties and courtesies which his relations to society demand. We should be very sorry to say anything derogatory of him as an English nobleman ; but he has long acted as a public man—his acts and sayings are before the country—and by these his character as a statesman must be estimated. By a review of the past, we may be able to frame our prognostications for the future. It was said of his lordship by the late Sidney Smith, who had the best means of forming a just estimate of his character, that he was devoid of any “moral fear”—that he would readily undertake the nicest and most difficult questions of policy—and that he hardly seemed conscious of his failure. His admirers have often attributed to him the virtue of boldness ; but it might be, perhaps, more just to assign to him a mischievous wantonness, which leads him at troublous times to throw himself into the midst of the fiercest waves of popular frenzy ; and aggravate where a man, sensible of the responsibility of his position as a leading statesman, would endeavour to allay the prevalent excitement :—

“ A daring pilot in extremity ;
 Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went high,
 He sought the storms ; but, for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.”

When the whole framework of society was threatened with violent disruption, at the period of the reform agitation in England—when insurrection and resistance to the laws were openly and daringly avowed, and not only the privileges of the peerage were threatened, but the monarchy itself—instead of fulfilling its office of keeping, by its superincumbent weight, the other orders of men in their proper position, seemed to be floated downward with the stream of popular violence—this was the time chosen by Lord John Russell, in reply to an address from a body prepared for any deed of violence, to designate a vote of the House of Lords as “the whisper of a faction !” Having succeeded in carrying the Reform Bill, by means equally perilous and unscrupulous, he enters into a deliberate league

with the late Daniel O'Connell and his followers by which he engaged to inflict "a heavy blow and a great discouragement"—as his political chief described it—"upon the Church in Ireland," in return for their parliamentary support; and to surrender Ireland, in a great measure, to their disposal—thereby restoring the old system of "undertakers," which had heretofore wrought so much evil in that unhappy country. When at length he was obliged to pass a measure with respect to tithes in Ireland, without his appropriation clause—which he declared could alone render it satisfactory—that clause upon which he had banded together an unscrupulous faction through whose help he succeeded to office, and which clause he was afterwards compelled to forego—he threw out a smouldering firebrand to be blown into a flame, when some future necessity might present itself, by making a declaration that such a settlement could not be held to be final. Again, when the Administration of which he was a member, after floundering through an impotent and inglorious period of more than five years, in the course of which the Queen's name and authority were abused in the most indecent and all but unconstitutional manner, at length hopelessly sank, an attempt was made to excite the country from one end to the other by a proposition to substitute a fixed duty on corn for what was termed the sliding scale; and to reduce the duties on sugar and timber in the hope, if they could not again set their crazy bark afloat, at least of embarrassing their successors. Such a course is by no means new: it is the ordinary termination of the career of an incapable Ministry without dignity or patriotic feeling: it was attributed by Junius to that of Lord North in the following terms, equally applicable to the more recent as well as the remote instance:—"Even the violence of their proceedings is a signal of despair. Like broken tenants who have had warning to quit the premises, they curse their landlord—destroy the fixtures—throw everything into confusion, and care not what mischief they do to the estate."

This mischievous device, for such it was, brought forward not from any well-considered design of policy, but to gain a sort of tumultuary support, was frustrated by the good sense and discernment of the people of England. Their experience of Whig misrule was but too long and too painful; and they were unwilling to give that party a new lease of office, even for the bribe of "cheap bread." A large majority, such as no Ministry almost could have expected in the reformed House of Commons, rallied around Sir Robert Peel, and long before the meeting of Parliament, the result of the appeal to the country was fully known. Unwilling to acquiesce with tranquillity in the verdict

of the nation, Lord John Russell, in a letter to his constituents, enters into an analysis of the majority which had already pronounced against him ; and pointed out, that the towns were in his favour, and that he was overborne by the representatives of the counties, thereby sowing the seeds of discord and jealousy between town and country.

We omit the consideration of his conduct, and of the temper exhibited by him during the Administration of Sir Robert Peel, and the subsequent period during which he filled the office of first Minister of the Crown, although many circumstances might be adduced in the course of this important part of his public life illustrative of his character, and shall confine ourselves to a few comments on the most recent of those events in which the noble lord has borne a part. After a defeat in 1851 upon a motion of Mr. Locke King for parliamentary reform, which was followed by a resignation, afterwards withdrawn in consequence of the unwillingness of Lord Derby to form an Administration at that time, he made a promise that he would in a future session introduce a bill on the subject, which would prove satisfactory to reformers. This promised measure—which was to extinguish discontent, and in words used of the Reform Bill of 1832 “give everything to everybody”—to be at once conservative and democratic—to prop up our institutions and satisfy the expectations of those who would pull them down—was submitted to the House of Commons at the beginning of the session of 1852. The main propositions contained in it were—the extension of the right of voting in boroughs to householders of the annual value of £5, and in counties to persons paying an annual rent of £20 ; the abolition of the property qualification for members of Parliament ; the repeal of the oath of supremacy ; and of that now taken by Roman Catholics as required by the Emancipation Act of 1829. Without entering upon a full consideration of the various details of this measure, which happily has not become law, and which most probably will never again come before the country, we would observe, as to the extension of the franchise thus proposed, that it would so largely augment the movement or progressive party in the House of Commons, that the stability of the great institutions of the country would be placed in the utmost peril. A very considerable addition would be made to the followers of Messrs. Cobden, Bright, Roebuck, and Williams (of Lambeth), consisting very probably of men unscrupulous, bitter, and envious, who would be ready to countenance any course which might humble those whom they regard with mingled feelings of hatred and envy. It is at the same time not improbable, that many of those very noisy and mischievous persons

without character, and without property—(for if there are none excluded by the Qualification Act of Anne, who would otherwise be returned to Parliament, the repeal of it is plainly trifling)—would follow the example of some Irish patriots, who, after foaming out a proper quantity of virtuous indignation, show a most obsequious obedience to the bidding of the Minister of the day. It is true, that Lord John Russell has declared that any person, who can sustain the expense of a residence in London, is quite sufficiently qualified, for no one could do so without competent means. But he must surely have forgotten, that London contains hundreds of men with voluble tongues, and not much severity of taste or strictness of principle, who would not be unwilling to devote their evenings to the House of Commons, rather than to other more convivial, if less dignified, places of resort. Colourable qualifications are no doubt in many instances granted, but they who receive them must be in some measure regarded as worthy of being trusted. It is to be feared, however, that there are men who would be considered by certain constituencies fit to represent their political interests, and yet to whom no prudent man would give a rent charge of £300 per annum, with no other security than his *honour*, that he would not claim it as a *bonâ fide* grant.

The proposed repeal of the Roman Catholic oath is, perhaps, still more unprincipled and dangerous. When this body was suing for an admission to a full enjoyment of all the privileges of the constitution, it was adduced as an objection against their demands, that if they possessed political power they would employ it to the detriment of the Established Church, particularly in Ireland. This objection had the strongest possible effect upon the minds of many, who were yet willing to see their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen upon a political level with themselves, and hence great pains were taken to do away such an impression of their intentions. In a declaration of the General Committee of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, dated Dublin, March 16th, 1792, signed by Edward Byrne, Chairman, on behalf of the laity, and by Dr. Troy, the Titular Archbishop, and his clergy, and published for the purpose, as it states, of “giving full and ample satisfaction to our Protestant brethren,” the following passage occurs:—

“It has been objected to us that we wish to subvert the present Church Establishment for the purpose of substituting a Catholic Establishment in its stead. Now we do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any such intention; and further, if we shall be admitted into any share of the constitution by our being restored to the right of elective franchise, we are ready in the most solemn manner to

declare that we will not exercise that privilege to disturb and weaken the Establishment of the Protestant religion or Protestant government in this country."

Similar sentiments have been from time to time delivered, up to the year 1829, when the full demands of the Roman Catholics were granted; and an oath was appointed to be taken, framed from their own express words, as being the most solemn form of declaration which could be employed by man; and as no engagement made by a number of individuals could bind those who were to come after them, it was thus provided that it should be made permanent, and last from generation to generation. There are some who assert that such declarations were made merely as a feint; that the Roman Catholics now boldly avow their real sentiments when no further necessity exists to conceal them; and that no such condition will be any longer recognised. We should be slow, for our part, to attribute such a want of principle to a large, influential, and intelligent body of our fellow-countrymen, who are bound together by not only political but religious ties. Whatever may be the course pursued by the blind and fanatical bigotry of some zealots, we cannot but believe that every conscientious and moderate Roman Catholic does really abstain from any political act as a legislator, which may have the effect of weakening the Protestant religion as established in these kingdoms; and that a sense of shame hinders others, perhaps less scrupulous, from openly violating what every candid-minded man must feel to be the obvious meaning of this oath. It stands at the very portals of the Legislature, as a national declaration, that when the civil disabilities of the Roman Catholic were removed, no intention was entertained of sanctioning any infringement of the established religion. But Lord John Russell proposed to do away with this security, as it was supposed to be, and which ought to have been permitted to continue, even if inoperative, until something more effective had been provided. To relax the obligation is equivalent to giving a sanction to their hostile designs. The terms in which he made this proposition are very remarkable; for, although appearing to confer a favour, he in reality casts out a most bitter and stinging imputation upon his former allies, the Irish brigade:—

"I do not think there is any advantage in those provisions with respect to the Roman Catholic which oblige him to declare, that he will not attempt to subvert the Protestant religion, or interfere with the settlement of the Church as established in this country. It appears to me that an oath for that purpose is totally useless. If the member admitted has no wish to disturb the Protestant religion, or to

interfere with the Established Church, then the oath is unnecessary; but if he comes into the house with a determined repugnance to the Established Church, and a desire to do all he can to injure it, *why then, I say, the oath will not prevent his doing so.*"

The noble lord seems to be one of that class, often to be met in less conspicuous stations, who cannot abstain from saying something spiteful, whenever an opportunity is placed within their reach, and he has certainly in this case been consistent with himself. Exeter Hall, in its bitterest mood, could hardly exceed this illustration of the time-honoured imputation, "*Nulla fides hereticis servanda.*"

Some of the public press have commented with much contempt on such a measure of reform, which, while it disturbs the settlement of 1832, is not sufficiently wide to satisfy the great body of the reformers, many of whom would not be unwilling to adopt the five points of the charter, of which he only concedes one. It is said, that it will only give rise to still further demands, and that no quiet can be expected until every possible concession shall have been made; but a large and exhaustive measure on this, or on any other subject fruitful in excitement, can never be looked for from Lord John Russell. He is not so unwise as to risk his whole capital upon a single throw. He still desires to reserve something in hand, by which he may stimulate expectation, and so prolong his tenure of power. It is related of the famous Medea, that when she was flying from her native country, and found herself pursued, she cut up the body of her brother and strewed portions of his mangled limbs upon the surface of the earth, in order that further pursuit might be slackened while they were being collected; and thus it would seem, as if Lord John Russell were disposed to hew the constitution into pieces, and cast them out one after another to stay the progress of his opponents, and secure his own safety the meanwhile. Hence the more economically he deals out his reforms the larger the resources he possesses for future exigencies. A more dangerous Minister, whose policy must be in the highest degree ruinous to the country over whose destinies he may preside, cannot be found in the whole circle of English statesmen; to the tranquil he supplies perpetual cause of alarm by the prospect of violent changes; in the disaffected he keeps alive continued expectation, which affords a stimulus to renewed demands each wider than the former; and in all classes his past conduct inspires the belief, that he is ready to deal with the most important interests of the country, rather to maintain party warfare, than to promote them in the most effectual manner with generous self denial.

His conduct since he has returned to the opposition benches,

“In power unpleas’d, impatient of disgrace,”

has been so purely and barefacedly factious, that it has caused even some of his own supporters to blush for him, and shrink back from following the unworthy course in which he proposed to lead them. Hardly had he resigned the seals of office, from which he sank rather than was driven, when he assembled around him, in his private residence, a group rather than a party consisting of the representatives of all shades of opinion who held the dogma of free-trade, but who in other matters differed as widely from each other as they did from the present occupiers of the Treasury bench, in order to concert measures of warfare and annoyance. Fortified with the approbation of Sir James Graham, and the presence of Mr. Cobden, he proceeded to unfold his intentions of “questioning” the new Ministers as to their intentions, throwing out at the same time intimations of an altered course in the event of his obtaining a new lease of power. To the Reformers he promised an “improved measure of Parliamentary Reform,” and, to the Radical aspirants to office, the construction of an Administration upon a “broader basis.” The former Whig fastidiousness was to be for ever renounced, and a fusion with the Manchester school apparently held out as within the range of probability. Such a scene suggests very strongly the description of a still more illustrious personage “bidding for power,” as set forth by the philosophical historian:—“*Nec deerat Otho, protendens manus, adorare vulgum, jacere oscula, et omnia serviliter pro dominatione.*” Then in the House of Commons he appears rather the ill-tempered censor, than the constitutional opponent of Lord Derby’s Administration, “willing to wound and yet afraid to strike;” and by his endeavours to defeat the Militia Bill, which differs slightly from one proposed by himself, and which he declared upon the introduction of his own measure to be essential to the defence of the country, he shows himself prepared to grasp at a party triumph, to be purchased at the cost of a disregard of the nation’s interests, and even security.

But it is to the United Church of England and Ireland that the return of Lord John Russell to office will be found pre-eminently disastrous. His predilections are in direct antagonism to her principles, and his party interests rest in a great measure for support upon her rivals and adversaries. While the Anglican branch of the Catholic Church, unlike the Roman (which has unduly multiplied its articles of faith beyond what either holy Scripture or primitive tradition has warranted), retains only those creeds which were professed anterior to the division of

East and West: yet within those limits she steadfastly holds forth a certain "form of sound words," which all her members are required to receive and believe. As inheriting a definite creed she is decidedly opposed to all latitudinarian theories, which would seek for a wider comprehension by a surrender, whether avowed or virtual, of any doctrine of the Christian faith which God has expressly revealed; but Lord John Russell is well known to entertain a strong tendency toward the views of the late Dr. Arnold, who was favourable to a combination of the various religious bodies in England, by the abolition of all fixed creeds, so that the Church, instead of being "the pillar and ground of the truth," should be a gigantic mass of contradictions, in which error and confusion should be consecrated. His lordship has shown more than an inert sympathy toward this system. It has always been the destiny of Christ's holy Church to encounter hostility *ab extra*—its very name, the "Church Militant," suggests to the members of it what they are to expect; so that, instead of being startled by it as a strange thing, they should recognise it as their earthly portion; but he has carried out his warfare from within, by fostering in her own pale principles not only antagonistic, but even subversive, of her essential characteristics.

The great philosophical historian of the Peloponnesian war has left on record, a most admirable and life-like picture of the manner of the warfare carried on by the Athenians and Lacedæmonians, upon the battle-field of Greece. The aristocracy and the populace in each minor State, when one of them found its strength waning before that of the other, sought the assistance of either of the two, which was readily granted, and the ascendancy of one of the rival people thus secured. If the aristocracy were to be rendered predominant, the State became virtually subject to Sparta, or if the populace to Athens. Thus in the bosom of each of these States, an alien influence was maintained among and by themselves, more destructive and disorganizing than if a hostile force were thundering at their gates. They saw Sparta or Athens triumphing over them in the person of their fellow-citizens speaking their language and sustaining offices designed for their own protection, but which were turned into weapons of offence and injury. A similar course of policy has been pursued by Lord John Russell with respect to the Church. In his exercise of the Crown patronage, he seems to have had in view, rather the gratification of the dissenting interest by his nomination of persons of not dissimilar views, than the advancement of the influence of the Church, in the promotion of those who faithfully reflected her distinguishing principles.

Lord John Russell has endeavoured, and not without some success, to raise political capital by his famous letter on the Papal Aggression, addressed to the Bishop of Durham, dated November 4th, 1850. There are few incidents in the history of our own times more sad, and calculated to give rise to more painful reflections, than the consideration of the terms of this production, and the comparative success with which it was attended. If it were produced without any signature, and an enquiry were instituted as to the author's name, it might without any want of probability have been attributed to the Earl of Winchelsea, the Earl of Roden, or some other equally well-known, zealous, and consistent Protestant champion. But the writer, whose new-born zeal in the cause of Protestantism so far exceeded the bounds of prudence or moderation, and who was more Protestant than the Protestant Association itself, was the statesman who has for a number of years employed all his influence and authority to support the pretensions, and even satisfy the resentments, of the Church of Rome in the British dominions. In the year 1835 he did not consider it unworthy of his great name and station to lend himself as an instrument to wreak out the theological hatred, of the Romanist party in Ireland, upon the Established Church. In 1845, he professed himself not unwilling to concur in a repeal of that clause of the Catholic Emancipation Act, which prohibits the use of titles by Romish ecclesiastics, derived from sees occupied by Anglican prelates. The Earl of Clarendon, late Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, whose conduct upon the occasion was well known to Lord John Russell, and which, as he did not censure, he sanctioned, addressed them with titles of honour, sought their advice, and courted their favour with all those persuasive arts for which the noble earl is so distinguished. Not content with confining the conciliating away of the Queen's supremacy to Ireland, he called the attention of the Colonial Secretary to the matter, and drew forth from Earl Grey a despatch requiring colonial governors to grant precedence to the Pope's bishops in some cases before, in all instances immediately after, the bishops of the Anglican Church! Upon the occasion of the visit of her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria to Ireland, among the names of the personages admitted to the privilege of the *entrée* occur those of the Roman Catholic Primate, and the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, which was done by a mistake of some person in the Chamberlain's office, but left without explanation, until the public feeling was aroused in England by the Papal Aggression. When the statutes of the Queen's colleges in Ireland were completed, the noble Viceroy of Ireland caused

them to be submitted to the approbation of the Pope, with strong expressions not only of personal respect, but of a desire to conform those institutions as far as possible to the views of his holiness ! It was not at all uncommon to find Protestant clergymen recommended to the Earl of Clarendon, by Romish ecclesiastics and corporations, for the highest dignities in the Established Church, and rarely without effect. Such were the lengths to which concession and conciliation toward the Roman Catholic religion proceeded, especially in Ireland, that, instead of the expression of indignation with which the Durham letter opens, the newly-appointed cardinal and his hierarchy might have rather expected to have been received, upon their landing, with every possible mark of distinction on the part of the constituted authorities. And so they probably would have been, were it not that the feelings of the people, and it is said of the Queen, were strongly excited upon the subject ; and hence, in accordance with his usual course of proceeding, the noble lord threw himself into the midst of the clamour, and was louder and more vehement than any other in denouncing the natural and not unreasonable consequence of his own policy.

But in such a state of the public mind it was necessary to find some object upon which the indignation so generally felt, and so vehemently expressed, might be wreaked out, and this was provided by the rather self-interested care of Lord John Russell. Pointing to the Tractarian divines, he said, " Here are the authors of this aggression ; upon them let your anger fall ; they are both criminal and incorrigible."

A little reflection would, however, convince every person of candid mind, that no authority can by any means be compared with that of the State in affording stability, extension, and authority, to any system which it may favour. If it be granted that the Tractarians produced *all* the effects attributed to their teaching, yet their influence could have been only slight and partial, compared with that of the Government, steadily directed to countenance Romanism for such a number of years. This is what its most zealous advocates so earnestly desire, and in return for which they are ready to barter their political support, as appears from the letters of Mr. Sergeant Shee, addressed to a Roman Catholic priest in Cork, who, after referring to the continued preservation of their faith amid persecution, asks :—

" Is that a reason why we should not strive to obtain for our Church, on terms compatible with its perfect freedom, the visible external homage of public opinion and *authority*—that countenance which once given can never be withdrawn—that *testimony by the State to its worth and excellence*, by which the high and mighty of this world

may be brought within the range of its happy influence for their own great profit and the unspeakable blessing of all whom Providence has placed under them?"

This aspiration has been fulfilled by Lord John Russell and the Earl of Clarendon, to the utmost extent of their opportunities, although without the result of bringing "the high and mighty within the range of the happy influence of Rome," in any considerable numbers; and now, that the first excitement produced by the Papal aggression has passed away, we trust our fellow countrymen will recognise the true state of the case, and award the blame where it is so justly due.

In the life of nations, as well as individuals, progress is the condition under which it exists until it has reached maturity. England assuredly bears within her no symptoms of old age; but, on the contrary, exhibits on every side all the marks of vigorous development which is far from having attained its remotest limits. There is no party deserving the name which will not admit the necessity of progress: the only question is, as to the extent to which it should be carried, and the principle by which it should be regulated. They who desire a progress gradual, moderate, and arising from the expansion rather than the reconstruction of our ancient institutions, under the shade of which the English people have been long and securely sheltered, will use all their influence to strengthen the Administration of the Earl of Derby. They who prefer tentative and *ad saltum* measures, which are perpetually shifting old land marks in order to gratify the lovers of change and disorder, will rally round Lord John Russell. We would only add, in the words of an Athenian orator, "Let what has now been offered, and what your own thoughts must supply, be duly weighed, and pronounce such a verdict as justice and the interests of the State demand."

ART. IX.—*Filia Dolorosa. Memoirs of Marie Thérèse Charlotte, Duchess of Angoulême, the last of the Dauphines.*
By MRS. ROMER. Two Vols. London: Bentley. 1852.

THIS is a deeply interesting record of the life of one whose sufferings have dignified her in the estimation of the world and whose sorrows belong to history. Illustrious alike by her birth and virtue, the Duchess d'Angoulême occupies no mean space in the pages which chronicle the events of modern times. The story of her griefs has, indeed, been often told,

and there are few who are not in some measure familiar with the facts with which it is connected. Many of these facts may be numbered within the compass of a lengthened life, and are yet matters of recollection with a few; whilst those, whose memory they antedate, have doubtless read them in the current histories of the day. Still, they have been so eventful—so deeply interesting in their character—that we are not wearied by the recital. They are ever coming to us with the reflection of some new light, expressive of their real nature and explanatory of their real causes. Something that was not generally known before is from time to time presented to us, as the memoirs of those who were the miserable sufferers, or still more miserable actors, in scenes which have no parallel, issue from the press. Hence lessons containing new matter of instruction are derived from the fresh phases which the facts themselves are made to assume. Moreover, a moral and political impulse was given by them, the full fruition of which the world has yet to reap. We have witnessed some of the results: we are passing through others, and are awaiting the rest in anxious suspense; but, as they succeed to each other in our experience, they furnish us with fresh materials for conjecture. What may be their final issue occupies the ingenuity of speculation to its fullest extent, but is utterly beyond the decision of human sagacity.

The history of the earlier days of the Duchess d'Angoulême, is of necessity the history of the French Revolution—that Revolution we mean—for revolutions are not now solitary events, and it is therefore necessary to specify—which first overthrew the dynasty of the Bourbons and ultimately placed a military adventurer on the throne of France. Our readers will, therefore, not be surprised that one of the volumes before us is entirely occupied with the earlier period of the duchess's life and the scenes with which they were immediately connected. From the moment when she was ushered into the world, the first-born of her royal parents, the joy of her mother's heart, but the disappointment of a nation, to the hour of her deliverance from the foul and gloomy solitude of the Temple, occupied but the short space of seventeen years. Of this space, the scenes which were enacted from the outbreak of the insurrection in July, 1789, to the close of the National Convention in October, 1795, occupied the still shorter period of six years. Short, however, as was the period, it was an age in the history of the world, and more than a life in the individual experience of those who passed through it. Into that brief space of time were crowded

events which influenced the destinies of nations, the downfall of a dynasty, the deliberate denial of a faith which had been acknowledged for ages, the triumph of all that was evil, and the retributive punishment of its fiendish ministers. They outraged humanity—they rioted in the lowest debauchery in the names of liberty and virtue—and betrayed each other to death under the plea of a regard for the rights of fraternity. Crimes too fearful in their character to be of more than solitary instance in their occurrence in the world's previous history—of so deep a dye as to mark the centuries in which they were committed—were heaped together in sad and summary concentration. Iniquities that mankind had never heard of were perpetrated by educated and so-called civilised men, without an adequate cause for their perpetration, or any sufficient grounds for explaining the mystery of their ferocity. History has many dark and fearful scenes depicted on its graphic pages; but the page which records the tale of these six years of sin, and shame, and woe, is the darkest of them all. Many there were who then lived years of agony in the suffering of an hour, and attained to more than a life's experience in the knowledge of a month. "*Mon Agonie de Trente Heures*" is the touching title of a history of suffering written by one who witnessed the massacre at the Abbaye (M. Jour-niac St. Méard); but it is also deeply significant as being characteristic of times in which only such titles could be originated. But, if these times were fearful, there is something still as fearful, and that is, that they have their apologists and defenders. It is no uncommon thing in the current literature of France to meet with well-written eulogies of Marat and Robespierre; and even Lamartine, in his republican zeal, occasionally loses the horror which every just man should feel for the crimes that were committed, in his admiration of the cause which they were meant to serve.

There are two things which cannot fail to strike an observant reader of the history of these times: the one is that the crimes of the revolution were the work of factions numerically insignificant; and the other is that the chief events of the Revolution were, in fact, but so many retributions. It is difficult not to believe, for instance, that in the armed multitudes who constituted the National Guard of Paris there were many who did not sympathize in their hearts with the deeds of which they were the spectators. Nay, it is more than probable that they formed the majority; and at any time, had they acted with unanimity and spirit, they could have prevented the commission of crimes which, when their

courage was no longer called for, they openly reprobated. The massacre of the priests at the Carmes, one of the most horrible of all the horrible scenes of the Revolution, was the work of a comparative handful. It is related, on the authority of an eye witness, that at the very moment when the court of the Carmes was swimming in blood, three hundred armed men were exercising in the gardens of the Luxembourg within a few paces of the scene of the massacre. A volley or two of musketry from these, or even a vigorous interference on the part of the thousands who gazed stupified by terror on acts which they abhorred, would have scattered this ferocious band or laid it low. The events of the revolution might then at least have been saved from the characters of blood in which they were thenceforth indelibly recorded. Something very similar took place in the French Revolution of 1848, when a battalion of the National Guards in martial array, and with arms in their hands, quietly watched the burning of a guard-house with its gallant defenders by a handful of ruffians, and even permitted some who had escaped to be butchered in the very midst of their ranks, by their ferocious pursuers, without lifting a hand for their protection. This battalion was composed of peaceful men and fathers of families, not drawn from the faubourgs, but from the respectable classes of the citizens. They doubtless abhorred the crime; but they had not courage to prevent it, and their cowardice became complicity. What might have been done is sufficiently evident from the manner in which the more sanguinary events of the Revolution were brought to a close. A determined and energetic action on the part of the Convention destroyed the power of the Commune with Robespierre at its head, and a well-directed discharge of artillery broke the power of the Sections.

It is a striking fact, however, that there is a class of ferocious criminals in France who are unlike all others. Their very existence is considered fabulous till they are seen in fierce action, and their manner of life and places of refuge are a mystery. They are peculiar in the terrible nature of their aspect and the fiendish character of their crimes. In every public commotion they suddenly appear upon the scene as if by magic, and when it is over melt away like a mist. These are the miscreants by whom the excesses are committed which political adventurers in France deem to be necessary for their own aggrandizement, and before whom peaceable men stand awestruck. They are mentioned by the writers of the time as giving a peculiar characteristic to the

events of the first Revolution; and all who have recorded the *emueves* and revolutions which have convulsed the French metropolis, the Protestant massacres in the South, or the more recent outrages of the Socialistic bands in the provinces, agree so completely in their description of the chief actors that it might almost seem as though they formed a distinct family, with a peculiar and hereditary capacity for crime and a prescriptive right to commit it in its worst forms. As long as this class exists, it is useless to urge the progress of civilization as a proof that the scenes of past iniquity can never be re-enacted. It is not a twelvemonth since they were witnessed in France; and, whatever may be the sin of Louis Napoleon on the score of ambition, society owes him much for the energy with which he crushed the spirit that was abroad. He crushed that spirit by the exercise of what is called a "despotic policy;" but it is the only policy that is good for France and her past history proves it. Her people clamour for liberty, but they do not understand its real meaning: they are utterly incapable of self-government; and, if they break the thralldom of a despotic monarchy, it is only to fall under the greater tyranny of the lawless leader of a still more lawless mob. These propositions are sufficiently proved by the fact that the miseries of France have arisen from the oppression exercised by a bold and guilty few over the inactive many. Another sad thing for France is that, whilst public courage has been wanting in the majority of her citizens, public probity has been equally wanting in her statesmen. It is the peculiar stigma of a country, which otherwise possesses in itself so many elements of nobility and greatness, that her highest officers have been, as a rule, devoid of common honesty and patriotism. To plunge the country into confusion for the sake of speculating in the funds—to take bribes—to struggle for place and power by base intrigues and in utter disregard to public interests—to hold them at any cost—to break faith unblushingly—these are political vices on the part of her chief men by no means of uncommon occurrence in the records of the history of France.

The history of the last half century shows us with what a happy facility Frenchmen can put on and off their allegiance as though it were an old glove. There is something almost ludicrous, if it were not humiliating, in this facility, as it was manifested during the "hundred days." Generals swearing to be faithful and to bring the usurper "like a wild beast in a cage," and then giving the first signal of defection—statesmen weeping for joy at the sight of one whom in his absence they

had diligently vilified—and the *Moniteur* first announcing the landing of Napoleon as that of the *Anthropophagos*, and then running through the several designations of ogre, usurper, general, and emperor as he approached the metropolis, till it finally chronicled his advent to the Tuilleries as that of “his Imperial Majesty amidst the acclamations of his faithful people”—these constitute a picture of political knavery which could not, we believe, be furnished by any other country at present in existence.

In our own day this want of political principle has been equally manifest. The Spanish marriage is yet in the recollection of our readers. M. Teste has, we believe, gone to his account; but we have still M. Thiers, who writes knowingly of revolutions, and has done as much as most men to precipitate them for selfish ends. We have M. Lamoricière virtuously indignant at the breach of public faith on the part of the President with Abdel Kader, still a prisoner in France; and, not to go tediously through the whole catalogue, all Europe has been but lately scandalized with the doings of an Assembly turned into a bear-garden by a party of public men desirous of re-enacting the scenes of the first Revolution for their own aggrandizement, and struggling to retain their place for the five-and-twenty francs *per diem* which it brought them. It is true that thousands have lately been banished from France, many of them, doubtless, very unjustly; but the banishment of such numbers from their native soil is either a political necessity or a great political crime. If it be a necessity, it is a striking index to the social condition of the country: if it be a crime, it only shows how power is attained and held in it. Still, we have no sympathy with the tears which public writers in our land are shedding over the wrongs of a constitution violated by the rough hand of despotism. Constitutional government in France is notoriously impossible: whenever it is attempted, it becomes either a farce or a tragedy. Constitutional feeling is with the French a sentiment and not a principle: they who care not to fulfil the duties which constitutional rights involve have surely no just claim to the privileges which they should confer. Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* has been the subject of much declamation, peculiarly French in its style and character, on the part of banished generals and disappointed statesmen; but with them Louis Napoleon's real crime is his success. He played a game of hazard with competitors as unscrupulous but not so clever as himself, and won it.

These causes of evil seem inherent in the political mind of

France. It was the struggle for pre-eminence, and the jealousy of the Polignacs on the part of the higher nobility, which precipitated the first steps of the Revolution. Much has been written and felt in the way of admiration, and very deservedly too, of the manner in which the *haute noblesse* of France passed through the fiery trial of that fearful period. Suffering taught them a dignity of virtue which they had never manifested in prosperity, and they ended by an exalted endurance of the wrong of which they themselves had laid the foundation in meanness and selfishness. One of the striking characteristics of the Revolution was the senseless hatred on the part of the people towards Marie Antionette. This hatred, in its indulgence, gave a peculiar ferocity to their conduct, and finally extended in its consequences to every woman who was unfortunate enough to possess either rank, or beauty, or wit. It is a sad thing to remember that this hatred had its origin in the malice of the aristocracy themselves, and that the vile accusations of the mob against the private character of the Queen were only the popular version of more courtly slanders. De Tessé de Noailles and de Civrac are names which stand high in the ancient rolls of French nobility; but to the mean and undignified jealousies of these houses and their adherents were owing the first cabals that distracted the court of Versailles, and finally taught a ferocious mob to care little for faith, for honour, or for worth, in the gratification of its selfish passions. This is a fact which must ever have its weight, and therefore should not be forgotten in any consideration of these times:—

“It was in the *haute noblesse* (says our author) that the unpopularity of Marie Antoinette originated. The corrupt courtiers, jealous of her intimacy with the Duchess de Polignac, did not fail to attribute criminal motives to it, and only succeeded too well in inspiring the public with that belief. Thus, to that high source may be traced the displeasure of the people, which was subsequently so fearfully manifested by them. Envy gave birth to the first detractions that were whispered against the Queen; and detractions gradually assumed the forms of odious calumnies, which were eagerly caught at and circulated among the populace, until they obtained universal credence and drew upon her devoted head the misfortunes that ultimately involved the King himself.”

Hence it is that the events of French history have a peculiarly retributive character in the aspect which they present to us. If the house of Bourbon has met with calamities unparalleled in the annals of royalty, it is because that family has been essentially faithless in its compacts, selfish in its gratifi-

cations, and profligate in its vices. The unhappy Louis, though innocent himself in these respects, suffered for the sins of his race.

The hereditary treachery of the Orleans branch has been fearfully compensated by their suffering. Philip l'Egalité compassed the death of the King and the Queen for the gratification of a mean revenge. Of this there is but little doubt, and he perished at the guillotine. And if Louis Philippe died in exile in this country, it is a significant fact that he was one of those who swore the loudest, in the peril of the hundred days, that "he would never occupy the throne from which his royal relative should have been expelled."

As regarded the relative positions of the privileged classes and the people, or *tiers état*, they were those generally of wrong on the one hand, and misery and suffering on the other. The clergy received much and paid back little. Necker, in his "Administration des Finances," estimated their income at one hundred and thirty millions of livres, and the proportion of their real property to that of other landowners as one to five and three-fourths. There was great abuse in the distribution of livings, especially those granted to the clergy, called *Abbés Commendataires*. Of these there were two hundred and twenty-five, and most of them very rich. These ecclesiastical sinecures were almost all bestowed on the younger sons of the nobility. The contributions of the clergy towards the necessities of the State were by no means proportionate to their means; and their general manner of life, with some noble exceptions, was anything but conciliatory or edifying to the inferior classes. The nobility were divided into the *haute noblesse* and *petite noblesse*. The former required a descent of at least two hundred years. The whole body was exceedingly numerous: it was reckoned at one noble in every two hundred and fifty persons, and enjoyed many distinctive privileges. Every noble was exempted from the land-tax, military service, tax for the maintenance of the roads, and many other taxes and imposts. Only those, however, who were of the *haute noblesse* had access to the court as a birthright; and, even in the reign of Louis XVI., there appeared an *ordonnance* which required a man to prove four generations of nobility to qualify him for the rank of *sous lieutenant*. Besides this, in every regiment there was a second colonelcy, especially reserved as a gift for young noblemen, who thus began their career with a rank to which others could only attain after a long and hard service. The third class, or *tiers état*, comprehended the whole population, except the clergy and the nobility. The two last

lived, for the most part, unscrupulously and ostentatiously: the younger members were too often profligate as well as prodigal—the elder, sensual and selfish. They resided in the metropolis or the towns, and cared little for the condition of the peasantry on their estates. When the Revolution came the peasantry avenged themselves most fearfully. The Abbé Sieyès stated, in a few words, the case of the *tiers état* :—*“Qu'est ce que le tiers état ? Tout ! Qu'a-t-il été jusqu'à présent ? Rien ! Que demande-t-il à être ? Quelque chose.”* It was their struggle to become something that urged on the people in the first instance ; and when the weapon of retribution was once in their hand they used it unsparingly.

Oppression prepared the materials of the cup of suffering which the people made their ancient rulers drink ; and, when they had done their work of vengeance, those, too, who used them in their madness for their own ends, in turn became their victims. Humanity shudders at the fate of such a woman as Madame Roland ; but it was fitting she should know the true value of a Revolution for which she had worked with such mad and untiring enthusiasm: justice was at least avenged when she, whose unwomanly and groundless hatred had helped the Queen to her miserable prison, found herself an inmate of a similar abode at the same time, and awaiting the same fate.

The union of the King and Queen had not been in its earlier period a happy one. The same passionless nature, which in after life rendered Louis so passive in circumstances requiring energy and action, made him cold and insensible to the charms of a young and beautiful wife. She came into France ardent and enthusiastic—loveable and full of love for her affianced husband ; but, according to the gossiping memoirs of the day, she met with nothing in return but a mortifying indifference. Louis was no more to her than a decorous acquaintance. The selfishness of Louis XV. had crushed and withered the natural affection of his own son, the Dauphin, who sought his consolation in the asceticism of a gloomy devotion. He diligently imbued his son, the future Monarch of France, with his own views : hence, to the hereditary passiveness of disposition which he derived from his father, Louis XVI. added also the exaggerated notions of self-denial which he had been taught. For a long time after their marriage, poor Marie Antoinette was a wife only in name ; and it was not till a period of eight years had elapsed that her first-born was ushered into the world. She had known little of domestic felicity ; but this event seemed to open a well-spring of fresh affection in the heart of her hus-

band, and the love which she had won from him she retained in undiminished force till his dying hour. Thenceforth, all went well in the family relations of the royal household.

But the Queen, though loved and known in her own circle, was neither popular with the generality of the masses nor with the aristocracy. She had entered the land of her adoption with inauspicious omens, and her German education had totally unfitted her for the rigid formalities of Versailles. The people regarded her with prejudice, and the nobility mistook a simplicity of taste, which they could not understand, for a contempt of their privileges. At her entrance into France, she was received with great state in a little island on the Rhine between Kiel and Strasburg, forming the first portion of the French territory which she had to pass. Here a magnificent pavilion was prepared for her reception: no expense was spared in its construction, and there was no lack of artistic skill in its decoration; but, with equal want of taste as of feeling, the tapestried walls of the interior contained a representation of the fatal marriage of Jason and Creusa. The chief objects that immediately met the eye of the timid girl were those of a bride in her dying agony—a husband in his hopeless grief—and the fell sorceress, like an exulting demon, rejoicing in the misery which she had caused. A youth was present in the train of the Queen who denounced the cruel forgetfulness of the designer in no measured terms; and who, in after life, never referred to it but with indignation—that youth was Goëthe. Nor was this all: at Strasburg, where she passed her first night in France, on the walls of the room in which she slept was depicted the Murder of the Innocents; whilst, as if to give these omens something more than the force of a coincidence, at her nuptials no less than fifty persons were crushed to death in the crowd assembled to witness the fireworks which were exhibited to celebrate the occasion. These presages of evil exercised no small influence on her destiny: they were studiously recalled to mind by those who allowed no ingredient that could inflame the ignorant into fiercer hatred to escape their notice. The common people, from the first, became prejudiced against one who had come amongst them with such evil auguries. What had been her misfortune, through the negligence or thoughtlessness of others, came to be considered in after times, through the malignity of her enemies, as a crime.

But across the path which popular prejudice thus darkened there were occasionally a few gleams of sunshine. One of these occurred at the accession of the King to the throne

four years after his marriage. Madame Campan tells us that, whilst the Dauphin and his wife were anxiously awaiting news concerning the course which the King's sickness was likely to take, "a noise like thunder" was suddenly heard in the antechamber. "It was caused by the courtiers, who, deserting the couch of the deceased Monarch, now hastened to offer their homage to the new King." The royal pair received the intelligence in a touching and characteristic manner: they fell on their knees with this prayer—"O God, deign to guide and protect us: without Thy aid, we are too young to reign." The accession of the pure-minded Louis was universally hailed as a national deliverance from the fetid profligacy which disgraced the rule of his grandfather. For a time France seemed filled with joy and hope, and the Queen came in for her share of popularity. It is of this period that Michelet thus writes:—

"Old society wept and admired herself in her tears, and believed that she had grown young again. The *idyl* was now the strain in which the happy event was celebrated by the insipidity of Florian, the innocence of Gessner, and afterwards by the immortal eclogue of Paul and Virginia. The Queen built for herself a hamlet at a farm at Trianon. By their writings philosophers urged on the plough—

'Choiseul a husbandman—a hind Voltaire'—

All affected to interest themselves for the people—all loved the people. Benevolence was the order of the day; and, in whatever direction the eye was turned, little alms and great *fêtes* were ostentatiously given."

The Queen about this time was seized with a mania for country life and built herself a farm at Trianon furnished with every imaginable luxury and elegance, which certainly are not generally to be found in such an establishment, and possessing none of the requisites which are. The fashion was, of course, obsequiously followed by those who detested it. Court etiquette put off her rigid panoply for a season to suit the humour of the Queen, but festered with mortified pride at the result. This farming mania was, for the unhappy Antoinette, both a *sottise* and a misfortune. Her notions of country life were derived from the costumes of theatrical representation, and her attempt to enjoy the liberty of life, without the trammels of a painful formality, gave rise to most slanderous reports. All this while, too, the pretended love for the people, which had become a fashion of speech and thought, was nothing more than an idle sentiment. Some used it because it was the tone of the day and

others for baser purposes: by the most it was little understood and still less cared for. It gratified their vanity with egotistical suggestions of their own virtue; but it cost them nothing and left them as heartless as ever. France, just before the Revolution, was ringing from one end of it to the other with eloquent declamations in praise of virtue and benevolence, whilst she was hiding matter in her heart for the darkest crimes.

But in the midst of all this the King and the Queen were sincere in their desire for their people's welfare, whatever mistakes they may have made in their method of seeking it. That Marie Antoinette was foully belied there can be little doubt: her whole domestic life, as a wife and a mother, proves it. It is, indeed, difficult to account for the senseless rage with which she was regarded and spoken of by those who must have known better, and had no personal cause of quarrel against her except on the ground of that fiendish and demoniacal spirit which seems to have taken possession of the democratic mind:—

“ Maria Thérèse Charlotte, *fille du roi*, or as she was afterwards called, Madame Royale, was born at Versailles on the 19th December, 1789, and her entrance into a world, which was to be her scene of sorrow and mourning, had nearly cost the life of her mother. The severe sufferings of the queen, which necessitated extreme measures, were augmented by the barbarous custom then prevalent at the court of France of admitting the public to witness the birth of an heir to the crown. Madame Campan has given a graphic account of the scene that passed in the chamber of Marie Antoinette at the moment of her accouchement, and the fearful risk to which she was exposed by such an abuse of the privilege of the people. The royal family, the princes of the blood, and the ministers of the crown, had passed the preceding night in the rooms adjoining the queen's bed-chamber in hourly expectation of the event; but, at the approach of the critical moment—a moment when in all cases the greatest precaution, the utmost tranquillity, are necessary to ensure the safety of the sufferer—the public was admitted, burst tumultuously into the room, and, filling it to suffocation, not only impeded the movements of those whose assistance was required on the august patient, but heated the atmosphere to a degree that produced the most alarming results. Had not the king's forethought caused the tapestry screens which surrounded the queen's bed to be secured by strong cords, they would inevitably have been thrown down upon her by the rush of people, some of whom mounted upon the consoles and cabinets in order to obtain a more commodious view of the royal sufferer. The noise made by them—the stifling heat they occasioned—perhaps, too, the disappointment experienced by the queen on finding that her child was not a son—produced one of those nervous shocks which are so often fatal to

women in her situation. Her face became convulsed, the blood rushed to her head, and complete insensibility followed. For a moment it was feared that she had ceased to live, and consternation reigned around. The Princess de Lamballe fainted, and was borne lifeless through the crowd. The king, with a strength which had acquired additional force from desperation, burst open the lofty windows which had been closed and secured by bands of paper pasted around them, and admitted a current of fresh air into the room. The gentlemen-ushers summarily expelled the inquisitive and indiscreet crowd. The queen was bled in the foot; and, as the blood gushed forth, she unclosed her eyes and slowly returned to life. Then a delirium of joy succeeded to the terror of the preceding moment. Tears of thankfulness were shed by all around, and the bed-chamber-woman, who announced to the noblemen assembled in the *cabinet des nobles* that the queen had recovered consciousness and had spoken, was publicly embraced by the Austrian Ambassador and the Prince de Paix, and literally inundated with their tears."

This was a custom as barbarous as it was indelicate, and certainly one more honoured in the breach than the observance. The whole scene is highly characteristic of a *regime* which has passed away, and is eminently French, even down to the kissing and tears.

After the birth of the princess, the Queen successively presented the nation with three other children: the first of these, a son, died in his eighth year; the second, a daughter, died almost immediately after her birth; and the third, a son, survived to share the misery of his family and to perish by means so fiendish in their nature as only to have been conceived in the mind of a French revolutionist. Connected with the births of the eldest and the youngest son, two incidents are related which are too interesting to be passed over. As eight years before the birth of a daughter had elapsed and she was ineligible by the Salic law for the throne, the Comte de Provence, the King's brother, afterwards Louis XVIII., stood in the position of heir-presumptive. This position was entirely altered at the birth of the first Dauphin, and Monsieur is said to have found a letter on retiring to his night's rest mysteriously placed on his table: the letter was opened and was thus worded:—

"Be comforted. I have just drawn the horoscope of the new-born prince. He will not deprive you of the crown. He will cease to live when his father ceases to reign. Another besides yourself will, however, succeed to Louis XVI.; but you will, nevertheless, be one day King of France. He who becomes your successor will be most unfortunate. Rejoice greatly that you are without progeny. The existence of your sons would be menaced by too many evils; for your family is destined to drink to the very dregs of the bitterest draught.

contained in the cup of Fate. Adieu : tremble for your life should you seek to know me. I am . . . DEATH !”

This is curious, if true; but it is worthy of remark that the prediction was truer of the second Dauphin than of the first. The other incident to which we have alluded is best related in the words of our author:—

“The queen was happily delivered on the 27th March, 1785, at five minutes past seven in the evening, of a prince (the second dauphin), on whom were bestowed the names of Louis Charles, and the title of ‘Duke of Normandy.’ His birth was marked by an accidental circumstance which at the moment occasioned no remark; but which was afterwards remembered and commented upon as having been strangely prophetic of the fate that awaited the child of such fair and brilliant promises. Amongst the various ornaments with which the canopy of the queen’s state-bed was profusely decorated was a royal crown. At the moment of the birth, when the accoucheur, Monsieur Vermont, pronounced aloud the customary formula, ‘*La Reine va accoucher*,’ the crown became detached from the place it occupied, and, falling to the ground, rolled to the side of the bed occupied by Marie Antoinette, as though to display its shattered fragments under the very eyes of the august patient—sad presage of the fortunes of him to whom the shadow of a broken crown and the empty title of a king were one day to devolve !”

At the birth of the second Dauphin, Madame Royale was about six years old. She had been the object of a love and care seldom to be found exercised towards the offspring of a royal house. Her studies were personally superintended by both her parents. Louis taught her geography, in the knowledge of which he was a proficient; whilst the Queen, besides instructing her in those branches of ornamental work in which she herself delighted, and personally superintending the lessons given to her by others, enforced the precepts of morality and religion on her mind with a steadiness of purpose and strength of principle which give the lie to those who assert her to have been utterly heartless in her volatility. Neither pleasure, business, nor even illness, were suffered by this much maligned mother to interfere with the determination which she had taken to superintend her daughter’s education:—

“Every morning, at ten, she repaired to her daughter’s apartment; or, if not well enough to do so, the little princess was brought by one of the *sous-gouvernantes* to the queen’s bedside, where her lessons were gone through. All the playful vivacity and volatile flow of spirits natural to Marie Antoinette, and in which she indulged in her private circle with such charming affability, were then laid aside. She became serious and strict, even severe, but never capriciously so. She never passed over the slightest fault in her child, nor ever failed to encourage

and recompense her diligence and good conduct. She accustomed her to the language of reason from her earliest years ; and was loved, feared, and respected by her in an equal degree."

Two instances are recorded in these volumes of the practical teaching of her royal parents which we cannot forbear from laying before our readers. One occurred during the severe suffering from the scarcity of food at Paris :—

"It was the usual custom that, on New Year's-eve, a quantity of children's playthings of all sorts, and every description of newly-invented toy, should be brought from Paris to Versailles and ranged in the queen's dressing-room, preparatory to the distribution of *étrennes* to the royal children on New Year's-day. Accordingly, on the occasion in question, Marie Antoinette, taking her children by the hand, proceeded to the apartment where so many ingeniously contrived futilities were set forth in tempting array ; and, after making them admire, one after another, the mechanical dolls that could walk and talk—the birds that fluttered out of *bon bonnières*, sang their songs and fluttered back again—the ménages, the Noah's arks, &c., which covered the tables, until their eyes sparkled with expectation—she told them that it had been her intention to have given them, as on former occasions, their choice of the beautiful things which they saw before them for their *étrennes* ; but that this year they must only look at them, for the severity of the season and the scarcity of food having reduced numbers of poor families to starvation she could not reconcile it to her conscience to expend upon futilities the money that would enable so many wretched paupers to subsist during the winter : that she had therefore decided upon devoting to the purchase of warm clothing, food, and firing, the sum which in preceding years had been spent in toys ; but that, as some gratification was due to her children, she had reserved for them the very great one of distributing those charities among the suffering poor. And then, in order to show them that the practice of generosity should never render us unmindful of that of justice, the queen ordered that a gratuity of fifty louis should be presented to the owner of the toys to indemnify him for his disappointment in having sold nothing, and for the expenses he had incurred in the transport of his *marchandise* to Versailles."

The second of these instances occurred on the occasion of her receiving her *premiere communion*. This, as is well known, is a time of great outward solemnity at least, in Roman Catholic households, and mostly of real and deep feeling on the part of the young communicants. The young princess was brought by her mother into the King's chamber and desired to kneel before him for his blessing. This the King gave her with much emotion, and addressed her in words full of a Christian and devout spirit and almost of a prophetic meaning ; but something more was done. It was the long established privilege of the daughters of France that they

should receive, on this occasion, a splendid panure of diamonds. This privilege the King asked his daughter to forego:—

“I know you to be so reasonable, my child (said he), that I cannot believe you would attach any value to the vain adornment of your person at a moment when you ought to be wholly occupied in adorning your heart and rendering it a fit sanctuary for divinity. Besides, the public misery is so great at present—so overwhelming and the destitution of the poor so complete—that I feel convinced you will not hesitate for a moment between the satisfaction of wearing jewels, or the far greater one, which I suggest to you, of giving bread to the hungry. I have, therefore, decided that the sum which should have been expended in diamonds shall be devoted to the relief of the indigent.”

It is needless to say that, young as she was, the Dauphine adopted her father's suggestion with heartfelt satisfaction.

The consequence of this almost prophetic preparation was that the young princess grew up fitted for the scenes through which it was her sad lot to pass. Habits of reflection and self-dependence were acquired which were eminently useful to her in her after life, whilst her spirit became deeply imbued with the precepts of religion. She learned the one from the teaching of her mother who herself had gained many a painful lesson from experience, and the other from the example of her father, and her aunt, Madame Elizabeth. But, though she had her father's disposition, she had not her mother's capacity, and in this respect was inferior to the Dauphin. This may account for the fact that what, in the freshness of her youth, wore the aspect of gentle firmness and patient resignation, in her maturer age sometimes took the forms of obstinacy and exclusiveness. She grew up more of a woman than a child; and to the hereditary pride of blood, distinguishing the illustrious houses from which she was descended, added the gravity of precocious thought; so that it was remarked of her that “*elle n'avait jamais été enfant, toujours grande dame.*” She was but eleven when she formed one of the sad party forced by a furious mob from Versailles never to return to it. From that time, to the imprisonment of the royal family, many fearful scenes followed each other in rapid succession. Throughout the whole of them she was by the side of her mother, the indignant witness of the wrongs which her father patiently endured, and of the dastardly insults that were heaped upon the Queen, who was still a woman and a wife. Young as she was, she bore her part in these trying scenes with singular firmness, repressing her own emotions and endeavouring with gentle courage to sustain her little brother, who, in very

weariness of body, slept amid the general grief, or waking clung to her in wondering fear. Such a picture of family suffering as the records of these scenes continually present to us the world never saw, and the world, we hope, will never see again. The heart bleeds at the details—the pen falters in describing it. We have been often present when one, whom all who knew him will love to remember, the late Professor Smythe, used to tell the tale of this suffering in the lecture-room at Cambridge: the room was full of bearded men and manly youths; and as the good old man, absorbed in his subject and with sorrow in his heart, went on till he could go no further, and then laid down his head and wept in all the child-like simplicity of his character, deep silence pervaded the whole assembly: the tears were in every eye, and grave professors were as much moved as the youths beside them. If manly hearts could thus be stirred at the bare recital of these sufferings, what must have been the fiendish devilism which deliberately designed, prolonged, and exulted in them! One of the most touching of these scenes was the long agony endured in the Assembly, whither the royal family had been counselled to flee for refuge from the massacre at the Tuilleries. Here, throughout a weary day, every species of insult was heaped upon the heads of this devoted party. Crowded into a box about twelve feet square, the *Tribune du Logographe*, used by the reporters, who made what room they could but did not leave their places, sat the royal family and their suite, some twenty persons besides the usual occupants, with the rays of an August sun upon them—every passage blocked up by crowds and not a breath of air stirring. This they endured for seventeen hours amidst the cold indifference of the reporters who went on with their work; the ferocious threats of the miscreants who came from time to time into the Assembly with bloody weapons to boast of their deeds; the shrieks of the murdered close at hand, and the malignant observations of the members themselves. Lamartine justly remarks, “God alone can measure the duration of this seventeen hours in the minds of the King, the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the children.” The Dauphin slept throughout the whole from the weariness of childhood; the Queen despaired and wondered; the King sat with a resignation that looked like apathy; and Madame Royale, though she appeared calm, says herself that on this day she “passed a long life.” It might well be so; for it made her old, and gave her the thought of years before years had come. She never looked up afterwards, and acquired a gravity of demeanour which in her after-life became austerity,

and was always an index to the mental agony of these fearful hours.

It was at this time that David, the painter, perpetrated one of those insults which immortalized him in infamy. Passing the front of the box in which the royal family was seated, the King enquired of him when he should have finished the portrait of Louis which he had commenced. "I will never again— (answered the cowardly villain in a loud voice and a ferocious look at the King and his family)—I will never again paint the likeness of a tyrant till I see his head rolling on the scaffold." On another occasion, in which he paid an official visit to the Temple, the Princess Elizabeth asked him for a pinch of snuff from the open box in his hand. "You are not made to put your fingers into *my* box," was the answer of this enlightened artist and model republican. He then offered her a small quantity on his thumb nail, which the poor lady meekly declined. This fellow's heart was as foul as his face and as cold as his painting; for he was disfigured by an enormous wen—his drawing was stiff, and his colouring as though it had been mixed with snow. Apologies have been offered by his biographers, and the commission of these insults faintly denied. No one, however, doubts that he was the bosom-friend of Robespierre, and one of the chief actors in the bloodiest scenes of the Revolution. Nothing more than this is necessary for the confirmation of anecdotes, which, otherwise, rest on good authority. When the royal family was restored, no heavier retribution was awarded him than a banishment to Brussels. The Christian forbearance of the King was worthy of admiration; but historical justice seems scarcely to have been vindicated, and he himself in the King's place would have decreed a different kind of compensation.

It was two o'clock in the morning of the 11th that the royal family were dismissed from the Assembly to apartments hastily prepared for them in a neighbouring building, the Convent of Feuillants. They were escorted, or rather menaced, on their way by pikemen, whose weapons were reeking with the blood of the slain Swiss, lighted by torches stuck in the muzzles of muskets, and assailed with horrid imprecations. The young princess was threatened by these fiends in human shape with a fate worse than death, the purport of which she happily did not understand; whilst the poor little Dauphin, still sleeping, had pikes presented to his breast, which, with a cruel calculation, were not at the time thrust to his heart. At the Feuillants, the royal family found themselves in utter destitution, and were indebted to their friends for the most neces-

sary articles of clothing. They were again dragged before the Assembly, and two days afterwards transferred to the Temple—a foul abode, from which three of this sad party passed to the scaffold. One went forth a sorrowing mourner for life, and the Dauphin to a degradation of mind and body deliberately designed by the rulers of the day, and willingly accomplished by their agents, a shoe-maker and his wife, named Simon. Happily death soon released him from his sufferings; but the magnanimity of that Republic, the courage of that “*patient*” (!) people, may well be judged of, which could devise no other method of putting a poor child out of the way than by the brutal instrumentality of a wretch whose special instructions were to debilitate his body and to poison his soul—instructions which he carried out to the very letter. The whole tale of this imprisonment and the subsequent torture of the Dauphin is graphically and touchingly told in the volume before us, and to it we must refer our readers for the details. It only remains to be said that Simon shared the fate of Robespierre. He was one of the twenty-two who fell under the guillotine at the triumph of the Convention over the Commune.

The flight to Varennes had preceded the sad scene to which we have alluded. This seems to have been a series of mistakes and indecisions. The royal party was recognised and pertinaciously followed by the son of a postmaster—whose name has come to us with the stigma of his mad vanity attached to it—stopped at Varennes and lodged in the house of a grocer, the procureur of the town. Thence it was escorted back to Paris in insolent triumph. A little common forethought and common sense—a spirited charge from half-a-dozen armed men—might have averted the calamity and saved France from the crimes which subsequently disgraced her; but as in many of these sad scenes so in this—that which was the most needed was the last thought of—that which was the readiest at hand was the most disregarded. The Queen appealed passionately to the wife of this grocer for help, but in vain—went to bed in utter despair and rose in the morning with her head silvered with grief—her hair had turned grey in one night! Blame is thrown upon the grocer’s wife by our author for the hard-hearted resolution with which she refused the Queen’s request; but the terms of this blame attribute to her a greater strength of purpose and character than she probably possessed. Fear had as much to do with her refusal as republican principle, and the truer solution of the matter is to be found in the

homely answer which she is reported to have made to the Queen:—"Dame, you think of the King, and I think of M. Sausse: every woman for her own husband."

After the attack on the Tuilleries followed the fearful massacres of September: the various prisons were emptied of their unhappy inmates one after another; and the monster people, having once tasted blood, drank of it to madness. Lamartine thus speaks of the guilt of these horrible doings: "The design belongs to Marat; the acceptance of it to Danton; the execution of it to the council of surveillance; its complicity to many; the cowardly acquiescence to nearly all." Amongst the prisons attacked was the Bicêtre. This was a hospital for lunatics and a prison for the most incorrigible criminals, the off-scourings of the kingdom. A ruffianly coward, named Henriot, with a band of men like himself, seized seven pieces of cannon which the Commune allowed them to take off. The prison was attacked, the gates and dungeons forced with cannon, and the whole of the inmates, guards, lunatics, and criminals, exterminated in one horrible butchery. The last prison that was attacked was the Salpêtrière, both a hospital and prison for abandoned women. Here the massacre was preceded by the grossest outrages on these poor creatures.

The number who fell in the fearful time comprised between the 2nd and 6th of September has been differently estimated from 2,000 to 12,000: the latter is probably a great exaggeration and the former nearer the truth, though it is said that 4,000 fell at the Bicêtre. The magnitude of the crime itself is, however, not to be measured by the number of the victims. The apologies offered by such men as M. Roland are detestable: he spoke of these acts as a "sort of wild justice," and blamed them in such faint terms as made his censure in reality a commendation. The defence offered by others, who were the chief designers of the deeds, was more in character with their acts. There was a mockery in them ineffably satanic. Panis, an administrator of the Committee of Public Safety (!), the proofs of whose complicity in these scenes were many and manifest, was publicly charged on some grounds connected with them, but was acquitted on the plea of "purity of conduct!" Sergent, another of this worthy fraternity, mounted the tribune of the council-general on the 6th of September, and said that the people were calumniated: he was eloquent in his picture of "their generosity, their kindness, and their justice in the most terrible vengeance." He was indignant at the charge that had been brought against

them ; and finally moved for an address of thanks to the people from the council-general. With a compliment which had something in it of deep and bitter sarcasm, the address was voted and he was requested to draw it up himself. It is often asserted that the revolutionists were no robbers. It is certain that a great deal of valuable property, taken during these massacres, was never accounted for, and there is hardly a doubt that Panis, Sergent, and others, filled their pockets. Once for all we have to remark that the encomiums upon the revolutionary honesty of the French have just as much truth as the assertion of their revolutionary patience and mercy.

Amongst the victims of September was the Princess de Lamballe. She was met at the threshold of her prison and brutally murdered—her head borne on a pike was first paraded before the Palais Royal for the edification of the Duke of Orleans who was entertaining a large party at dinner, and thence carried with malignant cruelty under the windows of the Queen's prison. Whether she saw it or not is not quite certain. Some accounts state that the King, by his presence of mind, saved her from this misery : others, that she witnessed the sad spectacle and fell into convulsions, from which she did not recover for some time. This unfortunate princess had been the earliest friend and confidant of the Queen ; but was superseded in the affection of her royal mistress by the Duchess de Polignac, whose appointment to the office of *Gouvernante des Enfants de France* gave such deadly offence to the *haute noblesse*. When the troubles commenced, the Princess de Lamballe emigrated : when they became menacing, the Queen, in her love, commanded the Duchess de Polignac to quit the country, and with returning affection provide for her safety : at the same time she wrote to the princess forbidding her to return. The princess disobeyed her Sovereign and shared her fate ; the duchess obeyed and escaped it. Our author says—"In the one instance obedience was a *lâcheté* ; in the other, disobedience was a sublime heroism." The ultimate fate of the duchess, however, somewhat softens this condemnation. It is related of her that, when in her exile, she heard of the Queen's execution, she uttered one fearful shriek and instantly expired.

The King's real crime with his people was the want of those external advantages and accomplishments which were wont to captivate their fickle minds, and the stern power of rule which was so necessary to repress them. He did not break through the sacred relations of domestic life, as did his ancestor the gallant Henry ; nor grind his people, as did the

selfish Louis le Grand; for he could neither ride nor fight like the one, nor impose the semblance of virtues which he did not profess with the magnificent duplicity of the other. He was neither warlike nor ostentatious, but a good easy man, fond of geography and lock-making; with an undignified appetite, and ungainly figure, and a greater love for the indolence of domestic life than the labour of public business. What would have been his commendation as a simple citizen was his crime as a monarch, and he fell before the unsatisfied craving after theatrical display which characterises the French mind, whether it be in religion or politics, in moral sentiment, public duties, or in private feeling, rather than before any real estimation of republican virtue or longings after republican simplicity. There is something most painful in perusing his rejection of the counsel of the Queen when she offered him weapons, and bade him lead his gentlemen and guards to successful resistance, or die like a king at their head. It is humiliating to read the orders which he sent from the Assembly to his troops to desist from firing; or the account of the hearty meal which he made in the midst of his enemies. He might have saved himself and his family from the scaffold had he taken the Queen's advice: he certainly sacrificed the whole of the Swiss by the commands which he sent; and he provoked the scorn and contempt of those who, perhaps, otherwise would have respected him, by the undignified manner in which he satisfied his appetite.

It was on the 19th December, 1795, the birth-day of Madame Royale, that the portals of the Temple were finally opened to her. The Republic, as if ashamed or afraid of its act, waited till midnight. At that hour, a man was seen to issue from this gloomy prison with a young female on his arm, who walked unsteadily as if fearful or weak. The man was the Minister of the Interior, Benezech—the female was the princess: they walked alone till they reached his carriage in the Rue Mezlay, and thence were transported to the Porte St. Martin, where another carriage with post-horses was in waiting. Into this vehicle the princess was assisted, and found herself in company with the Marchioness de Soucy, second governess of the children of France; an officer of gendarmerie, named Méchen; and Gomin, one of the commissaires of the Temple whom she had herself selected. Secrecy and discretion were enjoined on all; the carriage sped on its way; and Madame Royale soon found herself safe at Vienna amongst the relations of her mother's house:—

“A short time after Madame Royale had left the Temple, the regicide

Reederer entered her room and looked anxiously round. Nothing appeared to reward his scrutinizing search. He was about to retire, when his eye rested on some writing on the wall. He drew near and read these words, faintly written in pencil—"O, my father, watch over me from your place in heaven." The regicide was slightly moved ; he acknowledged it himself. He was turning thoughtfully away when his eye was again attracted by letters that had been traced on the wall with a pin. They were to this effect—"O God, pardon those through whom my parents died !" This prayer of the daughter of the murdered, pierced the heart of the murderer : he gazed for a moment stupified, smote his brow, and then rushed out of the apartment, impelled, as he himself confesses in his memoirs, by the fiercest remorse."

At Vienna, Madame Royale again met with persecution, but of a different kind. This time it was the importunity, and something more, of the Emperor and Empress of Germany, who were anxious that she should marry the Archduke Charles. The expression in the memoirs of Louis XVIII. would seem to imply that the empress did not hesitate to strike her :—" *L'imperatrice regnante ne craignant pas de la maltraiter par des voies de fait.*" This desire was steadily resisted on her part, as she alleged that it was the will of her father that she should espouse her cousin, the Duke of Angoulême, and that will was to her holy. She was firm in her purpose, and was finally permitted to join her uncle at Mittau, where he had found an asylum granted to him by the uncertain hospitality of the capricious Czar, Paul. The manner of her dismissal was curious and characteristic of the times and the persons engaged in the transaction. Louis begged the Czar to use his influence at Vienna in order to obtain the deliverance of his niece from the sort of honourable captivity in which she was held. The answer from St. Petersburg was laconic but satisfactory—"Sir, my brother —(thus it ran)—Madame Royale shall be restored to you, or I shall cease to be Paul I." The morning after the receipt of the King's request, a courier was despatched to Vienna with an imperious demand for the dismissal of the princess so worded as to bear only the alternative of compliance or a war.

At Mittau she was married to her cousin, and more than a year passed by in peaceful quietude ; but the year 1801 brought with it fresh troubles and renewed the wanderings of this unhappy family. The Czar had conceived a sudden fancy for Napoleon, and he had taken advantage of the circumstance to request the expulsion of the royal family from Mittau. The request was no sooner expressed than complied with : the

ambassador of Louis was ordered to quit St. Petersburg without reasons given, and hastened to Mittau to the consternation of the royal family. On the 20th January, the military commandant of Courland entered the King's apartment with an order for his instant expulsion. They commenced their journey in the depth of a northern winter and in the month of March: after much hardship on the road, the wanderers found a refuge in the immediate neighbourhood of Warsaw. At Warsaw they resided for some time, during which an attempt was made to poison them by the agents of the French Government; but Louis having left it for a political purpose, the King of Prussia was induced by Napoleon to forbid his return, and again found a refuge at Mittau, under the protection of the Czar Alexander, then at war with the French. Here he was rejoined by the duchess in 1805, who not only ministered to the comfort and necessities of the wounded French prisoners sent in from the theatre of war, but tended with a daughter's care the dying moments of the good old Abbé Edgeworth, who had stood by her father's side at the scaffold. In 1807, the success of Napoleon's arms again drove them from their refuge, and passing to Sweden and thence to England they found, till the period of the restoration, the quietude which they could enjoy nowhere else.

There is little to be told concerning their residence in England beyond the details of their domestic life, and for these we have no space. A princely mansion, Gosfield Hall in Essex, was placed at the disposal of Louis XVIII. by the Marquis of Buckingham—here they resided for two years; and then at Hartwell Hall, the property of the Lees, which they rented. It is a quaint but spacious old house on the road between Oxford and Aylesbury. There is nothing more for us to record except that the Marquis of Buckingham was rewarded for his hospitality in England by a dukedom, and in France by a refusal of the riband of the Order of the Holy Ghost. A rotten temple at Gosfield, erected to Gratitude by the King, and a cold reception at Paris of his benefactor, is almost all that remains of the thankfulness of Louis and his sense of English hospitality!

The year 1814 was a year of victories and of restorations. The usurper, as he was called, was overthrown, and the Bourbons solemnly entered their capital amidst the tears and rejoicings of a fickle people. Many things were then done which might have well been omitted for the sake of their own peace and the welfare of the State; or else have been done after a different fashion. Of these, doubtless, the duchess was the

prime mover. Filial piety required that the past should not altogether be forgotten ; but wisdom suggested that what was necessary should have been less ostentatious. The remains of the murdered members of her family were sought for with great care and carried with great pomp to St. Denis. The crime of France was thus, as it were, thrown in her face, when the feverish irritation of parties was too great to bear the recollections of past misdeeds. This solemn procession did much mischief. The royalists triumphed, and by their triumph excited a re-actionary feeling. Many were exasperated and the army was impatient of the part it was made to play in the *cortege*. In all this, however, there was nothing vindictive ; and the patient forgiveness, so often expressed by Madame Royale in her adversity, was as fully manifested by the Duchess d'Angouleme in her prosperity.

The duchess has been accused of conniving at the atrocities that about this time were committed at Nismes in the name of loyalty and of "the faith." Of these atrocities, and the chief perpetrator, Trés-taillons, there is a painfully interesting chapter in the work before us : the Protestants were the sufferers. The Duke d'Angouleme hastened to the spot, and having, as he believed, repressed these fearful excesses, left General Lagarde to watch over the peace of the city. There was a fresh outbreak, the General was assassinated, and the Protestants were again murdered and plundered. The chief actors were arrested, tried, and acquitted, in such sort as to constitute their crimes virtues, and their imprisonment suffering for the faith, in the estimation of the priests and their party ; and herein was the ground for the accusation brought against the Bourbons, and especially against the duchess in this matter, that miseries thus unjustly inflicted upon the unoffending, the nature of which the duchess herself too well understood, should be so lightly cared for. The consequence was a fresh outbreak a short time afterwards, which was falsely represented by the prefect as a manifestation against the Buonapartists. In 1819, if we remember rightly, upon some measure of the Government, which Trés-taillons interpreted as an encouragement, this infamous ruffian marshalled his forces for another massacre ; but the Protestants, knowing the little dependence that was to be placed in the protection of the authorities, met them in battle array, and sent a message to their brethren of the Cevennes. These, in their turn, sent deputies to Tres-taillons, with the blunt menace that, if he did not take care, they would come down from the mountains and pay him in kind for all the wrong

which he had done. The villain was as cowardly as cruel ; and, being of opinion that "discretion is the better part of valour," withdrew his ferocious bands and left the Protestants in peace.

The next epoch of importance is that of "the hundred days." As far as the Bourbons are concerned, with the exception of an ineffectual effort and a charge made by her husband over a bridge at Valence, which town he entered at the point of the bayonet, the history of this period belongs exclusively to the duchess ; for, as Napoleon justly observes, she was "the only man amongst them." Whilst the rest of the family were fleeing from their posts, or paralyzing the efforts of her adherents by uncertain counsels and hesitating action, the duchess was at Bordeaux playing the soldier, endeavouring to fix the doubtful allegiance of the troops or to rouse the citizens. Napoleon did not fear her efforts, but he admired her courage. He had said at Elba that she was plain and awkward, and *il falloit pour l'ange de la paix du moins une femme spirituelle ou jolie*. Probably, her deficiency in these respects had much to do in her failure with the soldiers, who might have been otherwise moved had she possessed grace to fascinate or wit to please. As it was she did not succeed ; but so much did her foes respect her that General Clausel, commanding the force opposed to the handful of Nationals which she had drawn up in battle array around her person, forbore to order his troops to fire upon her defenders lest she should be hurt. One of her party was subsequently arrested and brought before the General for some offensive remarks upon the Buonapartists, when he said to him—"It was the duchess who saved the whole of you at the review. I could not bring myself to order such a woman to be fired upon at the moment when she was providing material for the noblest page in her history. The first duty of a soldier was to respect such courage as that displayed by that noble woman." The sentiment did honour to the old General and bore its fruit ; for, when the reverse came and he was under sentence of death, the duchess saved his life by her intercession.

The second Restoration—the mistakes and obstinacy of Charles X., with the three days—are matters into which we cannot enter here. We have only space in a cursory manner to trace the course of the woe-worn duchess. She was on the 27th of June, 1830, on her return from the baths of Vichy, and passing through Dijon attended the theatre. As she entered her box she was saluted with a roar of execrations

and seditious cries: she was too well schooled not to understand at once that a revolution had taken place, and she instantly retired and took the road to Tonnère. Here she found herself at the prefecture surrounded by national guards and held in a kind of honourable captivity. Escaping furtively with the aid of the prefect, she hurried on her way, till at length, as the perils of her journey increased, she was compelled to abandon the carriage in which she travelled, and to separate from her companions. Taking one of them, M. de Fencigny, with her, she determined to pass through Versailles in open day, and so reach St. Cloud in order to obtain intelligence of the King. Disguised as peasants, they entered the great square in front of the palace arm-in-arm:—"On this square stood some half-a-dozen of those dirtiest and most inconvenient of public carriages called '*coucou*.' The two seeming peasants, advancing to the foremost of these, expressed their desire to be conveyed to St. Cloud. The rough coachman sprang down; and, as he assisted the Dauphine to mount into his rude vehicle, he bade her not be alarmed, for he would get her through all opposing obstacles triumphantly. The detected princess thought not the worse of her chances of safety in consequence of being discovered; but her alarm was excited, when, as soon as she had taken her seat in the back part of the springless vehicle, she found other passengers entering, but where ingress could not have been refused without exciting suspicion. The last comers had their backs to the princess and her companions, and as the '*coucou*' proceeded on its slow and painful way, they shouted, sang, laughed, and in a thousand popular ways manifested their joy at the ruin which had fallen on the Bourbons. Victors and victim were huddled together in this odious car—of triumph to the one, of degradation to the other. The mournful expression that sat on the face of the Dauphine excited some observation in those of her fellow travellers who happened to look round at her. 'Never mind her, poor soul (said the honest driver to those who sat near him), she is in trouble: her only son is lying sick to death at St Cloud, and she is on her way to see him. Let her be in peace!'" At the barriers the guard requested them to alight, that they might search for contraband goods. Again the coachman came to her help, telling her story so pathetically and urging the necessity of speed so well that the guard, joining in the revolutionary shouts of the passengers, suffered the vehicle and its inmates to pass on without further molestation. The palace at St. Cloud was deserted: the King was at Ram-

bonillet, and thither the Dauphine hastened to join him. The departure was mournful and characteristic. The King and his troops retired before a Parisian rabble, which had come forth to dislodge them, of some twelve hundred men and boys! Escorted by the royal guard which remained faithful to the last, and attended by the silent respect of the authorities, the King and his party reached Cherbourg, and thence left his native soil never to return to it. Embarking for Weymouth, they passed a short time in England and at Holyrood, and finally repaired to Germany. In October, 1832, the Dauphine arrived with her young niece at Vienna, and once more slept in the room which her mother had occupied in her youth. Hastening thence, she rejoined her relatives at Prague. From Prague they were compelled to remove, in consequence of the Emperor Ferdinand I. requiring the palace, in which they were located, for his coronation as King of Bohemia. Their journey was a sad one: the Dauphine was to follow, but fell ill at Carlsbad. This took the Dauphine from the King's side; and the old man, full of years and sorrows, had to become the nurse of the Duke de Bordeaux, who fell ill of brain fever at Toplitz. The terror of all parties was great, but happily short-lived. They were again re-united—the young duke was saved owing much to the tender care of his royal and aged relation—and they took up their residence at Kirchberg, a domain purchased from the Count D'Orsay. Hence they removed to Goritz, and finally to Frohsdorf, where the representative of the royal family of France still patiently abides the issue of events; and, with a dignity as quiet as it is noble, whilst he maintains his rightful claim, leaves it to the wisdom and providence of God to vindicate it.

At Goritz the tomb was twice opened—first for the uncle, and then for the husband, of the sorrow-stricken Dauphine. On the 4th of November, his "Saint's-day," the aged monarch felt a chill at mass, and was unable to attend the little banquet held in honour of the day. He appeared amongst the party in the evening, but only to excite consternation and alarm. It was evident that his days were numbered, and he himself expressed his own conviction of the fact. From this moment he gradually sunk and expired on the 6th. The nature of his complaint was such that he could not receive the *viaticum* :—

"An altar was raised at the side of his bed, around which all of exiled France was kneeling, and between the paroxysms of pain, Charles responded to the prayers with calm devotion. The aged

Bishop of Hermapolis talked with the King, as old as he was, not of 'graves, and worms, and epitaphs,' but 'of the glory beyond.' There was something touching, as well as instructive, at the sight of the two old men, sitting at the edge of the grave, and conversing hopefully of death."

The final moment came, and the monarch passed from life as the infant falls to sleep. He died in his seventy-ninth year. This was in 1836. Eight years afterwards, on the last day of the fair month of May, the Queen—for so they always called her, though she had resigned her right—stood a weeping widow by the death-bed of her departed husband. Another seven years of patient waiting and quiet sorrow passed away; and, in October 1851, all that was mortal of her, who had suffered more than falls to the lot of others, was gently laid to sleep in the tomb at the Convent of Franciscans, by the side of those whom she had loved and cherished on earth. Amongst the last of her petitions was one for a blessing on her country, and forgiveness to all who had injured her. The death of her youth, so to speak, had been in one revolutionary republic—the death of her age was in another. The republican who entered her lonely cell in the Temple had found the Christian's prayer recorded on the walls of her desolate abode: that prayer had had one long echo through her life, and only ceased to be uttered when the heart had ceased to beat and the lips had ceased to move. She was a good woman, and every inch a noble one. She might not have the beauty nor the grace and wit which seem so necessary for the atmosphere of a court; but she had priceless jewels to adorn the crown which she was born to wear, though not permitted to possess. In the domestic annals of royalty none will possess a nobler page than Maria Thérèse Charlotte, Duchess d'Angouleme, Dauphine of France, and Queen by right.

The course of her life to the last was influenced by her early discipline. Her habitual hour of rising was five: she lit her own fire and made her own early breakfast at six. She attended mass at seven in all weathers, and at eight received the report of her almoner. Her charities were profuse but discriminating, for she never relieved till she was assured of the necessity; and, that she might be generous, she was frugal. One of her well-known occupations each evening, before retiring to rest, was to melt the wax from the seals of the letters sent to her during the day. Many may smile at the apparent insignificance of the custom, but the result was the true measure of its value. The produce was sold, and, producing fifty pounds, made one poor family happy throughout the year.

Abnegation of self was a prominent feature in her character. Her devotedness to her uncles and her nephew, her protégé and her pupil, were unbounded. She had learned from the conduct of the much calumniated Marie Antoinette towards herself what a mother's heart can bear and a mother's perseverance effect; and she carried the lesson into practice in all her tender care and watchful assiduity over him to whom she was a second mother, and to whom she and her royal husband had assigned their rights. If Henri V. ever ascends the throne of his ancestors and rules not well, the fault will not be hers. If his people have to rejoice in a reign of mercy and of justice, much will be owing to the precepts of those who perished on the scaffold, the sorrow of a prison solitude, and the sad and bitter lessons which a wandering life and a fickle people had taught his royal relative. The experience of these, burnt into her own heart and mind with the caustic of a life-long grief, was, as it were, the material out of which he himself was fitted for those onerous duties which it was her fond hope would one day devolve upon him. As a proof of the power of forgiveness as a virtue professed by the duchess, we may mention the following fact:—Louis Philippe stood indebted to the Comte d'Artois (Charles X.) for many good offices, many of his dignities, something of his happiness, and much of his fortune. When the exiled monarch died at Prague, he forbade that funeral services should be performed for the repose of his soul. When the Count de Neuilly lay dead at Claremont, the Bourbons on the Hungarian frontier, at her instigation, celebrated a funeral service for Louis Philippe of Orleans. Men say that the duchess was bigoted and austere. Perhaps there was some truth in the accusation; but the depth of her piety might be at times, and doubtless was, mistaken for the one, and the sadness of her ever present recollection for the other; but no one can rightly judge of her in these respects till he fully comprehends what crimes were wrought in her presence in the names of reason and liberalism, and what it was to pass through scenes and be a sufferer from deeds which had no parallel in the history of the world.

The work before us commenced, as we are told in the preface, by Mrs. Romer; but on that lady's indisposition was taken up and carried out by Dr. Doran, to whom we suspect, if we shall not be guilty of a want of gallantry, the credit of the greater part is due. 'Tis a charming work—full of deep interest. The tale is most touchingly and graphically told, and our readers will rise from its perusal as they do from a splendid painting of historical deeds. Absorbed by the details,

moved by the story, pleased with the colouring, and impressed with the whole design and action, they will carry away a vivid image of what they have witnessed, and recur to it often as amongst the many things which memory loves to chronicle. We write as we think, and heartily recommend the volumes before us to the reader. With one quotation, for the length of which we must apologize, we will leave him to his meditations. It is a description of the life of the royal party at Prague and is a fair specimen of the doctor's style :—

“ During the three years and a-half spent at Prague, there was little variety in the course of life passed by the exiled family. The old king enjoyed for the greater part of that period a robust health, a tranquil mind, and not a few of the personal advantages which had distinguished him in youth. He was the best natured of old men, and his dress was admirably in character. Beauty is of all ages; and if there be nothing more attractive than the beauty which wins the heart when young, I know nothing so reverential as that beauty of the old which is independent of personal attractions, but which is seen in a general becomingness, an appropriateness of manner, of dress, and of general bearing—a carefulness of person and a heart that is gentle to the young through the memory of younger times. Charles X. partook of this. He was scrupulously clean, exquisitely neat—these are the two essentials of venerable beauty. The insignia of his former greatness never now blazed upon his breast: jewel and star, riband and precious stones, were laid aside; and the exiled king, in the plainest of blue coats, was the most perfect of gentlemen. His day was well disposed of: at half-past nine he heard mass—at ten he met his family at breakfast, where those who had shared in their exile sat with them at table. It was a hearty repast: seldom more than a quarter of an hour was spent upon it, though until eleven the circle generally remained unbroken. After that hour the ex-monarch was left to the solitary enjoyment of his own room, there to watch the headlong course of the world, from his loop-hole of retreat, as shown in the public journals, or to trace it in the past through the pages of history. He loved to take long walks alone, and these were sometimes protracted to the alarm of his family. The people of Prague looked on him with kindly affection; and, as he passed among them, they raised their hats with as much reverence as though St. John Neppomack himself had risen from the bed of the Moldau, or descended from his stone dignity on the bridge, to claim the testimony of their respect. Not unfrequently the Dauphine, if he allowed of any one, was the companion of these walks; and there was something touching in the aspect of the stricken pair as they passed almost solemnly along, examples of the versatility of fortune—illustrations of how the mighty of yesterday may be the fallen of to-day. At half-past four they were never absent from the afternoon service of the Church. The royal uncle loved, when he extended his walks beyond the city, to enter alone, or with the Dauphine, the first village church that happened to

be open after the hour of worship had struck. They passed the humble portals unnoticed and unnoticed; and the 'thirty-fifth descendant of Hugh Capet,' with the princess at his side, would take place on the lowest bench amid the lowliest people, and there offer up prayer to the common Father of them all. Between five and six the royal exiles partook cheerfully of a simple banquet—if on a plain yet good dinner so elevated an epithet may be lavished. The scene in the saloon after dinner would have won a smile from the laborious Dorcas. There the Dauphine was the centre of a semi-circle of ladies, few indeed in number, but all industriously engaged in work, by which usually the poor used to profit. While these plied their needles, Charles X., more restless of spirit, paced the apartment, conversing generally, and by the tone of his remarks and the nature of his discourse winning pleased and smiling listeners. It was ordinarily at this period of the day that he received those French persons whose object in coming to Prague was to manifest their undying attachment to the cause of his family. It would then occasionally happen that the zeal of the visitor would display it in breaking out in something like invective against the Duke of Orleans. This manifestation of feeling the ex-King always checked.

"At eight o'clock the King sat down to whist; and then, as usually happens with humbler individuals, the natural wicked Adam, the inborn human infirmity, broke out with him. He was an accomplished player and he had no mercy on a careless partner. Trump his trick, and a storm ensued: neglect to follow his lead, and the weather was threatening. A revoke he could endure with less patience than the loss of a crown; but then came the *finale* of the rubber, and whether vanquished or victorious, then, too, came back his wonted cheery nature and kind-heartedness. He was all ardent apology for ardent wrath, and then there was a general confession of faults and a mingling of tongues; while at an adjacent table the calm sad voices of the Dauphine was heard above it all, telling of old times and narrating passages of the past, the effect of which was to 'send the hearers weeping to their beds.'

"The Dauphin usually rose to retire as soon as the rubber was played out: he then kissed the King's hand with an old-world air of reverence and thereon withdrew, hand in hand with the Dauphine. The ladies of the little household and the gentlemen in attendance on the King remained some time longer. Frequently he would pass among them as they remained seated in thoughtful silence, his mind busied with memories of far-off times. On recovering himself, he would gallantly offer his apologies to the ladies for what he termed his 'involuntary unpoliteness;' and, after a brief and not over gay conversation, would dismiss them with a 'Farewell my good friends, we have got through one more day!' His last hour of the day was spent with the Duke de Blacas, treating of his private affairs; after which that uncrowned head addressed itself to sleep. These are simple details, but they truthfully paint the royal interior of the exiled court at Prague."

ART. X.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D.* By his Son-in-Law, the Rev. W. HANNA, LL.D. Constable. 1852.

THE publication of the fourth and last volume of these "Memoirs" gives us the opportunity of fulfilling an intention which we expressed on a former occasion—that of making some general remarks on the character of Dr. Chalmers, which appears to us one of the most instructive histories of modern times both to the minister of the Gospel and to the private Christian—to the minister as an example of diligence in preparing for the arduous duties of his important office, and of most unfeigned humility and most unwearied patience in carrying out these acquirements and bringing them home to the souls of his flock; and to the private Christian as exemplifying that which the minister and flock must hold in common—as men realizing the saving truths of the Gospel: for the foundation of the minister must be laid in the man, and it is only as preaching *from faith to faith* that the Gospel becomes effectual for the salvation of the souls of others.

We remarked on a former occasion that Dr. Chalmers was very young when he was ordained and commenced his ministerial duties; and he had then nothing more than an intellectual apprehension of the truths of the Gospel—he had not experienced their saving power in his own heart. On the contrary, those topics which formed the delight of his maturer years, and were the constant themes on which he dwelt in those discourses by which he will be known to posterity, were repulsive to him at that time; and his ministrations were comparatively unprofitable.

By a series of family afflictions first—such as the loss of his brother George and his sister Barbara, and subsequently by his own severe and protracted illness—the heart of Dr. Chalmers was softened and opened. He saw in these relatives an exemplification of the power of vital Christianity to sustain the soul through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and how it could infuse a hope full of immortality; and his own illness brought these lessons home to himself in his own individual experience, so that he arose from the bed of sickness an altered man, not by any fresh acquisition of knowledge, but by a change of heart.

Dr. Chalmers now discovered not only the difference between the mind and the spirit of man, but discovered also the special peculiarity of the Gospel—a peculiarity that renders it good

news to all men—not only to the intellectual but to the unlettered peasant—namely, that it is addressed to the spiritual part of man, in which all mankind are on a level ; and not to the mental faculties, in which they so greatly differ from each other. Systems of philosophy are adapted to the learned, and according to their mental superiority they make proficiency therein ; but it is the boast of Christianity that the poor have the Gospel preached to them, and it is the poor in spirit who enter the kingdom of heaven. God hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom. It is in proportion to our faith that we attain proficiency in the school of Christ, and this it is which fits Christianity to be the religion of all mankind. It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.

This truth, concerning the spirituality of the Gospel, must be felt in order to be apprehended ; for, although there is in every man a spiritual capacity, it is by nature dormant and needs to be roused. The Gospel is calculated to awaken this spiritual consciousness ; but then it must be received in simplicity, and the prejudices engendered by education and mental culture too often prove hindrances instead of helps to its reception. It was the perception of these impediments that made our Lord declare to his hearers, that unless they were disabused of their prejudices, and thus became as little children, they could not enter the kingdom of heaven. And Paul the Pharisee, who had felt these prejudices in all their force, writing to the Corinthians, the most intellectual people of that time, takes that occasion to show how God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise ; and how it is that the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him : neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.

In confirmation of this it often happens that one far inferior in mental power, and deficient in learning and artificial advantages, may be used as the instrument for awakening the spiritual consciousness of another far superior to himself according to human estimation. And so it was in Dr. Chalmers' case : his brother George, much his junior, had spent all his life at sea, and knew little beyond the management of a ship ; but he was open-hearted and pious, and, when stricken with consumption and pronounced irrecoverable, he not only received it with the manly indifference characteristic of a sailor, but with entire resignation to the divine will and using such means of preparation for death as his habitual piety would suggest.

“ Every evening, at George's own request, one of Newton's ‘ Sermons’

was read at his bed-side by some member of the family in rotation. It was one of the very books which a short time previously Thomas had named and denounced from the pulpit. Bending over the pulpit, and putting on the books named the strong emphasis of dislike, he had said—"Many books are favourites with you which I am sorry to say are no favourites of mine. When you are reading Newton's 'Sermons,' and Baxter's 'Saints Rest,' and Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress,' where do Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, go to?" As he now read one of these books to his dying brother, and witnessed the support and consolation which its truths conveyed, strange misgivings must have visited him. He was too close, too acute, too affectionate an observer, not to notice that it was something more than the mere manly indifference of his profession—something more than a mere blind submission to an inevitable fate which imparted such calmness and serene elevation to George's dying hours. He was in his room when those pale trembling lips were heard to say—"I thank thee O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou had hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes." Perhaps, as the words were uttered, the thought arose that in his own case, as compared with that of his brother, the words might be verified" (i. 102).

The very sentence uttered by his brother, which is taken from the Gospel of John, was calculated to convince Doctor Chalmers of the injustice he had done to Newton in placing his "Sermons" in contrast with the Gospels; and it must have led him to suspect that he knew at that time little more of the real meaning of the Gospels than of the works of Newton, Baxter, and Doddridge; and the death of his sister Barbara, followed by a long illness to himself, deepened these convictions, subduing at the same time the pride of intellect natural to every distinguished man, and opening the heart to the balmy and consolatory influences of the Gospel.

His brother George died in 1806, his sister Barbara 1808, and another sister, Lucy, December 1810; and it was at this time that Mr. Wilberforce's "Practical View" fell into the hands of Chalmers, and it was a work which exactly met his case, as being specially intended to expose the inadequate and erroneous conceptions, regarding the leading and peculiar doctrines of Christianity, which were then generally prevalent among professing Christians. Dr. Chalmers had already become dissatisfied with himself, and had begun to suspect that his views of the Gospel scheme were at least defective and inadequate, if not altogether wrong. He was therefore prepared to answer Mr. Wilberforce's call "to examine well our foundations," and especially in the grand concern of all—"the means of a sinner's acceptance with God." On this head Mr. Wilberforce writes as follows:—

"There are, it is to be apprehended, not a few who, having thought little or scarcely at all about religion, have become at length, in some degree, impressed with a sense of the infinite importance of religion. A fit of sickness, perhaps, or the loss of some friend or much loved relative, or some other stroke of adverse fortune, damps their spirits, awakens them to a practical conviction of the precariousness of all human things, and turns them to seek for some more stable foundation of happiness than this world can afford. Looking into themselves ever so little, they become sensible that they must have offended God: they resolve accordingly to set about the work of reformation..... Again and again they resolve—again and again they break their resolutions. All their endeavours are foiled, and they become more and more convinced of their own moral weakness, and of the strength of their inherent corruption. These men are pursuing the right object, but they mistake the path in which it is to be obtained. The path in which they are now treading is not that which the Gospel has provided for conducting them to true holiness, nor will they find in it any solid peace..... The holy Scriptures call upon those who are in the circumstances now stated to *lay afresh the whole foundation of their religion*. The nature of that holiness which the true Christian seeks to possess is no other than the restoration of the image of God to his soul; and, as to the manner of acquiring it, disclaiming with indignation every idea of attaining it by his own strength, he rests altogether on the operation of God's Holy Spirit, which is promised to all who cordially embrace the Gospel. He knows, therefore, that this holiness is not to PRECEDE his reconciliation with God and be its cause, but to follow it and be its effect—that, in short, it is by faith in Christ only that he is to be justified in the sight of God."

Dr. Chalmers himself was accustomed to attribute the origin of vital godliness in himself to this time and circumstance; and remembered with gratitude those leadings of God's providence which had brought him first into a condition of helplessness in his old course of proceeding, and then thrown in his way a work so well calculated to put him upon the new course, which he soon found to realise all the expectations it held out, and from which he never afterwards swerved.

Writing to his brother Alexander, ten years after the event, he says, "I remember, somewhere about the year 1811, I had Wilberforce's 'View' put into my hands, and, as I got on in reading it, felt myself on the eve of a great revolution in all my opinions about Christianity." Again: writing to the same brother in 1825, he says, "When I meet with an enquirer who, under the impulse of a new feeling, has set himself in good earnest to the business of his eternity, I have been very much in the habit of recommending Wilberforce. This, perhaps, is owing to the circumstance that I myself, now about fifteen years ago, experienced a very great transition of sentiment in conse-

quence of reading his work." The transition was in fact a total reverse of sentiment: for he had hitherto been labouring after holiness in order to *render himself acceptable to God*: he was now on the eve of *receiving acceptance* gratuitously provided in Jesus Christ, and adorning the doctrine of adoption by all the fruits it is calculated to produce—walking in holiness because we are not our own, but bought with a price, and therefore called to glorify God with body and spirit which are his.

About this time he had sent a review of Dr. Charter's "Sermons" to Andrew Thomson for insertion in the *Christian Instructor*. It had been written some time, while under his former impressions, and we find the following entry in Chalmers' "Journal," dated Feb. 23, 1811:—"Mr. Andrew Thomson cannot insert my review of Charter's without material alterations. This is a proof that he conceives it to be incorrect in point of doctrine; and, as I feel myself upon the eve of some decisive transformation in point of religious sentiment, I contemplate with interest everything that bears upon a subject so important." This gives an intimation of the time when this change occurred.

Writing to Mr. James Anderson, in August 1811, he says, "Viewed as an experimental Christian, I am still in my infancy. I have not yet reached that repose of heart which, in the beautiful language of one of our old prophets, is termed 'quietness and assurance for ever;' but I am deceived if I am not feeling my way towards it; and I have to attest that the ground is never firmer under my feet than when I rest my confidence in Christ, and make him all my redemption and all my righteousness." Chalmers and his correspondent were both only at the outset—both of congenial spirits—and both reading Wilberforce and other elementary works; and both were feeling the danger of drawing one's belief from anything save the Scriptures, and doubting how far it is safe to rely on "Didactic Summaries," how unexceptionable soever:—"I should even suspect (says Anderson) that a Catechism, which gives the result of a profound Christian's researches in the Bible, might be pernicious as a first mover: it wants the spontaneity and development of the immediate oracles." To which Chalmers replies:—"My Christianity approaches nearer, I think, to Calvinism than to any of the *isms* in Church history: but broadly as it announces the necessity of sanctification, it does not bring it forward in that free and spontaneous manner which I find in the New Testament. It is laid before me *as part of a system*."

This is the danger of systematic theology, and it is a snare

which more especially besets our northern brethren, whose heads are sometimes exercised so much that the heart gets neglected. The mere adjustment of the parts of a system, which is only an exercise of the mind, occupies so much of the time and thoughts, that the spirit, which after all is the true seat of religion, is seldom reached—is not even thought of by preacher or hearer:—"I feel the influence of these systems to be most unfortunate in the pulpit. Were I to accommodate myself to the previous state of discipline and education among my hearers, I could not get in a single precept without spending more than double the time necessary for announcing it, in satisfying them of its due subordination to the leading principles of the system. Now, I would ask, is this ever done by Paul or any of the apostles? Do they feel any restraint or any hesitation in being practical? Is not this scrupulous deference to the factitious orthodoxy of Calvin a principle altogether foreign or subsequent to the native influence of divine truth on the heart? With what perfect freedom from all this parade, and all this scrupulosity, do Christ and his apostles make their transition from doctrine to practice, and expand with the most warm and earnest and affectionate exhortation! No, my dear sir, our divinity is not of the right kind unless it be a fair transcript of that divinity which exists in the New Testament."

We must make one other extract, as setting before us fully what that change was which now took place in Dr. Chalmers, and the new foundation on which his faith thenceforward rested steadfastly—which not only sustained him in all his arduous labours through life, but, as a hope full of immortality, shed its bright sunshine over all his subsequent course, and filled him with the peace of God, which passeth all human understanding:—

"There is one anxiety which is apt to beset us upon this subject. When you read books (on religious experience) you see a certain process assigned to a conversion, and in such a confident and authoritative way, too, that you are apt to conceive that this is the very process, and that there can be no other. I compare it with my own history and my own recollections, and I am apt to be alarmed at the want of correspondence in a good many particulars. Scott's 'Force of Truth' is an example—Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress in the Soul' another—and last, though not least, the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' I pronounce them all to be excellent, and that there are many exemplifications as they describe. But the process is not authoritative nor is it universal. The spirit taketh its own way with each individual, and you know it only by its fruits. I cannot say of myself that I ever felt a state of mind corresponding to John Bunyan's 'Slough of De-

spond.' Indeed, I blame myself most sincerely that I cannot excite in my heart a high enough conception of sin in all its malignity. I hope I have the conviction, but I cannot command the degree of emotion, that I should like; and in the hardness of a heart not so tenderly alive as it ought to be to the authority of my Lawgiver, and the enormity of trampling upon him, I feel how far, and very far I am at this moment, from the measure of the stature of the perfect man in Christ Jesus our Lord. Now, what am I to infer from this? That I have not yet surmounted the impassable barrier which stands between me and the gate of life? So one would suppose from John Bunyan, and so I would suppose myself, were it not for the kind assurance of my Saviour, whose every testimony is truth and every tone is tenderness. 'He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' This is my firm hold, and I will not let it go. I sicken at all my own imperfect preparations. I take one decisive and immediate step, and resign my all to the sufficiency of my Saviour.....I come to him with my heart, *such as it is*; and I pray that the operation of his Spirit, and the power of his sanctifying faith, would make it *such as it should be*. That abhorrence of sin which I now feel to be in a manner dead, I hope, through him strengthening me, will be made to quicken and revive. Repentance is the gift of God, and I look to him for the fulfilment of that gracious promise, that he who hath given us his own Son will with him also freely give us all things. I see that this Son is exalted on high to give repentance and the remission of sins; and I trust that that Being who has said, 'Without me ye can do nothing,' will enable me to do all things in the name of Jesus. That very repentance which, in its gloomiest and most despairing form, is represented by some as an indispensable step to Jesus, I now see to be the daily and the growing exercise of the renewed Christian; that my abhorrence of sin is quickened by that very faith which protects from its terrors. In the deep and mysterious suffering of Christ, I see the dreadful testimony of heaven against sin, and feel that it should be the daily prayer of Christians that they may be enabled to put out from among them that hateful thing for which our Saviour died" (i. 251).

It is not unfrequently objected by those who are opposed to the doctrines of free grace that Calvinism tends to Antinomianism. It is only in those who are hypocrites, or in those who have adopted it merely as an intellectual system, that it has such a tendency: when these doctrines are received into the heart they invariably become the source and sustenance of increased holiness, and a more exemplary discharge of all our duties towards God and towards man. Dr. Chalmers, writing to his sister Jane, says—"If I have any experience I can speak clearly upon at all, it is that I am never more qualified for keeping the commandments than when in fellowship with the Saviour and resting upon his righteousness—than when under the influence of Gospel hope, and looking upon the salvation

of Christ as all a matter of grace and freeness. But *the power of obedience is part of this salvation*. If you rely on the blood of Christ you will obtain forgiveness—if you rely on the Spirit of Christ you will obtain sanctification; and when the spirit of adoption is at length given—when you go out and in with filial confidence, and have free access to your reconciled Father—then the work of obedience becomes as easy and delightful as the duties of affection to the friend you most love.” The whole subsequent history of Dr. Chalmers’ life was one continuous exemplification of this. His diligence redoubled, because his heart was in his work, and for the same reason it told upon the hearts of the flock; and, as his whole mind was now concentrated upon the great work of saving the souls of men, his efforts recoiled with increased power and blessing upon his own soul. Before this change in Chalmers’ views his ministry was unpopular and ineffective—his church thinly attended and his preaching followed by no observable effects. But when the change came, it produced a total alteration in the discharge of all his parochial duties, and it was soon followed by the most marked results. He had found the one thing needful himself, and felt that this was the one thing which he was called to make known to others, and for doing which he would be held responsible in the day of judgment. The care of his parish, which he had regarded merely as a professional duty, and subordinate to, or not incompatible with, the mathematical and scientific pursuits which had hitherto engrossed his thoughts, now became his first care; and this absolute and entire dedication to the duties of his calling soon led to the renunciation of his mathematics and chemistry—not as in themselves objectionable, but only because they interfered with higher duties and occupied time he could ill spare.

Dr. Chalmers was naturally endowed with an original and powerful intellect: it had been enriched by much and varied culture; and now, the spirit having received a right impulse, the mind acquired a new direction, and brought all its accumulated stores to bear upon the one subject of magnifying the grace of God in the way of salvation propounded in the Gospel. He now gave his whole time and strength to the composition of his sermons. Much thought and great care were bestowed on these preparations for the pulpit, although designed only for a country congregation; and he had always two sets of sermons on hand at the same time—one set written in *short-hand* and of a less elaborate description for immediate use—another set composed with great care and written out fully, taking perhaps a month or

more in their composition, and on texts which he had formerly misunderstood.

“The result was a series of discourses, a goodly number of which, delivered almost verbally as originally written, were listened to in after years by congregated thousands in Glasgow, and Edinburgh, and London, with wondering and entranced admiration. I have been able to trace to this period so many of the sermons afterwards selected by their author for publication, and have found so few alterations made on the original manuscripts in preparing them for the press, as to be satisfied that the three final years of his ministry at Kilmany supplied as many, as elaborate, and as eloquent discourses as any other three years in the whole course of his ministry. It was not the stimulus of cultivated audiences and an intellectual sphere—it was not the straining after originality of thought or splendour of illustration—which gave to these discourses their peculiar form and character. They were, to a great extent, the spontaneous products of that new love and zeal which divine grace had planted in his soul: the shape and texture of their eloquence springing from the combined operation of all his energies—intellectual, moral and emotional—whose native movements were now stimulated into a more glowing intensity of action by that controuling motive which concentrated them all upon one single and sublime accomplishment—the salvation of immortal souls” (i. 418).

One of his former discourses had been from the text, “There is none righteous, no not one;” and he had thought it necessary to warn his auditors against taking so gloomy and desponding a view of human depravity as was given by certain classes of religionists. But, after he had become one of that class, he took the same text, and used it as an occasion for cautioning them against self-deception, in supposing themselves to be acceptable in the sight of God merely because they appeared amiable and virtuous in the eyes of men. If there be no reference to God, there is no religion and no salvation; and the Christian religion proposes only one way of salvation—namely, through the merits of another, and not our own—that other being the Son of God, whose death is at once the full atonement for the sins of the whole world, as well as the proof that without such a sacrifice no individual could be saved.

Another of his discourses was from the text—“The kingdom of heaven is not in word, but in power”—from which he deduced that saving faith is something more than the assent of the understanding to the truth of certain propositions, which leaves the individual better informed than before, but in no other respect altered. But it is faith in certain declarations whereby we are enabled to apprehend him who is the subject of these declarations, even Christ; and that faith in him was accompanied by

a transforming spiritual power, called the kingdom of heaven. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."

"The discovery that pardon and full reconciliation with God are offered gratuitously to all men in Christ had been the turning point in Mr. Chalmers's own spiritual history; and the most marked characteristic of his pulpit ministrations after his conversion was the frequency and fervour with which he held out to sinners Christ and his salvation as God's free gift, which it was their privilege and their duty at once and most gratefully to accept" (i. 420).

Dr. Chalmers always spoke of it as the greatest enlightenment and enlargement that he had ever experienced, when he was enabled to reconcile the doctrine of free grace with the obligations to holiness which are not only pressed upon us throughout the whole of Scripture, but are dictated by natural religion and are spontaneous instincts of the conscience. He himself had at one time regarded the doctrine of free grace as Antinomian in its tendencies, and as adverse to the interests of virtue and practical righteousness in the world. He now understood the indispensable need of morality, and the securities we have for its being realised in the character of Christians, notwithstanding the prominence given to the doctrine that by faith, and faith alone, we are justified.

The effects of this altered style of preaching shortly began to appear, not only on the small number of customary auditors which had hitherto attended Kilmany Church, but in the numbers which soon flocked in, not only from the immediate neighbourhood, but many from Dundee, and some were occasionally seen from Edinburgh and Glasgow.

The stupid wonder which formerly sat on the countenances of the villagers and farm-servants of Kilmany, as they listened to discourses in which they had no personal interest, and the drift of which few of them could comprehend, was now changed into fixed, intelligent, and devout attention. The preacher now made them feel that they had an interest in the things on which he was discoursing, and that he was anxious that they should fully understand him; and to ensure this, he endeavoured to place the doctrine he wished to enforce in the clearest possible light, and to state it in various forms to suit the several capacities of his hearers, illustrating it in every way he could.

It was a characteristic of Dr. Chalmers's preaching that he seldom introduced more than one doctrine or one leading idea into any one discourse. But he reiterated it in many forms, and met every obvious objection to it, and drew out every collateral argument in its favour. By this means the attention of his audience was rivetted to the one point which he meant to impress

upon them at that time, and he made sure ground at every step, since the impression thus made needed not to be repeated, for it was indelible; and he knew well that the preacher who once got a firm hold on the mind of his hearer, *in any one point*, would have comparatively easy work in bringing in the whole of doctrinal truth, so intimately is it connected together as one whole, and so truly does the reception of one portion of it imply a disposition and state of mind favourable to the reception of all the rest. We think it a most judicious practice, and well worthy of the consideration of all ministers of the Gospel, and we give an instance of its results—such instances being frequent, though usually known to God alone:—

“The preacher’s text was John iii. 16—‘God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’ Two young men heard this sermon—the one the son of a farmer in the parish, the other the son of one of the villagers. They met as the congregation dispersed. ‘Did you feel anything particularly in church to-day?’—Alexander Paterson said to his acquaintance, Robert Edie, as they found themselves alone upon the road. ‘I never (continued he) felt myself to be a lost sinner till to-day, when I was listening to that sermon.’ ‘It is very strange (said his companion), it was just the same with me.’ They were near a plantation, into which they wandered as the conversation proceeded. Hidden at last from all human sight, it was proposed that they should join in prayer. Screened by the opening foliage, they knelt on the fresh green sod, and poured out in turn their earnest petitions to the Hearer and Answerer of prayer. Both dated their conversion from that day” (i. 429).

Dr. Chalmers has himself recorded that for twelve years he had been labouring in Kilmany without producing any known effect on his hearers:—“If there was anything at all brought about in this way, it was more than I ever got any account of. I am not sensible that all the vehemence with which I urged the virtues and the proprieties of social life had the weight of a feather on the moral habits of my parishioners; and it was not till I got impressed by the utter alienation of the heart in all its desires and affections from God—it was not till reconciliation to him became the distinct and the prominent object of my ministerial exertions—it was not till I took the scriptural way of laying the method of reconciliation before them . . . that I ever heard of any of those subordinate reformations which I aforetime made the earnest and the zealous, but I am afraid, at the same time, the ultimate object of my earlier ministrations.” And not only on others, but on himself also, was the change as remarkable in all his future life. So far from producing the gloom which he once apprehended as the necessary consequence

of this doctrine, it brought with it a perpetual sunshine. For it had probed the wound to the bottom, and the healing balm had been poured in ; and the effect was not only immediate peace of conscience through faith in the all-sufficient atonement, but expectation of continual supplies of grace according to our need, and continual waiting upon God to perfect that work which He had begun, so that from first to last He might have all the glory.

This trust in God as to spiritual things will also produce a recognition of his providential appointment and government of all temporal things ; so that we shall find all things, whether in the way of bounty or chastisement, working together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his good purpose. And being fully persuaded of the ultimate result, we shall do whatever lies before us heartily and confidently, leaving the consequences to him who doeth all things well, and assured that what we know not now we shall know hereafter, when we see face to face, and know even as also we are known.

The effects of this change in Dr. Chalmers's religious views were more discernible in the new aspect which all things assumed than in any alteration in himself as a man : his spirit had been touched with a living coal from the altar—his intellect remained the same as before ; and into whatever channel that intellect had been directed, its force and clearness would have rendered the possessor a distinguished man ; but, being now consecrated to the service of God, it was the means of rendering him the distinguished Christian which he afterwards became.

Perfect honesty and plain common sense formed the basis of Dr. Chalmers's character, and rendered him intolerant of anything ambiguous or sophistical in his own reasonings or those of others ; and when the German philosophy, with the affected profundity and the mysticism with which it seeks to veil its shallowness, was making inroads on the simple faith of the Gospel, he spoke of it so late as 1846 in the following terms :—

“ I feel it incumbent on me to enter on a computation of the distances and bearings between this transcendentalism on the one hand and the theology of the Bible on the other . . . What I want to make out is, that the unintelligible does not always imply the solid, or even the profound ; and far more momentous than this, that the simple verities of the Christian faith rest on a foundation deep enough and strong enough to uphold them against the more recent, or I should rather say, the ever shifting philosophy that now sets in upon us from abroad. Many of you know my value for the intelligible, and my conviction of the magnitude of that service which lies in transmuting what is profound, and only understood by a few, into what is plain, and so that it may be understood by many. We know well the penalty that awaits the successful executor of such an aim, that, had he abstained, he would still have been

ranked among the profound thinkers of the day ; but, because he has not only made the endeavour, but fulfilled it, he sinks down to the level of a very plain and ordinary personage. Nevertheless, I will rejoice in it as the best achievement of philosophy when it has made its products patent to every eye and accessible to the world at large" (iv. 483.)

Dr. Chalmers was very orderly and methodical in all his habits and carried it into his daily studies. After his private devotions, the first and most vigorous portion of each day was devoted to original compositions. In his early years this "severe composition," as he called it, was not protracted beyond two or three hours each day. But the tension of the mind during the effort was extreme, and it was never continued so long as to produce the exhaustion of fatigue. During the last six or seven years of his life the time given to original composition was shortened, but the daily practice was kept up; and he then thought out the subject in bed, and wrote it out in short-hand before breakfast. This brings out the double process by passing through which it was that his compositions acquired such force and clearness. There was a preparatory ruminating or excogitating process slowly and carefully gone through, and completed as to the subject before the work of composition or putting it into expressive words began :—

"This slow and deliberate habit of thinking gave him a great advantage when the act of composition came to be performed. He never had the double task to do—at once of thinking what he should say and how he should say it. The one was over before the other commenced. He never began to write till, in its subjects, and the order and proportion of its parts, the map or outline of the future composition was laid down ; and this was done so distinctly, and as it were authoritatively, that it was seldom violated. When engaged, therefore, in writing, his whole undivided strength was given to the best and most powerful expression of pre-established ideas" (iv. 446).

This habit of regular daily study he constantly recommended to his younger acquaintance, not only for strengthening the mind and bringing out all its latent force, but as conducive to that cheerfulness which arises from the satisfaction of fresh acquisitions of knowledge made thus peculiarly our own. I find, he used to say, that successful exertion is a powerful means of exhilaration which discharges itself in good humour upon others.

And that successful exertion was prevented from degenerating into self-sufficiency and conceit by the rigid and scrupulous daily self-examination with which it was accompanied. This kept the vigorous mental exercise in its proper place of subordination, so as not to engross the whole man and make

him a dry pedant or dogmatiser to others; since there was a strict scrutiny and discipline of his own heart and spirit carrying on at the same time, which revealed so many imperfections in himself as both to humble him and disarm him of the power to censure others. This it was that rendered Dr. Chalmers as remarkable for humility as for ability. It was genuine Christian humility, springing out of that abiding sense of his own insufficiency and unworthiness, which had been wrought in him by a true apprehension of the abounding grace of God. There was nothing affected, nothing servile, in it: for straight-forward honesty was the predominant feature in Dr. Chalmers's character, and therefore it had a very peculiar charm, seen in one who was so fearless and out-spoken, and who had been so greatly flattered as he had been. But the change had begun in the heart, and the grace of God seated there gave entire sincerity to all he did and said, for he held converse continually with the Searcher of all hearts from whom no secrets are hid.

The self-examination was guided, enlightened, and tested, by a constant reference to holy Scripture, which Dr. Chalmers always made regularly and systematically a part of his daily studies. This fact is attested by his journals, and more especially by the "Daily Readings," published with his posthumous works, from memoranda found among his papers, which were evidently private notes not intended to be published, but which are most valuable both for the suggestions they contain and the course of study they indicate; and from hence we learn that this practice was continued to the latest period of his life, showing how exhaustless are the Scriptures; and also that the ripest Christians are still capable of further growth and enlargement, and that they may always go on expatiating more and more in the boundless regions of spiritual and heavenly things. Writing to one of his daughters not long before his death he says:—

"It is true that the Spirit is the alone effectual agent in the work of conversion, and without his agency nothing can be done to any good purpose. But this doctrine, so far from superseding diligence in the use of the means, may supply the alone consideration which can justify that diligence and make it rational. Suppose it were true that in no possible way we could be made savingly to understand the Bible, then all inducement to the reading of it would be thereby done away. But, instead of this, let us suppose that there was one way, and that was the enlightening of the Spirit given to our prayers, this would instantly give a meaning and a motive to the exercise of dealing with our Bibles; and the perusal of the sacred volume, accompanied with supplication for light upon it from on high, would instantly become a hopeful and a reasonable employment. And, accordingly, if I were

asked to specify the likeliest prescription for the well-being and prosperity of the soul, I should say it was a prayerful reading of the Bible" (iv. 470).

This course of training resulted in the formation of a character, strong indeed, but remarkably amiable and attractive; and that not only to those who knew him well, but to strangers, and such as met him for the first time; for it was a combination of great natural talent, improved by diligent and varied culture, softened by genuine humility and hallowed by fervent piety. And the native integrity on which it was all based gave an air of sincerity and transparency to the whole, which at once inspired confidence and took away all reserve. When Professor Tholuck of Halle visited Edinburgh, Dr. Chalmers, who admired his writings, sought him out at the house of a common friend; for, though Chalmers did not understand German, Tholuck spoke English. Dr. Russell thus describes the scene:—

"Dr. Chalmers seated himself on a low chair close to the learned German, and listened with an air of genuine docility to all he said, throwing in a stray characteristic observation now and then, always however in the way of encouragement, never in the way of contradiction. Dr. Tholuck had published some verses of a religious character, which had given umbrage to some sect or other. He showed the lines to Dr. Chalmers, who, admiring them, observed that he had often been taken to task himself for a similar latitudinarianism; for, my dear Sir, some people have a very fine nose for heresy. While Dr. Chalmers was sitting in this posture, drinking in all that was said to him, Tholuck turned to his host and said in German that he had never seen so beautiful an old man. The words, coming out so suddenly in an unknown tongue, instantly changed the whole expression of Dr. Chalmers's face from that of happy acquiescence to one of puzzled amazement, which was in the highest degree comic, and this effect was not lessened by his eager putting of the question—'What is it, Sir, that he says?' A question impossible to answer, and yet not easy to evade. The result of this interview was an amount of mutual confidence and esteem as deep and sincere as it was sudden" (iv. 434).

Dr. Chalmers here alluded to the narrow views entertained by many of the Calvinists concerning the extent of the atonement made by Christ, the more rigid of that sect limiting the sacrifice to the elect alone: whereas Dr. Chalmers received the declarations of Scripture in their literal sense—"that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them" (2 Cor. v. 19). The expression of this came out the day before his death in conversation with Mr. Gemmel, as to the General Assembly—"I am rejoiced (said Chalmers) that the assembly have agreed to avai

themselves of the grant for national education; and I trust that a sound scriptural education will pervade the whole length and breadth of the land. Your resolutions are, I think, to that effect?" Mr. Gemmel replied, "Yes; but one of our resolutions characterises the national scheme as unsound and latitudinarian. I fear that the scheme is latitudinarian; but I am not quite so clear as to the use of the word *unsound*. Doddridge, for example, is latitudinarian; but I should be very unwilling to call him unsound; and Baxter is still more latitudinarian, but I should be very unwilling, in the full sense of the word, to call him unsound. There are *what are called* 'Baxterian errors,' I am aware, and one of these is in relation to the extent of the sacrifice of Christ—Baxter, I think, holding that Christ died for all men." Dr. Chalmers answered—"Yes: Baxter holds that Christ died for all men; and I cannot say that I am quite at one with what some of our friends have written on the subject of the atonement. I do not, for example, entirely agree with what Mr. Haldane says on the subject. I think that the word *world*, as applied in Scripture to the sacrifice of Christ, has been unnecessarily restricted: the common way of explaining it is, that it simply includes Gentiles as well as Jews. I do not like that explanation; and I think that there is one text which puts that interpretation entirely aside. The text to which I allude is, that God commandeth *all men, everywhere*, to repent."....."Human beings have the most strange way of keeping their accounts: they have one way of keeping their accounts with the world, and another way of keeping their accounts with heaven. In relation to the world, you will find men often open, and generous, and unsuspecting; but then they keep their accounts with heaven in the most suspicious and niggardly manner—in a manner with which I can have no sympathy—continually striving against, and fighting with, the goodness and sincerity of God, and they will not take God at his word" (iv. 518).

It was this confidence in God that gave perpetual repose and tranquillity to his soul; and, when anything arose to trouble him, he was accustomed to shake it off, saying that disquietudes lay light upon a man who could fix his heart on heaven. He sauntered out into the garden the evening before his death, and was overheard by one of the family, in low but very earnest tones, saying, "O Father, my heavenly Father;" and after family prayers he withdrew, when, bidding his family remember that they must be early to-morrow, he waved his hand, saying, "A general good night."

This was the last time he was seen alive: he was found the

next morning in his usual sleeping posture, which was half erect, the countenance and limbs so undisturbed that it was manifest that he had died without a struggle, having literally as well as spiritually fallen asleep in Jesus. Mark the perfect, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.

We have dwelt exclusively on the personal character of Dr. Chalmers in the course of our remarks without advertent, on the present occasion, to his public services, although these services were the inducement to institute this examination of his private character; and our reason for doing so is this—that we believe the public services derived all their importance from the weight of his private character, the formation of which becomes therefore an enquiry of the greatest interest to trace. And it is a practical enquiry of universal interest; for much of that which went to constitute his character is within the reach of every one; and, though every one may not have the same capability, no one can tell what capability he has until he tries; and such a course as that pursued by Dr. Chalmers must lead every one who follows it to some degree of eminence and render him a public benefactor of mankind.

And to the less ambitious and retiring spirits we would say that it is the only sure road to tranquillity and cheerfulness. The heart must first be set at peace with itself, by finding its peace with God, before it can truly enjoy anything else or give itself to any works of public utility; and, when it has found this peace, it longs to diffuse it and make others partakers of this heart-felt joy. It may only be in our power to enliven the domestic circle thereby—this is as Providence may appoint; but, however narrow the sphere, content and cheerfulness will be there which the world can neither give nor take away. Our picture of Dr. Chalmers would be incomplete without some traits of this:—

“His youthful freshness of feeling imparted a singular charm to his manners and conversation. Even when verging on old age he was very strikingly characterised by the simplicity of vivacious and unsuspecting boyhood. Of this peculiarity he was himself quite conscious, and I have heard him more than once allude to it. . . . The unselfishness of his delight in nature was very noticeable. He seemed to have a positive affection for the scenes and objects from which he drew so much pure enjoyment: it was as if his heart went out to them. . . . It was scarcely possible to take even one short walk with him without perceiving that his capacity of enjoyment was singularly large. He could find beauty everywhere—at least, he could single out from the most ordinary scene some feature on which his mind could dwell with interest and pleasure. All the points from which the scenery of this locality could be viewed to most advantage he knew most tho-

roughly ; and, however interesting the conversation in which he might be engaged, it was sure to be interrupted when any one of these points was reached. He would pause for a moment—his eye would wander over the landscape, and with a smile mantling over his countenance he would give a brief but expressive utterance to his feelings of joy and admiration. Writing to one of his daughters he says—‘With the aim fixed on a better world, not only is the happiness of the future, but that of the present life, most effectually provided for ; and the peace of him who has chosen God in Christ for his portion is in itself a fulfilment of the saying that godliness hath the promise of the life which now is, as well as of that which is to come.’ To another daughter he writes—‘And now my last advice to you is self-denial, or the habit of giving up your own will first to the will of God ; and then, in things lawful, even in things indifferent, to the will of others also. I promise you the greatest enjoyment from the success of such a discipline ; and, remember what I have often felt to be a most precious connection between *obedience* and spiritual *discernment*, in virtue of which I should look as the fruit of the *sacrifice* that I now recommend for a *clearer view* of the Gospel and its better method of salvation.’ Again he writes—‘Still it is furthermore of mighty importance to learn what are our specific wants, that we may state them specifically before God, and that we may afterwards watch as specifically for the supply thereof. Believest thou that I am able to do *this* ? was the question put by our Saviour to the man who asked a cure, and, according to his particular faith, so was it done unto him. Whatever the impediment or infirmity may be, let us ascertain it and pray for its removal. This will give rise to that process of discipline and cultivation in which what is called experimental religion mainly lies.’ And, lastly, he recommends a due interchange of active and passive occupations, or of work and contemplation, as maintaining the mind in its balance—‘It is worthy of remark that even Brainerd testified to the great importance of a right and systematic distribution of time, and filling up each section of it with its own proper work, even for a healthful religious state of the soul. Both are best, and of the cultivation of both we have the best and highest examples. What a man, both of performance and prayers, was the Apostle Paul !—but, greatest of all, can aught be more instructive than the mingled life of our Saviour, of whom it is so often recorded that, after a day spent in the works and labours of love, he retired from the world and spent whole nights in prayer to his Father, the doing of whose will was meat and drink to him. Let us grow more and more into a conformity to his blessed image” (iv. 474-478).

We have endeavoured to make Dr. Chalmers speak for himself and be his own biographer, as far as possible, to give as fair a view of his personal character as we are able ; for we think his course of experience to be in the highest degree instructive. We have only omitted one class of subjects—namely, the peculiarities, sometimes amounting to oddities,

which every original character will occasionally exhibit. Dr. Chalmers's early devotion to mathematics, for instance, gave him such a habit of numbering that he was accustomed to count his steps in walking, and reckoned the flowers in the garden, and even stropped his razor a given number of times. The grandeur of his moral character is not at all lessened by such little eccentricities as these—which, in fact, rather tend to show that he was an open, candid, genuine man, who never sought to appear other than what he really was, and in all that he did affected no disguise or concealment.

In everything that bore upon morals, or upon the efficient discharge of his duties, Dr. Chalmers was watchful over himself even to scrupulosity; and one who knew not his habits might from his journals suppose that he was sometimes intemperate. But there was no habit of life about which he was so scrupulous. He was indifferent about food and remarkably abstemious; yet “his private journals are filled with constant laments over his own incautiousness and excess at table—so much so, that were these journals to fall into the hands of one ignorant of Dr. Chalmers's habits, he might draw from them a conclusion exactly opposite to the truth.” Whenever he felt himself less capable of exertion after a meal, he attributed it to excess in eating, and made an entry to that effect in his journal. One night at Merchiston Castle, a biscuit was set before him at supper time; and while engaged in conversation he ate it all bit by bit without thinking of it: he had eaten nothing else, yet we find the following entry in his journal—“Exceeded to-night at supper.”

It is good that such things as these should be recorded, for they bring the whole man before us; and, under a consciousness of our own infirmities, they make us feel that he belongs to the same species with ourselves; and, especially, they show us that, notwithstanding these infirmities, a man may still be capable of rendering the most important services to his country and to religion; and, above all, that they did not at all interfere with or impede his progress in vital Christianity, but belong solely to the accidents of this life and that earthly tabernacle with which we are at present burdened.

In conclusion, we may say that Dr. Hanna has very ably executed his task of preparing these memoirs; and, though we doubt not that it has been a labour of love, yet we also render him our hearty thanks for the instruction and gratification which we have derived from the perusal of these four volumes,

ART. XI.—*The History of Pendennis.* By W. M. THACKERAY.
London: Bradbury. 1850. Two Volumes 8vo.

NOVEL writing or, more correctly to speak, story-telling—in the innocent sense of the word—is the most ancient of all authorship. Before Science was born, and when History was in her cradle, the imagination of man, if not as extensively, was as actively at work, in its limited sphere, as in the palmiest days of Messrs. Colburn and Bentley. We trace the progress of this species of literature from Eastern fable and apologue, through monkish legend of the earlier and *moyen* ages, down to the birth of the last fashionable novel. It is, and ever has been, the most popular of all writing; for this simple reason, that it requires no labour of thought on the part of the reader, who is amused, “he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.” A man may go to sleep over a novel, but it never fatigues him. Lives have been sacrificed to a double first class or a senior wranglership. There is Prussic acid in Euclid, and Strychnine in Pindar and Herodotus; but no man ever died of a novel. It is now many years ago that we were consulted by an anxious mother on the terrible tendency of the studious habits of her only son—“he was always reading—there was no getting him from his books.” We asked to be shown into his study: the table was strewn with the fictions of Fielding and Smollett. “Comfort yourself, my dear lady (was our consolatory reply); your son’s studies may not greatly enrich his mind, but they won’t damage his constitution.” We have been—as who, whether he “own the soft impeachment” or deny it, has not?—a great novel reader in our time. Our earliest acquaintance in that line was Smollett—a man of “infinite jest,” but of indifferent humour as far as temper was concerned, and therefore second, in our juvenile judgment, to the more philosophic and better-natured Fielding. Cumberland, an ominous name for an author in the light literature line, and somewhat typical of his style, contributed his quota to the amusement of our younger leisure; while of Mrs. Radcliffe—the anticipator of Madame Tussaud’s “Chamber of Horrors”—we have a grateful though not very lively recollection. Then came the dismal reign of the “Minerva Press,” appropriately located in *Leadenhall-street*; and its reign was as protracted as it was dismal. Nothing, perhaps, can better illustrate the low ebb to which this class of writing had sunk in those dreary days than the sensation produced by “*Thinks I to Myself*”—a little volume which, although clever and smart enough in its

way, would not have outlived one edition in these "piping times" of novel-making. In the darkness of the supervening night arose the star of Walter Scott, of whose writings it is not too high praise to say that we read them again and again with unmitigated zest; and, when we have finished the last volume of the series, we return to the first with unpalated appetite. His coming was a new era in light literature: he fixed at once a standard to which many attempted to attain, and of which though all fell short, a host of gifted labourers were tempted into the same field, and the result was a vast and general improvement in that style of composition.

It may, perhaps, be objected that the species of literature to which this article is devoted is unworthy of, or inappropriate to, the periodical which bears on its title the holy and time-honoured name under which we write; but works of fiction form too large an integral portion of the literature of the day to be regarded as unimportant. Diffused as they are throughout the length and breadth of our language, they must necessarily have their influence on the feelings and morals of the people. Novels and romances, both new and reproduced, are daily multiplying upon us, and from their more accessible form of publication, are in the hands and on the tables of every, even the humblest, class of society. They are presented to us fragmentarily in weekly and monthly periodicals, from the price of a penny upwards; and are made the vehicles and exponents of all sorts of opinions and theories. We have novels and tales of all sizes and prices—in shilling numbers and ten shilling volumes. Fielding and Smollett have been banished from our drawing-rooms and boudoirs for their coarseness, only to give place to a more insidious and destructive form of fiction. The "Newgate Kalendar" has been ransacked for subjects: highwaymen, cut-throats, and pickpockets, have been invested with the halo of the hero, and bones have been snatched from the gibbet or exhumed from "under the gallows tree," to be canonized as those of martyrs to the tyrannous laws of *meum* and *tuum*. Tomes have been written piecemeal to show that rank and wealth are synonymous with oppression and crime, and poverty but another name for suffering virtue; and we cannot shut our eyes to the unwelcome—nay, appalling truth that these efforts, originating as they often do in acknowledged though misapplied talent, have told with fearful effect upon the middling and lower classes of society. And the misery of it is that there are men, not only of brilliant powers, but of kindly hearts and open hands, who take part in this unholy crusade, and think that they are "doing God service"—men who follow,

if they do not profess, the religion of Nature, and who worship God through His works and not through His word.

In such a condition of things, then, we hold it to be not derogatory from our vocation, but especially worthy of it, to watch with a jealous eye the flowers and the weeds which are daily flung up from the teeming hot-bed of modern fiction—to uphold the good and denounce the pernicious. With regard to the latter class, we must, for the present at least, content ourselves with the general reprobation which we have thus pronounced: to deal with them in detail would be an Augean labour, for their “name is Legion.” We will rather address ourselves to the more pleasant task of discussing the merits of a work which, though falling within the category of novel, is an honourable exception to the tribe of publications which we have, somewhat sweepingly perhaps, but on conviction, condemned.

It is not our purpose so much to enter into the plot or details of the story, or to indulge in lengthened quotations, as to illustrate the peculiar merits and characteristics of the author’s style and genius; and with this view we have selected the latest of his larger works as being more immediately in the recollection of our readers, and, if we must speak the truth, fresher in our own.

Although we have assumed that our readers generally will have made the acquaintance of “Pendennis,” there are doubtless many by whom his history is unread, and whom we will endeavour, as briefly as may be, to put in possession of the main thread of the story. Our first introduction is to a country apothecary, corresponding to the modern general practitioner. After a long and patient battle with the mortar and pestle against poverty and prejudice, he achieves a remunerative practice, and proposes to an orphan girl with a thousand pounds in her pocket, and, as the Scottish phrase goes, “with the tear in her eye.” He is accepted, and gains a treasure in a wife, with whom, although from the frigidity of his nature unable fully to appreciate her, he is made happy after his own fashion to the end of his days; the latter portion of which is spent in rural retirement and an attempt to sink the apothecary in the country squire. At his death his only child, a son, the hero of the tale, is removed from a public school and finishes his education with a private tutor—a curate, rejoicing in the euphonious name of Smirke, under the maternal roof. He falls deeply and desperately in love with a strolling actress; but chiefly by the adroit generalship of his paternal uncle, Major Pendennis, and partly through the indifference of the damsel, a prudent woman in more senses of the word than one, he is rescued from the

mesalliance; and, his heart not having been broken by the disappointment, he survives to make fierce love to a clever but superficial and heartless trifler, the daughter of a wealthy *Begum*, by whom he is finally and thoroughly jilted; and the "strange eventful history" concludes with his marrying an orphan *protégée* of his mother—a girl of whom, with all his gifts and graces, he was, and had the honesty to acknowledge himself, unworthy; but whom, through the strength of her affection, and his appreciation of her moral superiority, he makes happy. The half-pay major is a worldly-minded tuft-hunter, but with many manly and soldierly qualities; and whose interest in the welfare of his nephew originates in his respect for the family honour, and is maintained by his admiration of his young relative's talents, which gain for him a reputation in the world of letters. With regard to the other *dramatis personæ*, we have the son of a wealthy brewer, Foker by name—redolent of tobacco rather than of the lamp—but good-natured and anything but a fool. There is a Captain Costigan—the date of his commission doubtful—the father of the strolling actress, a vulgar, selfish, whisky-drinking braggadocio. Add to these a templar, George Warrington, the chum and Mentor of Pendennis; Sir Francis Clavering, a dissolute, gambling, and every way unprincipled baronet, the husband of the *Begum*; a returned convict, who passes under the name of Altamont; a sentimental fiddler, yclept Bows; and we have the principal actors in the drama.

Regarded as a tale, "The History of Pendennis" is lamentably lacking in that "thrilling interest" of which we read on the panels of advertising-vans, and which is deemed essential to the perfection of a modern romance or melo-drama. There is not a "sanguinary murder," a "determined suicide," or a "heartless seduction," in the whole two volumes. We have none of those

"Werter-faced men, half savage, half sad ;"

nor any of those heroes who make such wild havoc in the hearts of sentimental young ladies—heroes

"Whose hearts were formed for softness—warped to wrong—
Betrayed too early, and beguiled too long."

Nor are our sympathies enlisted in the fates of one of those worthies who figure so frequently in ancient and modern fiction, and,

"Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes,"

are permitted to live through three mortal volumes; whereas, had they ever had a real existence, they would have been con-

signed to a prison or a mad-house in the first chapter. No: Mr. Thackeray's men and women are such as God made them—of veritable flesh and blood—with the feelings and frailties of humanity, from whose achievable crimes we may gather a warning, or from their imitable virtues an example.

Neither is the author of "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis" a writer of the pocket-handkerchief school. His appeals to the feelings are few, but forcible as they are few, and are never made but with an object subservient to the moral of his tale. He well knows—as who does not?—that there is nothing so easy in writing as to draw tears. Witness the success of many of the feeblest of our pulpit orators when they come out in that line. You do not find a Melvill or a Wordsworth often indulging in pathos; but, when they do, it is ever with a high and holy purpose and always with effect.

And while on the subject of tender emotions we may mention our fears that, by the young ladies and gentlemen of his readers, he will be held to be somewhat sceptical on the tenderest of all tender passions—love. He does not seem to believe in it as the world does. It is a generally received opinion that love is like the small-pox: it may end fatally, or, having once had the disease, you are not liable to a relapse. He does not believe that any body ever died of the complaint; nor in the immunity from a second or even a third attack. He does not award the pre-eminence to "first love" which our younger friends are accustomed to ascribe to it; but believes that a man's second or even third love may be quite as intense, and, as he shows in the instance of Pendennis, as reasonable withal, as his first. Heterodox as Mr. Titmarsh's opinions on this delicate subject may appear, we fear that it will be confirmed by the experience of most men. For ourselves, we never remember any body dying of the complaint; and there is scarcely an individual of our acquaintance who has not been in love and out of it a dozen times. But there is one shape of love in which Mr. Thackeray believes with all his heart—a *mother's love*—"the same—(we quote the text with reverence) yesterday, to-day, and for ever," surviving the follies, the faults, and even the crimes of its object. And this love is beautifully exemplified in the portraiture of Helen Pendennis; in whose heart the fountains of conjugal and maternal affection united, in her widowhood, in one broad bright stream, and so pure that, while it reflected heaven, it carried with it none of the elements of earth which enter more or less into almost every other human attachment. Of Helen Pendennis this was the glory and the grace, though sometimes the weakness; for, if

we at any time detect aught of folly in her conduct, it is traceable to her affection for her son. Indeed, but for the adroit manœuvring of her military brother-in-law, she would have permitted our hero (to adopt the worthy major's emphatic phraseology) to "marry into Greenwich fair," by becoming the wife of a strolling actress.

But Mr. Thackeray has not relied upon pathetic description, or the romance of character or situation, for the success of his tale: he rests its fame on the surer basis of its philosophy and its truthfulness; and we believe that he will be read when the most popular of his contemporaries in the same walk of literature shall have been weighed in the balance of posterity and found wanting. We believe that, in after ages, it will be said of him, in the words of the gifted and hapless Neale:—

"Time, that grey rock
On whose bleak sides the fame of meaner bards
Is dashed to ruin, was the pinnacle
On which his genius rose."

As we have said, it is not our intention to enter to any extent on quotation; our object being rather to illustrate by a few sentences the genius and concentration of thought and expression which we conceive to be pre-eminently characteristic of the author of the work before us. We find in other writers, erroneously classed under the same category, for the sole reason that their lucubrations are published in a similar form and at like intervals, a single thought elaborated over half a chapter; while Mr. Thackeray, with a few broad bold strokes of his pen, brings the whole scene before us as completely and graphically as if he had covered a ream of paper with his description. Here, for instance, is a picture conveyed in half-a-dozen lines, which gives us the reality as palpably as if we had been present at the scene. Pendennis had attended an election dinner, and for the first time in his life "had taken a little more wine than was good for him." He arrives at home at "ever so much o'clock at night," escorted, or rather followed, by half-a-score of his com-potators, "yelling the Blue song of the election:—"

"He wanted them all to come in and have some wine—some very good Madeira—some capital Madeira. John, go and get some Madeira—and there is no knowing what the farmers would have done had not Madam Pendennis made her appearance in a white wrapper with a candle, and scared those zealous Blues so by the sight of her pale handsome face that they touched their hats and rode off."

Here is a fine, because true, criticism on Kotzebue's play of "The Stranger," which, in Thompson's translation at least, will be familiar to most of our readers:—

"Those who know the play of 'The Stranger' are aware that the remarks made by the various characters are not valuable themselves, either for their sound sense, their novelty of observation, or their poetic fancy. In fact, if a man were to say it was a stupid play he would not be far wrong. Nobody ever talked so. If we meet idiots in life, as will happen, it is a great mercy that they do not use such absurdly fine words. The 'Stranger's' talk is sham, like the book he reads, and the hair he wears, and the bank he sits on, and the diamond ring he makes play with; but, in the midst of the balderdash, there runs that reality of love, children, and forgiveness of wrong, which will be listened to wherever it is preached, and sets all the world sympathizing."

Pursuing our design of picking out Mr. Thackeray's personal opinions "on things in general," as we wend our way through his narrative, we halt at a passage on the interesting subject to which we have already alluded. We quote it without mutilation, for we cannot abate a word:—

"I suppose there is scarcely any man who reads this or any other novel but has been balked in love sometime or other, by fate and circumstance, by falsehood of woman, or his own fault. Let that worthy friend recall his own sensations under the circumstances, and apply them as illustrative of Mr. Pen's anguish. Ah! what weary nights and sickening fevers! Ah! what mad desires dashing up against some rock of obstruction or indifference, and flung back again from the unimpressible granite! If a list could be made this very night in London of the groans, thoughts, and imprecations of tossing lovers, what a catalogue it would be! I wonder what a per centage of the male population of the metropolis will be lying awake at two or three o'clock to-morrow morning, counting the hours as they go by knelling drearily, and rolling from left to right, restless, yearning and heartsick. What a pang it is! I never knew a man die of love certainly; but I have known a twelve-stone man go down to nine-stone five under a disappointed passion, so that nearly a quarter of him may be said to have perished, and that is no small portion. He has come back to his old size subsequently: perhaps, is bigger than ever: very likely some new affection has closed round his heart and ribs and made them comfortable, and young Pen is a man who will console himself like the rest of us. We say this, lest the ladies should be disposed to deplore him prematurely, or be seriously uneasy with regard to his complaint."

What a world of truth there is in all this, and how quaintly and cleverly put!

It has been charged upon Mr. Thackeray that, in his former work of "Vanity Fair," he has been unjust to the tender sex, and in his character of Becky produced a monster of selfishness and iniquity for which no parallel is, or ever was, to be found in real life. Alas! we have the highest warrant for be-

lieving that there is no depth of depravity to which man or woman may not sink : " the heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Rebecca was made what she became by her early treatment. The cup of which she drank infused its baneful bitterness throughout every vein and artery of her moral frame, and she sought not the waters of that Fountain which alone could supply an antidote to the poison. But, if other proof were wanting, there is abundant evidence in the pages before us of Mr. Thackeray's appreciation of the female sex. Take an instance, to which we shall be able to add as we proceed in our task.

The following passage refers to the hero's college career :—

" We are not about to go through the young fellow's academical career with by any means a similar minuteness. Alas ! the life of such boys does not bear telling altogether. I wish it did. I ask, does yours ? As long as what we call our honour is clear, I suppose your mind is pretty easy. Women are pure, but not men. Women are unselfish, but not men. And I would not wish to say of poor Arthur Pendennis that he was worse than his neighbours, only that his neighbours are bad for the most part. Let us have the candour to own as much at least. Can you point out ten spotless men of your acquaintance ? Mine is pretty large, but I can't find ten saints on the list."

At the hazard of being amenable to the imputation of harping upon one string, we must extract a passage in corroboration of the opinion advanced in an antecedent paragraph :—

" Everybody who has the least knowledge of heraldry and the peerage must be aware that the noble family of which, as we know, Helen Pendennis was a member, bears for a crest a nest full of little pelicans picking at the ensanguined bosom of a big maternal bird, which plentifully supplies the little wretches with the nutriment on which, according to the heraldic legend, they are supposed to be brought up. Very likely female pelicans like so to bleed under the selfish little beaks of their young ones : it is certain that women do. There must be some sort of pleasure, which we men don't understand, which accompanies the pain of being scarified ; and, indeed, I believe some women would rather actually so suffer than not. They like sacrificing themselves in behalf of the object which their instinct teaches them to love. Be it for a reckless husband, a dissipated son, a danling scapegrace of a brother, how ready their hearts are to pour out their best treasures for the benefit of the cherished person ; and, what a deal of this sort of enjoyment are we, on our side, ready to give the soft creatures ! There is scarce a man that reads this but has administered pleasure in this fashion to his woman-kind, and has treated them to the luxury of forgiving him. They don't mind how they live themselves ; but, when the prodigal comes home, they make a rejoicing, and kill the fatted calf for him ; and, at the very first hint that the sinner is returning, the kind angels prepare their festival, and

Mersey and Forgiveness go smiling out to welcome him. I hope it may be so always for us all: if we have only Justice to look to, Heaven help us!"

And, if by way of set-off to the well-deserved eulogium pronounced in our last quotation on the worthier sex, we transfer to our pages a passage which compliments an individual member of it at the expense of her compeers, our fair readers will forgive the satire for the sake of the playfulness with which it is conveyed, and which blunts the point of the shaft. The subject of the sketch is the orphan whom Mrs. Pendennis had adopted, and who, as we stated in our brief summary of the plot of the tale, was in the sequel married to Pendennis:—

"At that age (sixteen) she had attained her present altitude of five feet four inches, so that she was called tall and gawky by some, and a Maypole by others of her own sex who prefer littler women; but, if she was a Maypole, she had beautiful roses about her head; and it is a fact that many swains were disposed to dance about her. She was ordinarily pale, with a faint rose-tinge in her cheeks; but they flushed up in a minute when occasion called, and continued so blushing ever so long, the roses remaining after the emotion had passed away which had summoned those pretty flowers into existence. Her eyes have been described as very large from her earliest childhood, and retained that characteristic in later life. Good-natured critics (always females) said that she was in the habit of making play with those eyes, and ogling the gentlemen and ladies in her company; but the fact is that Nature had made them so to shine and so to look, and they could no more help so looking and so shining than one star can help being brighter than another. It was, doubtless, to mitigate their brightness that Miss Laura's eyes were provided with two pairs of veils in the shape of the longest and finest black eyelashes; so that when she closed her eyes the same people, who found fault with those orbs, said that she wanted to show her eyelashes off; and indeed, I dare say, that to see her asleep would have been a pretty sight."

The finest, because the most manly and consistent, of the male *dramatis personæ*, is Warrington, to whom we briefly referred in our sketch of the tale. It is Pen's acquaintance with him which forms the turning point in our hero's fortunes. Pendennis arrives at a very grave anti-climax in the history of a hero—namely, at his last five pound note:—"It is the last rose of summer (exclaimed Pendennis with a dismal pleasantry); all its blooming companions have gone long ago," which, if our recollection of a once popular song be not very defective, is a palpable misquotation on the part of our friend Pendennis:—"Its lovely companions all faded and gone," being, we think, the true version. Warrington's commentary on his friend's position should be written in letters of gold:—

"Impecuniosity will do you good—I don't know anything more wholesome for a man—for an honest man, mind you—for another the medicine loses its effect—than a state of tick. It is an alterative and a tonic: it keeps your moral man in a perfect state of excitement, as a man who is riding at a fence, or has his opponent's single-stick before him, is forced to look his obstacle steadily in the face, and braces himself to repulse or overcome it: a little necessity brings out your pluck, if you have any, and nerves you to grapple with fortune. You will discover what a number of things you can do without when you have no money to buy them. You won't want new gloves and varnished boots, eau de Cologne, and cabs to ride in. You have been bred up as a molly-coddle, Pen, and spoilt by the women. A single man who has health and brains, and can't find a livelihood in the world, doesn't deserve to stay there. Let him pay his last halfpenny and jump over Waterloo-bridge. Let him steal a leg of mutton and be transported and get out of the country: he is not fit to live in it. Dixi, I have spoken—give us another pull at the pale ale."

Warrington concludes by recommending his friend to try literature, encouraging him to the experiment by showing him some of his own contributions, for which he has been handsomely paid. Pen "had no difficulty in recognising the style afterwards—the strong thoughts and curt periods—the sense, the satire, and the scholarship."

Pen adopts his friend's counsel and succeeds to an extent which, though rarely achieved *per saltum*, as in his case, is sufficiently often so attained in real life to sustain the *vraisemblance* of our author's story, and thus to teach a lesson by which all may profit. While one man, in the storm by which he is overtaken, waits passively or sullenly for the coming of the wave which threatens to overwhelm him, another casts about for the means of deliverance, and often gains the shore, while less firmly purposed men perish in the waters. Literature, as poor Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd once said or quoted to us, is a good walking staff but an indifferent crutch—meaning to say that, though when a man is crippled it may help him on his journey, he must not trust his whole weight on it. As an auxiliary we have known "the grey goose quill" to keep a man's head above water, and enable him finally to weather the storm which would else have swept him before it. We are constantly told—and a man of no mean mark in the world of letters has lately written a volume to establish the dogma—that to embark on the sea of literature is to invite shipwreck. But we must not cite the instance of every man who has been reduced to poverty in the pursuit as an evidence of the truth of the remark. Some men fail because they are wanting in the requisite talent, and should never have taken up the profession.

Others, again, of undoubted—nay, of successful, talent—lay the misfortunes at the door of the publishers and the public, which are chargeable alone to their own reckless improvidence. We know instances of men who have appealed to public sympathy for aid in their necessity, who, by the exercise of common prudence, when they were making thousands—we speak advisedly—by their pen, might have spent their latter years in competence. Doubtless, there are many men of talent and character who are brought to unmerited poverty in the pursuit of literature, and men, too, who had no choice but to embark in it; and it is to meet this condition of things that the “Literary Fund” was instituted, and since its establishment has appropriated no less a sum than forty thousand pounds to the relief of necessitous authors, their widows, and children. And it is gratifying to know that such a resource is still open to the distressed but deserving literary man, who may seek its succour and feel the while that the secret of his poverty is safe.

Mr. Thackeray, in his account of his hero's literary career, lets us—or rather the innocent public—into a few secrets connected with periodical criticism; and among other matters refers to a “truculent critic who would impound the books on the counter, in spite of the timid remonstrances of Mr. Midge the publisher, and after looking through the volumes would sell them at the accustomed book-stall; and, having drunken and dined upon the produce of the sale in a tavern-box, would call for ink and paper, and proceed to smash the author of his dinner and the novel.” That such forestalling of the market is occasionally practised we have no doubt; or else how was it that we once purchased, at a humiliating discount, one of our own erudite productions at a book-stall in the Waterloo-road three days before it was published? So much for sending “an early copy” to a reviewer!

The account of poor Foker's betrothal is so quaint, and withal so epigrammatic, that we offer no apology for transferring it to our page:—

“‘Harry (said the *pater familias*), your uncle and I have agreed that, when you're of a proper age, you'll marry Lady Ann.’ ‘Well (was the dutiful reply), if Ann's agreeable, I say ditto. She is not a bad looking girl!’ ‘And (rejoined the senior Foker) she has the best blood in England, sir.’ ‘Well, sir (acquiesced the son), as you like it. When you want me please ring the bell, only there's no hurry—I hope you'll give me a long day. I should like to have my fling out before I marry.’”

Passing over a half-soliloquy of Miss Amory, in which she complains of having been “*disillusionated*”—a phrase which

we commend to the adoption of disappointed damsels—we light upon a passage, one of the many *hall-marks* which show the standard quality of the writer's mind:—

“ ‘But the earth where our feet are is the work of the same Power, as the immeasurable blue yonder in which the future lies, into which we would peer. Who ordered toil as the condition of life—ordered weariness—ordered sickness—ordered poverty, failure, success—to this man a foremost place—to the other a nameless struggle with the crowd—to that a shameful fall or paralysed limb, or sudden accident—to each some work upon the ground he stands on, until he is laid beneath it?’ While they were talking the dawn came shining through the windows of the room, and Pen threw them open to receive the fresh morning air. ‘Look, George (said he)—look and see the sun rise. He sees the labourer on his way a-field; the work-girl plying her poor needle; the lawyer at his desk, perhaps; the beauty smiling asleep upon her pillow of down; or the jaded reveller reeling to bed; or the fevered patient tossing on it; or the doctor watching by it, over the throes of the mother for the child that is to be born into the world.—to be born and to take his part in the suffering and struggling, the tears and laughter, the crime, remorse, love, folly, rest.’ ”

Poor Mr. Foker is, however, aroused from his apathy in matters matrimonial, and falls desperately in love, not with Lady Ann, but with the flirt of the tale, Blanche Amory; and enacts all the extravagances proper to a man in his condition. Mr. Thackeray has been charged with looking on the dark side of human nature: we are not prepared to deny the allegation; but if he has done so, the contemplation of men's frailties has not made him either a cynic or a misanthrope. He regards the faults and follies of his fellow mortals as the bitter fruits of our first parents' fall, and looks not for perfection in man or woman. With reference to this passage in the life of Mr. Foker, he says:—

“ ‘Nor because he had given his friend, Arthur Pendennis, a great deal of good advice on a former occasion, need men of the world wonder that Mr. Foker became passion's slave in his turn. Who amongst us has not given a plenty of the very best advice to his friends? Who has not preached, and who has practised? To be sure you, Madam, are perhaps a perfect being, and never had a wrong thought in the whole course of your frigid and irreproachable existence; or you, sir, are all a great deal too strong-minded to allow any foolish passion to interfere with your equanimity in chambers or your attendance on 'Change: you are so strong that you don't want any sympathy: we don't give you any, then: we keep ours for the humble and weak that struggle and stumble, and get up again, and so march with the rest of mortals. What need have you of a hand that never fall? Your serene virtue is never shaded by passion, or filled by temptation, or darkened by remorse: compassion would be

impertinence for such an angel ; but then, with such a one, companionship becomes intolerable : you are, from the very elevation of your virtue and high attributes, of necessity lonely : we can't reach up and talk familiarly with such potentates. Good bye, then : our way lies with humble folks, and not with serene highnesses like you ; and we give notice that there are no perfect characters in this history, except perhaps one little one, and that one is not perfect either ; for she never knows to this day that she is perfect, and, with a deplorable misapprehension and perverseness of humility, believes herself to be as great a sinner as need be."

And Laura, indeed, is one of those lovely and loving beings of whom examples are to be found, few and far between—alas ! who are, indeed, but "little lower than the angels ;" and her character is sketched by Mr. Thackeray with a most masterly and yet delicate hand. Of the sorrows and sufferings of almost every other personage in the history it may be said that they were but the harvest which themselves had sown. Each might exclaim—

"———The thorns are of the tree
I planted ; they have torn me and I bleed :
I might have known what fruit would spring from such a seed."

The character of the fair orphan will be gathered from one sentence in which she tells Pendennis that she is aware of his intended marriage with Blanche Amory, who has supplanted her in the heart of the man whom she had loved from her childhood with a pure, enduring, and unselfish love—"through evil report and good report." She alludes to her rival as one "whom (she says) I intend to be very fond of ; and who, I am sure, is very clever and very pretty. I have had a letter from Blanche—the kindest of letters. She speaks so warmly of you, Arthur ! I hope—I know she feels what she writes—when is it, to be Arthur ? Why did you not tell me ? I may come and live with you then, mayn't I ?"

We might fancy that the portrait given of the heroine was a little over-coloured, and that even in the more unselfish sex such devotedness of affection is not to be found, if Mr. Thackeray had not furnished us with a key to the mystery, and pointed to the source whence her patience, humility, and fortitude were derived.

We have said that our author rarely attempts to work on the sympathies of his readers : it is surely not for want of the power to do so, as our next quotation will show :—

"It is not only for the sick man—it is the sick man's friends, that the doctor comes. His presence is often as good for them as for the patient, and they long for him yet more eagerly. How we have all

watched after him ! What an emotion the thrill of his carriage-wheels in the street, and at length at the door, has made us feel ! How we hang upon his words, and what a comfort we get from a smile or two, if he can vouchsafe that sunshine to lighten our darkness ! Who has't seen the mother praying into his face to know if there is hope for the sick infant that cannot speak, and that lies yonder, its little frame battling with fever ? Ah, how she looks into his eyes ! What thanks if there is light there—what grief and pain if he casts them down, and dares not say 'hope.' Or it is the house-father who is stricken. The terrified wife looks on, while the physician feels his patient's wrist, smothering her agonies, as the children have been called upon to stay their plays and their talk. Over the patient in the fever—the wife-expectant—the children unconscious—the doctor stands as if he were Fate, the dispenser of life and death ; he must let the patient off this time : the woman prays so for his respite ! One can fancy how awful the responsibility must be to a conscientious man—how cruel the feeling that he has given the wrong remedy, or that it might have been possible to do better—how harassing the sympathy with survivors if the case is unfortunate—how immense the delight of victory !”

Perhaps there is nothing that strikes a right-thinking reader in modern novels, and especially in those which appear periodically in numbers or in the magazines, so much as the notions promulgated on matters of morality and religion. Indeed, the ideas of some writers of modern fiction on the latter subject would be ridiculous if they were not shocking. It is impossible to doubt the orthodoxy of the author of *Pendennis*. He does not *discourse* much on the subject—wisely leaving us rather to gather from the examples of Helen and Laura that “the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever.”

It is not often, we repeat, that Mr. Thackeray introduces the subject of religion ; but, when he does, it is in some such touching and truthful passages as these. Helen, who had imagined her son to have been guilty of a grievous sin, discovers that she had wronged him :—

“‘Oh yes, my child, I have wronged you : thank God, I have wronged you !’ Helen whispered—‘Come away Arthur—not here—I want to ask my child to forgive me, and—my God to forgive me—and to bless you, and love you, my son.’ He led her tottering into her room, and closed the door as the three touched spectators of the reconciliation looked on in pleased silence. Ever after, ever after, the tender accents of that voice faltering sweetly at his ear—the look of the sacred eyes beaming with an affection unutterable—the quiver of the fond lip smiling mournfully, were remembered by the young man. And at his best moments, and at his hours of trial and grief, and at his times of success or well-doing, the mother’s face looked down upon him, and blessed him with its gaze of pity and purity, as he saw it,

in that night when she yet lingered with him ; and when she seemed, ere she quite left him, an angel, transfigured and glorified with love—for which love, as for the greatest of the bounties and wonders of God's provision for us, let us kneel and thank Our Father.....As they were talking the clock struck nine, and Helen reminded him how, when he was a little boy, she used to go up to his bed-room at that hour, and hear him say, Our Father. And once more—Oh once more, the young man fell down at his mother's sacred knees and sobbed out the prayer which the Divine Tenderness uttered for us, and which has been echoed for twenty ages since by millions of sinful and humbled men. And as he spoke the last words of the supplication, the mother's head fell down on her boy's, and her arms closed round him, and together they repeated the words, 'for ever and ever, and—Amen.' ”

This is high—ay, holy, teaching; and, in reference to other writers in the same walk of fiction, we are tempted to exclaim, “*O, si sic omnes!*” We know nothing of Mr. Thackeray in private life; but we should say that no man could thus depict maternal affection who had not drunk deeply of that precious, pure, and fathomless fountain.

Pendennis has been propounding to his friend Warrington his views “*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis;*” and those views, to quote the words of the volume, are views “of a worldly and selfish, but not ungenerous or unkind, or truth-avoiding man.” Listen to the rebuke administered:—

“And to what does this easy and sceptical life lead a man? Friend Arthur was a Sadducee, and the Baptist might be in the Wilderness shouting to the poor, who were listening with all their might and faith to the preacher's awful accents, and denunciations of wrath, or woe, or salvation; and our friend the Sadducee would turn his sleek mule, with a shrug and a smile, from the crowd, and go home to the shade of his terrace, and muse over preacher and audience, and turn to his roll of Plato, or his pleasant Greek song-book, babbling of honey and Hybla, and nymphs, and fountains, and love. To what, we say, does this scepticism lead? It leads a man to a shameful loneliness and selfishness, so to speak, the more shameful because it is so good humoured, and conscienceless and serene. Conscience!—what is conscience? Why accept remorse? What is public or private faith? Mythuses alike enveloped in enormous tradition. If seeing and acknowledging the lies of the world, Arthur, as see them you can, with only too fatal a clearness, you submit to them, without any protest, farther than a laugh: if plunged yourself in easy sensuality, you allow the whole wretched world to pass groaning by you unmoved: if the fight for the truth is taking place, and all men of honour are on the ground, armed on the one side or the other, and you alone are to lie on your balcony and smoke your pipe out of the noise and the danger, you had better have died, or never have been at all, than such a sensual coward.”

Laura becomes "companion" to Lady Rockminster, by whom she is treated with maternal kindness, but she feels the transition from the roof of her adopting mother Helen Pendennis, yet consoles herself by contrasting her position with that of many in her station; and thus, says the author, "it was with this cordial spirit that our young lady adapted herself to her new position, and went in advance of her fortune with a trustful smile." And Mr. Thackeray goes on to enquire:—

"Did you ever know a person who met Fortune in that way whom the goddess did not regard kindly? Are not even bad people won by a constant cheerfulness and a pure and affectionate heart? When the babes in the wood, in the ballad, looked up fondly and trustfully at those notorious rogues whom their uncle had set to make away with the little folks, we all know how one of the rascals relented and made away with the other—not having the heart to be unkind to so much innocence and beauty. Oh, happy they who have that virgin loving trust, and sweet smiling confidence in the world, and fear no evil because they think none! Miss Laura Bell was one of these fortunate persons; and besides the gentle widow's little cross, which, as we have seen, Pen gave her, had such a sparkling and brilliant *kohinoor* in her bosom, as is even more precious than that famous jewel; for it not only fetches a price, and is retained by its owner in another world, where diamonds are stated to be of no value; but here, too, is of inestimable worth to its possessor, is a talisman against evil, and lightens up the darkness of life like Cogia Hassan's famous stone."

Well: the end of the story is the marriage of Pendennis with Laura, to whom he comes at last with a confession, and, what is more, a deep sense, of his unworthiness of such a treasure. We quote the last paragraph in the book:—

"And what sort of a husband would this Pendennis be, many a reader will ask, doubting the happiness of such a marriage, and the fortune of Laura? The querists, if they meet her, are referred to that lady herself, who, seeing his faults and wayward moods—seeing and owning that there are men better than he—loves him always with the most constant affection. His children or their mother have never heard a harsh word from him; and, when his fits of moodiness and solitude are over, welcome him back with a never failing regard and confidence. His friend is his friend still—entirely heart-whole. That malady is never fatal to a sound organ; and George goes through his part of God-papa perfectly, and lives alone. If Mr. Pen's works have procured him more reputation than has been acquired by his abler friend, whom no one knows, George lives contented without the fame. If the best men do not draw the great prizes in life, we know it has been so settled by the Ordainer of the lottery. We own and see daily how the false and worthless live and prosper, while the good are

called away, and the dear and young perish untimely. We perceive in every man's life the maimed happiness, the frequent falling, the bootless endeavour, the struggle of right and wrong, in which the strong often succumb, and the swift fail: we see flowers of good blooming in foul places, as on the most lofty and splendid fortunes, flaws of vice and meanness, and stains of evil; and, knowing how mean the best of us is, let us give a hand of charity to Arthur Pendennis, with all his faults and short-comings, who does not claim to be a hero, but only a man and a brother."

It will be seen that, in dealing with these volumes, we have followed the thread of the narrative only so far as it was subservient to our purpose of developing the *ethics* of the author. We could, had time and space been permitted to us, have dwelt with pleasure on the close and truthful delineation of character displayed in various actors in the drama whom we have been compelled to pass by with a cursory notice. Especially characteristic is his sketch of the Irish major; and those who have had opportunities of studying the varieties of the witty and versatile nation to which he belongs will recognise the fidelity, both as regards the manners and the brogue, of the representation. We know that Mr. Thackeray, by a previous illustration of Irish peculiarities, has drawn on himself a storm of vituperation from the other side of the channel: his assailants, not reflecting that there are vulgar and vaunting persons in all countries and communities, and forgetting or ignoring the fact that he has placed side by side with his Hibernian heroes Englishmen equally vulgar and boastful, and to the full as absurd. It is impossible for a reader of candid mind not to recognise in "The History of Pendennis" the work of a scholar and a gentleman. Indeed, to the faithful portraiture—(such as we find in this story)—of the latter, it is essential that the writer have all the elements of one in his heart: in his *heart* we say, because the manners are the mere outward habiliments of a gentleman which may be and constantly are put on by many a clever and accomplished scoundrel. Mr. Thackeray has been pre-eminently successful in his graphic illustrations of "Pendennis," which are a decided improvement upon those of "Vanity Fair." The picture of the "Curate come to grief," that is transferred from his saddle to a bank by the road side, is an especial instance of his success. We shall take the first opportunity of introducing to the notice of our readers the long since announced novel which we hear is already in the press, and which we are told will be followed, if it be not preceded, by an illustrated collection of his "Lectures," delivered some time since at the Hanover-Square

Rooms. And here we close our notice of Mr. Thackeray's last important work, not hoping to add anything to his repute, but rejoicing to record our admiration of that intense power and purity of thought, truthfulness, and force of feeling, which, in our humble judgment, lift him immeasurably above the level of his competitors in the fight for fame.

Notices of Books.

The Court and the Desert ; or, Priests, Pastors, and Philosophers, in the Days of Louis XV. Three Vols. London : 1852.

THE contents of these volumes faithfully answer to their title, and the work altogether is a history of the strongest contrasts and of the most opposite characters. The Jesuit confessors of the king figure in it, together with the chief infidel writers of the "French Encyclopædia," and the undaunted and bitterly persecuted French Protestant pastors. Of the wrongs done to these last far less is said than the real facts of the case would have justified ; but amply sufficient, nevertheless, to harrow the feelings of the reader, and to prove the fiend-like conduct of their Papal oppressors.

In such a court as that of Louis XV., where venality and baseness and immorality were supreme, every allusion to it necessarily brings some base character under notice, or points to some court intrigue baffled ; but, as they are allusions rather than details, the most fastidious reader will find nothing within the volumes that he can in the least object to ; nor any circumstances brought prominently forward that he might have desired should be concealed. The volumes are, in a great measure, a series of pictures of descriptive paintings, many of which those who have been much in France will readily recognise ; and the visitor to Versailles will find himself quite at home in the subjoined description of a scene that was enacted in the chapel there :—

"On the following day, Sunday, there was a great crowd in the chapel. The events of the week, the *début* of a preacher, the general expectation of a pointed sermon, all contributed to people Versailles. Paris and the chateau had sent their contingent of courtiers to fill up the complement. The King had had at his *levee* all who could appear in his chamber. They had found him looking even more *ennuyé* than usual : it was evident that this shoal of visitors displeased him : the

levee was short. All whose offices did not detain them near the King's person hastened at once to the chapel.

"The ladies mustered in great numbers—news and comments circulated, as usual, with a marvellous rapidity. The Queen, her two daughters, and the dauphiness, had just left for Paris: they were gone to perform their devotions in the Convent of the Sacred Heart. Although it was not the first time, no one failed to attribute this departure to the passing circumstances, and probably they were right.

"The Dauphin had been for several days at Sens, but it was in vain that the Dauphin went to Sens and the Queen to Paris. Louis XV. was afraid of the virtues of his family: what were their whole lives if not a perpetual reproach to the disorders of his life? In vain they avoided communicating in public: it was known perfectly well that they did communicate, and that the communion was interdicted to the King: still as appearance is always something, especially in a court, Louis XV. was more at his ease when he knew them to be at a distance and never complained of their absence: of two affronts, he willingly resigned himself to choose the least.

"A very ancient usage, established as a regular thing under Louis XIV., had fixed on the hour of the King's departure for mass as the time when he might be approached without previous formalities. They seem to have desired that the moment in which he was about to humiliate himself before God should be the one also in which men might be permitted to be his brothers—to see him without ceremony—to address him as a simple mortal. Besides, one great reason for it was that people were compelled to be brief; and that the King, pressed for time, might always have a pretext for being brief also.

"It was not then, in reality, an audience. The King, accompanied by the Captain of the Guard and a few gentlemen, slowly traversed one of the galleries of the château. It was necessary to stand, in his way. He never sat down to listen—often, even, he continued to walk on. The petitioner had always permission to walk by his side making his request known, only however until some other person presented himself. In this case the King stopped, and the first hastened to finish. If there were too many at a time, the King expressed by a word or gesture his regret at being unable to hear all, and the disappointed had nothing for it but to come another day.

"On Sunday there were rarely any petitioners, but the curious in great numbers lined the passage of the King. He was accustomed on that day to receive the rather awkward salutations of the good citizens who came to show the court to their spouses. This passing review amused him; it continued during his dinner, which was also public on Sunday. As he excelled in knocking off the top of an egg with one back-handed blow of his fork, he never failed to eat one at his *grand couvert*; and he was really almost flattered by the admiration of the cockneys at this clever trick.

"Louis XV. had reached the middle of the gallery when two arms were extended to him. Two men presented him, the one a letter, the other a sealed paper. The two men were Rabaut a Protestant pastor, and Bridaine a priest. Rabaut, on entering the chapel, found

a man who appeared to be waiting for him. He followed him into a side passage, and Bridaine lost himself in the crowd.

"The King was seated, and the mass was about to commence. The Duke de Richelieu, behind him, still held in his hand the two memorials presented in the gallery; for the King, according to the custom, had, after having held them for a moment, resigned them to him. The duke, as first gentleman, had the right of opening all that was addressed to the King. This right, however, Richelieu did not usually exercise with great eagerness. The memorials which were unsupported by powerful recommendations waited frequently for a long time before he took the trouble to read them, and longer still before he made any report of them to the King. The King on his side troubled himself very little as to what became of the papers, or as to what those might think who presented them: these two last might have met with the usual fate had not Richelieu, on accidentally glancing at them, seen these words on one of the envelopes, 'To be read immediately.' His first movement was simply to discover the writer of it to be very bold and ill-bred. He thrust the letter into his pocket, and had there been a fire at hand we will not answer for its having been thrown on it. He thought better of it, however. This letter might by chance be of importance: he took it out again and read it, and a considerable degree of embarrassment became visible on his countenance. He was seen to bend over to the Duke de Gesvres, whisper a few words, and hand him the paper. The duke after having rapidly perused it, returned it, pointing to the King. It was understood that he was of opinion it should be immediately shown to him; and Richelieu, in fact, stretching his arm over the back of the King's chair, spread it open before his eyes. All this had passed within two or three minutes, and the mass was not yet commenced. The King began to read and made a sign for them to wait. A lively movement of curiosity, hardly restrained by his presence, spread in an instant to the farthest corners of the chapel—all eyes were upon the King, or only quitted him to interrogate those of the first gentleman; but Richelieu was too near the King to be able to say aloud, even in a whisper, so profound was the silence. Opposite, on the bench of bishops, was an old prelate, whose agitation his neighbours remarked, and fancied also that they had seen Richelieu make him a sign that he was interested in the affair. Still the King read on: he had rapidly arrived at the end of the letter—then he had recommenced it, but slowly. He was seen to stop at certain passages with an air of surprise and embarrassment. At last, as if he had suddenly come to a resolution, he brusquely folded up the letter, put it in his pocket, and made a sign for them to commence.

"During mass he was seen to be sometimes collected—sometimes absent and agitated. Towards the close he seemed more calm; but Richelieu, during a voluntary, had spoken to the Duke de Gesvres, and a few words of their conversation circulated already from the bench: there was no longer any doubt—it had something to do with the sermon. In fact, the mass concluded, the King rose. In the twinkling of an eye every one was standing, and he left as he had entered

between his first gentlemen and the captain of his guards. At the movement which followed his departure, a man, until then quietly seated in the sacristy, might have been seen to rise hastily, run to the door, but without opening it listen—listen again, in the most violent agitation—that man was the Abbé de Narniers."

We give an extract from another scene of treachery and remorseless bigotry and cruelty :—

"It was near midnight, and Rabaut was to depart at daybreak. The two friends retired: the pastor mounted to his little chamber. This chamber on the first story had but one window, overlooking the garden. It was, besides, pretty well provided with all the means of evasion that the place would admit of: at the window a rope ladder was always kept coiled up behind the inner shutter. In a closet a secret door led down to the cellar and up to a loft, thus giving a choice in case of surprise from either above or below. Behind the bed, lastly, in the event of the house being at once broken into and surrounded, was a last refuge. It consisted in a low and narrow hiding-place, the entrance to which, on a level with the floor of the chamber, was skilfully concealed in one of the panels of the wainscoting . . . There, lying down in the wall, breathing through a little crevice, the refugee might still defy for one day or even two the strictest researches of the enemy.

"Rabaut occupied himself in noting down his morrow's work and plans before retiring to his bed. He had a number of people to see—much business to regulate; and, as he was anxious to return as soon as possible to Toulouse, he was making his arrangements so as neither to lose a step nor a moment. It was cold: that solitary house—that uninhabited chamber—the mournful silence of the night, all conspired to add to the cold that seizes on the limbs—that other cold that freezes the heart. Rabaut had finished his task; but he did not rise from his chair. He experienced that vague sensation of uneasiness that keeps you down, and glues you to your place, as if you were afraid of the noise you might make in moving. He listened, motionless, to the sighing wind, the rustling of the dry leaves that whirled about in the garden, and lastly, to the old clock in the room beneath him, the regular ticking of which contrasted mournfully with the wilder noises without. For several minutes that he heard something that was neither the noise of the wind nor that of the leaves. This noise, that came from the garden, had continued once between two violent gusts of wind; but then it had ceased suddenly, as if it had perceived that it was likely to betray itself, and that it must wait for a fresh burst of the gale. The clock struck twelve, and immediately, as if at an expected signal, the noise seemed to give up all idea of concealment. There was no longer any doubt: there were footsteps—voices. Rabaut runs to the window—he peeps cautiously through a tiny hole drilled in the shutter—but he perceives nothing. The night is very dark—he can scarcely discern the tops of some trees whose bare branches stand out against the murky sky; but the voices and footsteps are approaching. At the same instant the door

is violently shaken—that of the chamber is half opened. It is Reboul ! ‘Fly or hide yourself,’ said he, and hastily descends the stairs. But Rabaut has no longer a choice. The garden is now illuminated, and he can distinctly make out soldiers and armed peasants crowding the spot. Flight is impossible ; but it is important that they should believe him to have fled. He opens the door of the secret staircase and leaves it open, whilst he shuts himself into the little hiding place. There he could only hear a confused noise. He felt by the shaking of the wall that they had burst in the door : then the tumult spread over the whole house—the stairs trembled and creaked beneath heavy feet—the stocks of the guns resounded heavily on the oaken floors—the chamber-door was at length pushed open with a great crash—many persons rushed in at once. ‘Here we are !—Come !’ cried a voice—and that voice Rabaut now knew well enough. It was the voice of Aigues-Mortes—the voice of Father Charnay.”

We have said that “The Court and the Desert” is a book of strong contrasts, and necessarily it is so since the scenes are in the palace, in the prisons, and in the mountains ; and the chief actors are the King and his courtiers ; the Jesuits and their stern adversaries the philosophers ; and the hunted, persecuted, tortured, and martyred Protestants and their pastors. An extract or two further will give the reader a tolerable idea of the vast variety of subjects brought under his observation :—

“The next morning at eleven o’clock he entered the apartments of Madame de Pompadour quite radiant with happiness. Madame was at her toilette, which in our days would signify that she was not visible : then, it was precisely the contrary. The hour of the toilette was the hour for reception—and for a reception, too, almost public. Unless you were actually unknown to the lady, you had the right of seeing her at that hour, and even the privilege of taking a friend with you. The dressing-room of a woman of fashion was a species of temple, where one went, said Marivaux, to burn wit on the altar of the graces. It was the rendezvous of every one who had, or who imagined that he had, something to lay on this altar. Around the divinity of the place chatted and buzzed, pell-mell, young nobles, little abbés, gallants on the decline. There she sat before a little pier glass, all ornamented with gilding and lace, upheld by two of those little loves that Boucher, the great carver on wood, thought could never be too fat or too puffy. On a table supported on carved feet and encrusted with ivory, gold, and sometimes even pearls, was spread out a whole magazine of knick-knacks for the toilette—tortoiseshell combs, soft velvet brushes, perfumes of all colours and kinds ; but from the table to the tiniest boxes, from the great fauteuils to the simplest stools, everything was disgraceful from the excess of magnificence—everything was mean from excess of art : the curtains were so heavy you might have thought them carved on wood—the carpets so thick you might have fancied yourself treading the turf of a park.

“Coquettishly reclining on her bergere, in a robe of white satin,

her fan in her hand, her spaniel on her knee, Madame tranquilly received the homage of all comers. She listens, and all are silent to listen too to the fortunate individual whom she honours with her attention: she speaks, and every sound is hushed that they may gather all she deigns to say. But in general she speaks but little—a smile to one, a word to another—that is all. She has plenty of wit, they know it: she is pretty, they know it still better—that is enough. In the evening lively conversations—in the morning the immobility of a goddess or the laconicism of an oracle. This usually lasts about two hours, the waiting-women having orders to prolong their task so long as Madame does not seem fatigued, and so long as there are plenty of spectators. Do not forget that these spectators are men. A lady of quality would never publicly assist at the toilette of another unless that other were a queen or a princess. It was a homage that only men could pay, like every other service of gallantry, without humiliation—without any importance being attached to it. For the rest, the farther removed such a thing is from the custom of our own day the more care should we take not to exaggerate its strangeness. The most respectable women submitted to this practice. Custom deprived it of all that we should find most offensive in it. An invariable etiquette fixed what could and what could not be done—certain scruples were even carried beyond our notions. They had their heads dressed in the presence of thirty men, but never by a man—that would have been an unexampled act of boldness and bad taste. Finally, all jesting, all allusion, any indiscreet looks, would have caused the banishment of the ill-bred person who might have been guilty of either. There was generally more strictness observed in proportion as the situation was more hazardous—each seemed to feel himself in some sort responsible for the attacks made on that modest shame which the lady was so near losing.

“Of all the toilettes of the day that of Madame de Pompadour was, of course, the best attended. Ladies even came to it as to those of princesses, and with much greater empressement. Artists and poets there elbowed the great nobles, and the nobles saw at it the King: the King was less *ennuyé* there than elsewhere. On this particular day, then, there was a great question as to whether he would come. They awaited anxiously the public inauguration of the power built up again the previous evening. The marchioness had learnt from Richelieu that the King had risen dull, irresolute, discontented, with his evening, and that precisely because he had taken pleasure in it; and that he felt vexed at being no longer able to enjoy himself save at the expense of his conscience. She feared a sudden tack. Her eyes often wandered to the door, which she hoped to see opened to admit the King; and she perceived from time to time other glances directed towards it. The apparition of the Abbé de Narniers, who had been frequently thought of, created a sensation—the crowd divided before him. He advanced with upraised head and joyous heart. Did he not see his protectress in the bosom of a court more numerous and more brilliant than ever? Still he found her with an anxious look. What could be the matter?—he asked himself in a

fright. Shortly after the arrival of the abbé, the privileged ones had to make way for De Marigny—the brother of Madame de Pompadour—who, after some conversation with her and with others, took to looking into some of the numerous letters and papers which were laid each day at the feet of a power known to be boundless. As he unfolded one paper, astonishment and pity were suddenly portrayed upon his countenance. He brought to his sister, without saying a word, a note written in blood—there was but one line and a name—

“MADAME—To-day, the 21st of July, 1760, at midday, I shall have suffered during 100,000 hours.

‘LATUDE.’

‘From my dungeon in the Bastille.’

‘She cast her eyes carelessly over it. ‘It is the twentieth at least,’ said she; and they resumed their conversation.....He insisted—‘100,000 hours, my sister! But he could plainly read in her eyes that it was useless, and that there never would be forgiveness for any who had offended her.’”

Another extract will conduct us to the interior of a prison at Toulouse, where a number of people were in confinement for their Protestant principles; and where at the same time were found a Protestant pastor Rabaut, and a Jesuit priest Charnay. Each was unknown to the other, and each had widely different motives for being found there. Rabaut was there to comfort and cheer his co-religionists, and Charnay to outreason and if possible to convert them. To the Protestant pastor it was certain death should he be discovered, and it was only by some powerful local influence that he gained access to so dangerous a place for him, and where all the Jesuits and priests in the kingdom had for years been so desirous to consign him. Urged by the casuistry of the Jesuit to take a part in the discussions:—

“Rabaut had forgotten himself: a light had been brought in and Charnay could see his new interlocutor. The easy flow of his language, the ease of his gestures, the peculiar something that always betrays a man accustomed to speaking; the attention of the others and of Rochette himself who had remained silent from the moment that Rabaut began to speak—all, in short, had concurred in making the Jesuit suspect that the merchant, Mr. Theo, might be possibly something more: therefore, after the first few moments, he scarcely listened at all. They might have read in his eyes that he was busying himself about something different from the answer he should have to make, or the error that he might have to remove. Jean de Lourmade was the first to perceive these inward workings. He had traced the workings of the Jesuit’s countenance: he had guessed that he was making an effort to suppress some sudden enlightenment. It was too true—a light had all at once burst upon him. Charnay clearly understood that his interlocutor was a minister. Who could tell? Perhaps he even knew his name. He had in fact guessed even that also; and

Rabaut himself, when too late, had been the first to perceive it. More clever from courage than the Jesuit from dissimulation, he had not suffered any expression of anxiety to escape him; but this almost superhuman effort had nearly exhausted him. His tongue, until now as free as ever, became all at once paralysed. That scaffold that he had shown to be erected behind all the decrees of Rome, he now saw rising in all its grim horrors behind his inveterate and deadly foe. He saw himself taken and taken with his own son: two lives to lose—two deaths to suffer—for there was no mercy to be expected from a Charnay; and it was more than doubtful whether the Attorney-General, who had sufficiently compromised himself by permitting him to enter, would compromise himself still further by permitting him to go out. Besides, were the affair once bruited abroad, the magistrate himself could probably do nothing in it. They had therefore mutually understood each other. They looked at one another—motionless, equally fascinated. Charnay did not dare to seize his prey. Rabaut held his breath as if the smallest movement would entangle him in the net that he already felt thrown over him. The others, petrified by terror, awaited the issue of this fearful duel. At length Charnay rose slowly, like a tiger warily preparing for his spring; and, with flashing eye and knitted brows, extended his arm towards the minister. ‘It is Rabaut!’ No one stirred. But Rabaut, in his turn, raised his hand and pointed to the Jesuit—‘It is Charnay.’ ‘Charnay!’ cried they all. This explosion of horror had restored to him his audacity. He stamped his foot furiously—‘Yes (he cried), yes, it is Charnay! You know it now. You shall know it still better. It is Charnay—heretics! Yes, thou hast rightly guessed, and so have I! Now it is my turn, preacher. You tricked me at Aigues-Mortes—you tricked me at the Pont de Monvert. You shall not trick me at Thoulouse. Gaolor, this way!—this way!’ He rushed to the door; but Jean was there before him. Armed with one of the knives that they had left on the table, he pounced upon the priest and seized him by the arm. ‘Not a word!—not a sound! You have already, perhaps, been heard. They will come at your call. I want some pretext or other. Say whatever you please. I have but one word to say to you: if Rabaut is taken, you are a dead man.’ ‘Let me go (said Charnay): I will go out’—‘You will not go out’—‘I shall go out.’—‘No, not until he has gone; in safety too’—‘I shall say nothing’—‘Yes?’—‘I swear it’—‘Yes: what council was it, pray, that declared oaths made to heretics were not to be observed; that of Constance, I believe’—‘No more of this: what is it you want of me?’—‘I am going to ring the bell. The gaoler will answer it. You will be seated with us down there at the furthest end of the room. M. Rabaut and his son will go away. You will see them depart. Then you also may go half-an-hour afterwards. You understand—come sir.’

“Charnay, pale with rage, suffered himself to be led back to the chair from which he had just risen. Jean seized the bell-rope. ‘One moment’ (said Rabaut). ‘No, no (said the prisoner)—Why delay.’ ‘Why?—because I shall never return, my poor child.’ It was only too evident that after this adventure the prison was no place for him

to set foot in voluntarily. In a broken voice he again addressed them—'Farewell, then, beloved friends! farewell Rochette. Say not to me as our Master did to all—If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I go unto my Father. No, my son, no! I love thee well enough to know that I rejoice in that thou goest to thy Father. We shall weep for thee, but we shall envy thy lot. Farewell! to you, too, farewell! These walls, these doors, shall not prevent my being with you in this world any more than the tomb will prevent me from being with you, by faith, in that world to which you have preceded me. Farewell! farewell!' Jean, at a sign from the pastor, had pulled the bell—then had resumed his position close to the priest. 'They are coming (said he to Charnay in a whisper)—Take care! one word, a single gesture, a glance of the eye, and ——.' He showed him the knife. Charnay, with one arm hanging at his side, and the other stretched out upon the table, with clenched fists and head bowed down to hide his rage and vexation, had not stirred. They heard the rattling of the key in the lock and the grating of the bolts. The door is partly opened—'Show these gentlemen out' (said Jean de Lourmade); and Rabaut, after a last farewell, slowly left the cell followed by his son. The priest stirred not. They heard the doors open and shut—they had remained standing with their eyes and ears strained to the uttermost. Another door is open and shut again heavily. It was the door—they knew it by the peculiar sound—it was the door leading into the street. 'Saved!' cried Jean. The priest stirred not. 'Saved!' repeated the young man, throwing himself upon the neck of his eldest brother; and in a voice still trembling, but triumphant and joyous, he struck up the old *Te Deum*. They were still singing the first words when the voices of their fellow-prisoners from below answered them. The pious echo followed them verse by verse, syllable by syllable. At the end of the first breath they stopped, and immediately the second part arose like a distant murmur from the depths of the prison, when a cry of terror suddenly checked them. One of them, on turning towards the priest, had caught sight of his face covered with blood. The eyes were closed—the blood trickled down from his mouth and nostrils. His clothes were already saturated with it. Anger, rage rather, and constraint, had produced a fit of apoplexy. The Inquisitor of Languedoc had preceded his victims into the presence of God.

"From a prison to the place of execution was the usual transition to the persecuted Protestants in the time of Louis XV. But between the wheel and the pile was a still more fearful place to be passed through, called the 'Salle de la Questun.' There were spread out all those hideous instruments of suffering that an age more humane had condemned to inaction—racks, pincers, pulleys, boots composed of plank and steel, furnaces of all sizes, chains of every calibre, without counting that which had no name save in the bloody slang of the tormentors. In the walls and pillars were fixed rings and hooks: a low vaulted ceiling, damp and blackened by the vapour of the braziers, rendered this fearful arsenal still more dismal. In the middle, with its feet embedded in the stone floor, stood a high strong chair decorated all over with rings and straps. The patient seated on it was to have

nothing at liberty save his tongue to confess with. Two men were at this moment examining this frightful throne. One was the executioner—the other the Capitoul David, who, from his intense hatred of the Protestants, took a fearful interest in the preparations for the torture. He chose to see, touch, and try. He seated himself in the great arm chair: he put on the accompaniments; and the executioner, by his order, had tightened the boot until it extorted a cry from —, and what was all that apparatus—what were all those accompaniments? The apparatus was called the *wedges*—the only one or nearly the only one that was then in use in the kingdom. Nothing could be more simple—four planks, a rope, a dozen wedges, and a hammer. Each leg was placed between two planks; the whole fastened together; and the wedges driven in one by one between the two middle planks. The ordinary torture was six wedges—the extraordinary, six more. At the first one driven in, the pain was bearable; at the second, it began to be horrible; at the twelfth, when they went so far, the legs were pounded. At the peremptory orders of the Capitoul, the executioner had greased the whole of the twelve wedges, when the noise of many footsteps was heard, at first compressed, then regular, like those of a considerable procession on the march. That procession was approaching.

Into the details that follow we would not enter; but that very execution to which they allude sealed the fate of the Jesuits in France; and Voltaire made full use of the cruel injustice and barbarity of the incident to excite a very general ill-will against the Catholic priests who could so remorselessly pursue a perfectly innocent man to death—and to a death the most horrible and painful that torture could inflict.

A Lecture on the Historic Evidence of the Authorship and Transmission of the Books of the New Testament; delivered before the Plymouth Young Men's Christian Association, October 14th, 1851. By S. P. Tregelles, LL.D. London: Bagster. 1852.

“Ita ut interrogati, cujus quisque liber sit, non hæsitemus, quid respondere debeamus.”

THE subject of this lecture could not have fallen into better hands than those of Dr. Tregelles, whose attention has been directed for many years to the investigation of analogous questions in preparing a critical edition of the Greek Testament by the collation of the oldest manuscripts and versions, so as to bring the text as nearly as possible into that state of purity and perfection in which the sacred penmen left it, or “as nearly as possible in the words in which the Holy Ghost gave it forth”—a work which will soon be ready for the press.

We think there are few points on which it is more important that correct information should be generally diffused than that brought before us in this lecture; for the truth is assailed on

both sides—by infidels, who deny the authorship or genuineness of Scripture on the one hand—and by Romanists who add the traditions of men to the word of God, and deny that we have any better authority for Scripture than tradition, in order to place both on the same level; and since it is well known that false Gospels, and false Acts, and false Epistles, were written in the first ages of the Church, and were rejected as spurious by the faithful, it becomes us, in corroboration of our faith, in these last and perilous times, to ascertain by what means the early Christians distinguished the true from the spurious writings, so as to receive the former as the word of God and reject the latter as the inventions of men; and necessarily *wicked* men, as no good man will practice falsehood.

It must first be a fixed principle in our minds that the genuine Scriptures are not of human composition, but are the word of God; for all Scripture is given by inspiration of God (2 Tim. iii. 16), and came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost (2 Pet. i. 21). Yet, while we assume that all Scripture is given by inspiration, we must have the means of proving that the books which we call "Scripture" are really such—or, in other words, were written by the holy men whose names they bear; and the authorship and transmission of the books of Scripture is to be determined by the same means used to determine the writings of Plato and Aristotle, of Cicero and Varro.

Faustus, the Manichœan, in the time of Augustine, denied that the Gospels were really written by those whose names they bear. St. Augustine applies the same kind of argument to that controversy which was going on between him and Faustus:—

"Why should I go back to things long past? Look at those very letters which we hold in our hands; and, if some while after we shall be dead, any should deny those to be Faustus's, or these to be mine, whence will he be convinced except through those who now know these things—transmitting, by continued succession, their acquaintance with these facts to posterity" (*Cont. Faust.* i. 33).

Though we are accustomed to regard the New Testament as one book, and it is to be regarded as such from the fourth century, since which time it has been received by the Church as the volume of inspiration, to which nothing can be added, and from which nothing may be taken away; yet, we must remember that it is composed of many books, written at different times, each one of which has to be authenticated by evidence similar to that referred to by St. Augustine—namely, by those who lived at the time these books were written, transmitting their acquaintance with these facts to posterity.

In the Diocletian persecution, which began A.D. 303, the Christians were required to give up their sacred books in order to be destroyed, this being regarded as the surest and only effectual means of exterminating Christianity. Those who did so, even under fear of death, were regarded as betrayers of Christ little inferior in guilt to Judas the Traitor, and were branded with the name of *Traditores*, or *Traitors*, and subjected to severe ecclesiastical discipline before they were re-admitted into the communion of the faithful. Many refused to give up the Scriptures to be destroyed; and for the refusal suffered imprisonment, tortures, slavery, and death. And, if any could show that the books which they had given up were not the Scriptures, they were exempted from ecclesiastical censure. This was a common case; for the Christians were so numerous at that time, and so well conducted in general, that those employed in searching for books had little zeal in the cause, and little knowledge of what the Scriptures were; and, therefore, took any books that were delivered to them, without enquiring or caring greatly whether they were the Christian Scriptures or not.

But to the Christians themselves it became a very important point to distinguish between the books which were on no account to be surrendered, and those which might be given up and be destroyed without incurring ecclesiastical censures; and it was shortly after this time that we learn from Eusebius the books that were universally received as the inspired Scriptures—what were received by some but doubted by others—and what were rejected by all as spurious: or, if not spurious, as uninspired.

The books universally received were, the Four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles of St. Paul, with the exception of that to the Hebrews, which was doubted of by some, though received by others; and all admitted the first Epistle of St. John, and the first of St. Peter; but many doubted of the second and third of St. John, the second of Peter, the Epistles of James and Jude, and the Book of Revelations. Amongst the spurious writings he reckons the Acts of Paul, the Shepherd of Hermas; the Apocalypse of Peter; and also the Epistle of Barnabas, and what are called “Instructions of the Apostles.” We know, from other sources that there were spurious Gospels and many other writings rejected by the primitive Church.

Thus, a careful discrimination was exercised at a very early period as to what books were to be received into the New Testament collection, and so scrupulous were they of admitting

none but such as were universally received, and about which there could be no possible doubt, that they erred rather on the side of rejecting too much than receiving too much; for few persons would now scruple to receive the epistle to the Hebrews or the second of Peter, or those of James and Jude; and least of all, the last book of Holy Scripture, "the Revelation of St. John the Divine."

The books thus acknowledged as Scripture by Eusebius may be traced backwards even to the apostolic age. Origen lived about A.D. 185-254; and from his writings, which are extant, citations of nearly two-thirds of the New Testament might be extracted, and a very large proportion of his voluminous writings has perished. Eusebius refers to Origen as attesting the Four Gospels, and the other books which are declared by Eusebius to have been universally received; and Origen adds to these the Apocalypse as universally received, and as the work of the Apostle John, who also wrote the Gospel and the first Epistle that bear his name. Tertullian and Irenæus carry up the testimony still higher; and there is an earlier document published by Muratori, the author of which is unknown, but which from internal evidence must have been written about A.D. 140; and which shows that even thus early the books of the New Testament were collected as in the time of Eusebius, together with the Apocalypse of St. John. And this writer speaks of spurious works which were rejected saying, "It is not fitting to mix gall with honey;" and he admits the epistle of Jude and the second and third of John among the Catholic writings. This writer speaks of the "Shepherd of Hermas" as a work of his own time, written by a brother of Pius, who was then Bishop of Rome. These incidental notices furnish us with the approximate date of the "Shepherd of Hermas," and the age in which this anonymous author wrote; which must have been about A.D. 140, for that is nearly the time when Pius was Bishop of Rome:—

"We are thus able to trace back lists of New Testament books almost to the apostolic age, the author of the canon in Muratori living in the days of some who had been in part contemporaries of the Apostle John. We know from the natural course of events that this *must* have been the case; and we need not rely on deductions, however certain; for we know as a fact that Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, who had himself personally known St. John, laid down his life at a very advanced age as a martyr for Christ about the year 168. Polycarp visited Rome, the place at which the author of this list seems to have lived and written, after the middle of the second century..... We have thus proof that the New Testament books, in general, were in use as authoritative Scripture in the days of those who had lived in

the apostolic age—that they were ascribed to the same writers to whom we attribute them—and that several of them were classed together as being, though not as yet one collected volume, yet at least in some measure a collection" (20).

Another question of no less importance to us immediately follows—How do we know that the books which we now possess are those which are spoken of by Eusebius? And how do we ascertain that they have been transmitted unimpaired to us? To this the same answer may be given as in the former case. Examine into the evidence there is of their safe transmission. All ancient books have come down to us through manuscripts, either in the language in which they were originally written or in translations. The New Testament has come down to us both in the original Greek, and in Syriac, Coptic, Ethiopic, Armenian; besides the old Latin and the Vulgate of Jerome used by the Roman Church. Some of these manuscripts mount up to the fourth century, and are of every intermediate age down to the invention of printing.

The Syriac and old Latin versions were probably made in the second century; the Coptic as well as a Gothic version and the Vulgate of Jerome were made in the fourth and fifth centuries; and the Æthiopic and Armenian in periods immediately subsequent. All these serve as so many checks or corroborations of the sense of the original Greek; while, by the collation of the numerous manuscripts, literal and verbal accuracy may be regarded as quite guaranteed. There is not such a mass of transmissional evidence in favour of any classical work. The existing MSS. of Herodotus and Thucydides are modern when compared with some of those of the New Testament; and thus also *every country*, into the language of which the New Testament books were translated in early times, is a witness to us of their safe transmission.

It is the boast of the Church of Rome that she has handed down the Scripture to us, and that therefore we ought to receive her interpretations of the same. Never was there boast more vain—never were pretensions more unfounded put forth; for Rome has only handed down to us one of the numerous translations in the Latin Vulgate, and has done all in her power to keep this even from the people. And supposing that she had transmitted the original, this would not constitute her the sole and true interpreter of its meaning. As well might the Jews maintain that, because the Old Testament was committed to their keeping—(which it was far more truly and exclusively than was the New to the Roman Church)—that, therefore, none but Jews could interpret the Old Testament, and that we

must receive as authoritative and conclusive all that is taught in their Talmuds, and Mishna, and Gemara—all their vain traditions of men.

It is true that Rome possesses some of the oldest and best of the Greek manuscripts, such as that in the Vatican library; but, so far from giving facilities for the examination of these originals, the Roman priesthood put every possible obstacle in the way. Dr. Tregelles went to Rome on purpose to examine the Vatican MS., and obtained an order from the Pope to that effect. But, after five months weary waiting, he left Rome without accomplishing his object—"It is true (says he) that I often *saw* the MS.; but they would not allow me to use it, and they would not let me open it without searching my pockets, and depriving me of pen, ink, and paper; and at the same time two *prelati* kept me in constant conversation in Latin; and if I looked at a passage too long, they would snatch the book out of my hand. So foolishly did the Papal authorities seek to keep this precious manuscript to themselves" (85).

Rome thus impedes the learned in the use they would make of the original MSS. in her possession; and it also rigorously prohibits the unlearned from the use of the Scriptures in their own native language. This she strictly prohibits, and, by means of the *confessional*, endeavours to find out all those who transgress by procuring the Scriptures in their own tongue. The mere fact of possessing such a copy of the sacred volume is held to be sufficient warrant for persecution little less severe than that of Diocletian. Dust is endeavoured to be thrown into the eyes of the English by the Roman Catholic bishop, Milner, and others, who say—"Vulgar translations of the whole Scripture are upon sale, and open to every one, in Italy itself, with the express approbation of the Roman pontiff." But this is a mere mockery; for none but "discreet Catholics, who have the permission of their confessors and who will read under their direction," are allowed to purchase at all. There is but one edition published which is in four large volumes with notes, and its price is about twenty Roman crowns, or more than four guineas. The *price alone* renders it a mere mockery. Dr. Tregelles says—"I never *saw* a copy of this edition of the Bible; for, although they did not ask an Englishman for the written permission of a confessor, yet they refused to produce a copy unless I promised to purchase" (89).

But Rome not only withholds, it also falsifies the Scriptures, and it withholds them from the people that they may not detect these falsifications. An instance came under our knowledge of a man justifying his worship of angels by the catechism he had

been taught, in which the question being asked, "Why do you worship angels?"—the answer is, "Because it is written, 'Then I fell down at his feet to worship the angel.'" The catechism stopped here; and on the man's being told that the Scripture went on to say, "See thou do it not" (Rev. xix. 10; xxii. 9), the discovery of this deception which had been practised became the means of delivering the man, and he soon after renounced the errors of Romanism. Dr. Tregelles gives some examples of this which show to what a ludicrous extent they practice upon the ignorance of the people in Roman Catholic countries:—

"For instance, in the Church of Sta. Maria Maggiore at Florence, I saw over the altar of St. Joseph the text, 'IRE AD JOSEPHUM' (Gen. xli. 55), '*Go unto Joseph!*' Thus applying the words of Pharaoh to the Egyptians, to the honours which they pay to Joseph, the husband of Mary, whom they style the patron of the dying, 'possessed (they affirm) of the singular privilege that no one who is devoted to him shall fail of having a happy death.'.....' At Rome, near the Vatican, stands the church of our Lady the Mother of Grace.' In the porch is this inscription—'Let us come boldly unto the throne of MARY, that we may obtain mercy.' I asked, 'How dare you thus alter and pervert the Scripture?' 'Oh (the answer was)—this is no perversion; it is only putting our Lady's name instead of the word that describes her: our Lord said to our Lady, 'No grace shall flow forth to any one except *through thee*.' These are but specimens of the perverted use which Rome makes of fragments of Scripture to support her delusions; and how are the people, without Bibles, to detect the imposture?" (90).

An English lady at Rome was remonstrating with her servant on the folly as well as falsehood of some legend about the Virgin Mary which she had been repeating with all the simple credulity of ignorance. The girl felt ashamed when the folly was pointed out to her, and said in self-justification—"But what can we do? We must believe what we are told, or else believe nothing. We are not allowed to have books that would teach us."

The practical admonitions of Dr. Tregelles are too valuable to be omitted:—

"In conclusion, let me ask you not to be surprised if difficulties, as to portions of Scripture, are brought before you, such as you may not be prepared to answer. No difficulty connected with a proved fact can invalidate the fact itself. Objectors are pertinacious in repeating the same cavils. Well did Bishop Horne say, 'Pertness and ignorance may ask a question in three lines, which it will cost learning and ingenuity thirty pages to answer; and, when this is done, the

same question shall be triumphantly asked again the next year, as if nothing had ever been written on the subject.' God has unfolded before you two books—the book of Creation and the book of Revelation. In Creation you see testimony to the Creator; so that those who learn not his eternal power and godhead, as witnessed by the things that are made, are without excuse (Rom. i. 20). Many difficulties might be raised as to points in which *we* do not see the wisdom and goodness of God; but these things do not shake our confidence in the testimony born by the book of Creation. So, too, as to the book of Revelation: seeming difficulties cannot invalidate its authority: they should only teach us how finite are our minds, and lead us the more with patience and humility to seek the instruction of the Holy Spirit of God, who can cause all seeming difficulties to vanish. 'Who is wise, and he shall understand these things: prudent, and he shall know them? For the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them; but the transgressors shall fall therein' (Hos. xiv. 9).

The appendix to this "Lecture" contains two important papers—one on "the Text of the New Testament"—the other on "Some of the Results of the Genuineness of the New Testament." These, as well as the "Introduction," will be interesting to a class of readers who may be supposed to possess a greater amount of critical acquaintance with the subject than the "Young Men's Christian Association" to whom the lecture was first delivered. In these dissertations it is shown that the authority of a disputed reading does not depend upon the number, but upon the antiquity and general accuracy, of the manuscripts; and as very few of the best manuscripts had been collated when the first editions of the New Testament were printed, the earliest printed editions are in general the worst. Even Griesbach often retains in his text readings which the MSS. he refers to in the notes ought to have led him to correct; and thus "passages have been *habitually quoted* for what they do not contain, if read properly" (103). An instance is given in a note from Acts xiii. 19, which is supposed to be contradictory of 1 Kings vi.; whereas, in the oldest MSS., the passage in the Acts stands—"He destroyed seven nations in the land of Canaan, and gave them their land by lot about four hundred and fifty years; and *afterwards* he gave unto them judges," &c. This transposition of *afterwards* gives quite a different sense to the passage, making the 450 years to apply to the time between the birth of Isaac, the heir, B.C. 1896, and the putting the Israelites in possession of the inheritance by lot, B.C. 1446 (Josh. xiv. 10).

The Hexaglott Pentateuch, or Five Books of Moses in the Original Hebrew, with the Corresponding Samaritan, Chaldee, Syriac, and Arabic. The History of Adam. Edited by ROBERT YOUNG. Edinburgh: R. Young. 1852. 8vo.

ONE of the most pleasing signs of the times is the increasing attention which is now given to the study of the original languages of Scripture; and Mr. Young, the learned editor and printer of this work, has conferred a great boon on Hebrew students by the publication of this elegantly executed volume. It contains the first five chapters of the Book of Genesis, which are printed interlinearly in Hebrew and in the several cognate languages specified in the title. We sincerely hope that the success of this publication may be such as will encourage and justify Mr. Young in proceeding with the publication of the entire "Hexaglott Pentateuch."

Codex Claromontanus, sive Epistolæ Pauli omnes Græce et Latine. Ex Codice Claromontano celeberrimo, sexti ut videtur post Christum sæculi. Nunc primum edidit CONSTANTINUS TISCHENDORF, Theologiæ et Philosophiæ Doctor, Theologiæ in Academia Lipsiensi, Professor Publicus Honorarius, etc. Londini: Williams et Norgate. Lipsiæ: F. A. Brockhaus, 1852. Royal 4to.

THE "Codex Claromontanus," which is preserved in the Royal or National Library at Paris, for the last three hundred years has been justly considered as one of the most valuable monuments of the sacred Text. With the exception of a few verses, it contains the whole of St. Paul's epistles: it is the most complete document among the most ancient manuscripts for the original text of these epistles; since there are considerable lacunæ in the "Codex Vaticanus" at Rome, and in the palimpsest "Codex Ephraemi" at Paris; and more than half of the second epistle to the Corinthians is wanting in the "Codex Alexandrinus," now in the British Museum. It is therefore nearly, if not quite, as old as those three celebrated Greek manuscripts; while there is no *Latin* version of the Pauline Epistles extant which is of equal antiquity: at the same time it is the most ancient of all the Greek-Latin manuscripts, being most probably of the sixth century. It is written on 533 folios of very thin vellum, in two columns, each consisting of twenty-one lines, and in uncial or capital letters, without accents or spirits *à primâ manu*; those which are now found in this manuscript having been added by another hand, but of great antiquity: and it has the usual contractions found in all the most ancient manuscripts. Professor Tischendorf is of opinion that the "Codex Claromontanus" was written in the Proconsular

Africa, most probably at Alexandria, and in the sixth century.

The Pauline Epistles are disposed in the following order:—To the Romans, of which the first six verses and part of the seventh are wanting in the Greek text; and in page six the Latin, as in page seven the Greek, of Romans i. 27-30, has been supplied by a very ancient hand, but subsequently to the date of the original writing of the manuscript. Of the first epistle to the Corinthians the Latin is wanting in chap. xiv. 8-18. Next succeed the second epistle to the Corinthians, and the epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians, Colossians, Philippians, Thessalonians (one and two), Timothy (one and two), Titus, and Philemon. These epistles are followed by a stichometry, or catalogue of the several books of the Old and New Testament, with the number of stichoi (verses or lines) which they contain. The manuscript concludes with the epistle to the Hebrews, in which the Latin portion of chap. xiii. 21-25 is wanting. In pp. xix.-xxvi. of his Prolegomena, Professor Tischendorf has copiously discussed the various corrections which the manuscript underwent at different times, and has detected the emendations of not fewer than eleven different persons. The work concludes with an Appendix, in which he examines upwards of three thousand emendations, which have been made at various times; and offers explanations concerning the original writing of the *first* hand by which the "Codex Claromontanus" was written.

This manuscript was first collated by Beza for his edition of the Greek Testament, published in 1582; and subsequently by Morin in his "Exercitationes Biblicæ," published in 1653; and by Archbishop Usher for Bishop Walton's Polyglott Bible, published in 1657. Usher's collations were reprinted by Curcellæus or Courcelles in his edition of the New Testament in 1658, and again by Dr. Mill in his celebrated edition printed at Oxford in 1707. Wetstein minutely collated this manuscript anew for his edition published in 1751; and his collations, which were highly esteemed, were adopted by Griesbach. Errors, however, have been found even in Wetstein's labours; so that Biblical students are greatly indebted to Professor Tischendorf for this beautifully executed fac-simile edition of the Clermont Manuscript, by which its actual readings may readily be ascertained.

After forty pages of Prolegomena, of which we have endeavoured to present a necessarily brief abstract to our readers, the text of St. Paul's epistles follows in Greek and Latin, in two columns: it is copied most exactly from the original manuscript, which was *three times* examined by the editor in order

to ensure the utmost possible accuracy. At the end is a beautiful fac-simile of the "Codex Claromontanus" traced by our learned countryman, Dr. Tregelles, by whom it was communicated to Professor Tischendorf, who has made both grateful and graceful acknowledgments to Dr. T. for his literary courtesy. As the price of this noble volume necessarily places it beyond the reach of ordinary biblical students, we hope that copies of it will find their way into the libraries of the universities and colleges of the United Kingdom; as we are happy to say that, through the vigilant attention of Mr. Panizzi, it has already found a place in the Library of the British Museum.

Journey to Iceland; and Travels in Sweden and Norway. By IDA PFEIFFER. *From the German.* By CHARLOTTE FENIMORE COOPER. London. 1852.

THIS book is a respectable octavo of three hundred and sixty-three pages, whereof fifty are devoted to journeys between Vienna and Hamburg, and sundry other parts contain details too trivial for print; so that the work might have been seventy or eighty pages shorter with advantage. If German tastes admit such superfluity of detail, the translator should have used her own judgment in omitting unessential parts. A selected translation, like that made by Mrs. Percy Sinnett of Madame Pfeiffer's "Voyage Round the World," would have ensured to the present work a much higher place among English books of travels. A good place it certainly must take, both as the production of so remarkable a traveller and as the record of a visit to the beautiful and glorious north, and the most wonderful and unfrequented island in the world.

The proper business of the book begins at Copenhagen, with the voyage of Madame Pfeiffer from thence to Iceland in a Danish brig. The communications with Iceland are so few that it is well to know exactly what they are. Merchant ships go there from Copenhagen in April, May, and June, and a few from our own northern ports. Excursion packet-trips from England are now and then advertised in the summer. Some French and English fishing vessels and a French and Danish frigate go there every year during the fine months, and, we believe, a monthly Danish mail-packet. Return-ships to Denmark, England, and Spain, are met with towards the end of the summer; * and this is all.

* See a paper headed "*De Rebus Septentrionalibus*," in *Notes and Queries*, Vol. IV., page 61.

Madame Pfeiffer judiciously prefaces what she has to say of Iceland by a short extract from "Sir George Mackenzie's Travels," very much to the purpose, containing the leading points in the history of the island. The reader, who cannot be always up in such things, is thus enabled to proceed profitably without the trouble of a reference; and her account of the island is extremely good, showing that she has observed honestly and independently for herself, and does not scruple to differ, when necessary, from previous accounts. Nor can we refrain from adding that she is in very deed a *true traveller*; always persevering to her object through every hardship and difficulty, always observing and collecting information of worth, doing her best in whatever circumstances she may be placed, and with what is inevitable, patient, and contented.

As just descriptions of the physical features of the island we quote the following:—

"The wild and sublime scenery of Iceland never appears to greater advantage than at the hour of sunset, when a peculiar magic light is shed over the wide valleys strewn with lava, without a tree or a bush, and hemmed in by dark mountains, whose summits glitter in the last rays of the departing sun; the jokuls are veiled by a shade of delicate rose, while the deepest shadows gather around the lower part of the hills in striking contrast to the plains, over which floats a purple haze, imparting to them the appearance of a dark sheet of water. The silence, the perfect solitude, are still more impressive. Not a sound is heard, not a living creature is in sight, nor a village, a single cottage, a tree, or a shrub. The whole landscape is absolutely devoid of every sign of life; and as the eye wanders over the boundless and monstrous scene, it seeks in vain for any object of familiar interest on which to rest."

This intrepid lady ascended Hecla, an enterprise of no common toil and difficulty. Arrived on the summit, she says:—

"I despair of conveying to my readers a distinct idea of the immense waste which lay displayed before me, with its accumulated masses of lava, and its peculiar appearance of lifeless desolation. I seemed to stand in the midst of an exhausted fire. The blocks were piled in heaps above each other till they formed high hills; the valleys were choked by vast streams of rock, whose length and breadth I was not able to distinguish, although the course of the last eruption could be plainly traced among them. I was surrounded by the most dreadful ravines, crevices, streams, hills, and valleys. I could hardly understand how I had reached this point, and was seized with a feeling of horror at the thought which forced itself upon me, that perhaps I might never be able to find my way out of this terrible labyrinth of ruins. Here, on the highest peak of Hecla, I could look down far and wide upon the uninhabited land, the image of a torpid nature, passionless, inanimate—and sublime!—an image which once seen can never be forgotten, and the remembrance of which will prove an ample compensation for all

the toils and difficulties I had endured. A whole world of glaciers, mountains of lava, fields of snow and ice, rivers and miniature lakes, were included in that magnificent prospect; and the foot of man had never yet ventured within those regions of gloom and solitude."

She also visited the hot springs in different parts of the island, and witnessed four eruptions of the Great Geyser, of which she remarks:—

"I have really no words to do justice to this magnificent spectacle, which once to behold in a life-time is enough. It infinitely surpassed all my expectations. The waters were spouted with great power and volume; column rising above column, as if each were bent on outstripping the others."

Of the condition and manners of the Icelanders there is but a poor account to give. Their best points are—their trustworthiness, freedom from crime, and mental cultivation; in other respects they seem to be in a wretched state. They are selfish, indolent, and dirty. The dirtiness both of their houses and persons and of all their domestic habits is excessive, and is mainly owing to their indolence; little else besides active diligence and the desire to improve, being necessary to induce them to make larger and better houses, and to effect many ameliorations that their terrible climate and the numerous drawbacks about them do not forbid. This dirtiness engenders much disease; and they are neither a healthy nor a long-lived race.

"The natives of Iceland are of medium height and strength. Their hair is light and not unfrequently of a reddish shade, and their eyes are blue. The men are generally ugly, the women rather less so, and among the young girls I occasionally saw quite a pleasing face. It is a very uncommon thing for either sex to attain the age of seventy or eighty years. The peasants have a great many children, but the proportion of those who live to grow up is very small; of the numbers who are born to them few survive the first year; which is not surprising when it is considered that the mothers do not nurse their own infants, who are brought up on the most unwholesome kind of food."

Madame Pfeiffer saw several dreadful instances of the Icelandic leprosy.* The continued existence of this disease is owing to the mode in which the Icelanders live. It was once widely spread over a large part of the old world; but, with the march of improvement it has disappeared, unable to co-exist with clean and civilized habits. Its remnants are now found only where dirt and barbarism still prevail, as in Iceland, the remoter

* The Spedalskhed of Norway, Elephantiasis of the Greeks, Dsjeiddam of the Arabs, and true Leprosy of the Jews.—See a work entitled, "*Om Spedalskhed ved D. C. Danielssen, og Wilhelm Boeck, Christiania.*" 1847.

valleys of Norway, Palestine, Egypt, and other parts of the Mediterranean shores.

The absence of roads or safe tracks, which renders moving from place to place in Iceland both difficult and hazardous—the insufficient size and bad construction of their dwellings—and the scantiness of ground available for use as pasture—might all be amended by exertion; but the Icelanders make no efforts to emerge from their wretched condition.

“No excuse can be made for the indolence of the Iceland peasantry. If they would but unite and take the trouble to drain the marshes through which we passed to-day they would be well rewarded for their pains, as even in their present state the swamps are well covered with grass, which grows luxuriantly on the declivities wherever the waters can run off.”

At all events, inhabitants of other European countries feel that if placed in Iceland they would bestir themselves and endeavour to make things better; but allowance must be made for the depressing effects of living in a climate, scenery, and society like that, away from the wholesome stimulus supplied by intercourse with the great world.

But the first springs of progress are not sufficiently introduced in Iceland. No good can be done in a rude country unless you place in it superior and adequate persons, adequately remunerated, who shall be in a position to teach and help. This is not done in Iceland. The clergy are almost as poor as the peasants themselves, obliged, with their wives and families, to submit to labour; and living thus, it is wonderful, not that they are below the standard of their duties, but that they retain any superiority at all over the peasants whom they have to teach. They do so, almost, by a sort of miracle; and the habits of the country are in their favour; but they never can rightly fulfil their duties until they are placed on some very different footing.

“The most laborious among the salaried offices in this country are those of the physicians and clergy. Their circuits are very extensive, particularly the physicians, who are often sent for from a distance of twenty or thirty German miles. And when it is taken into consideration how often they are exposed to the fearful tempests of an Iceland winter, which lasts six or eight months of the year, it must be confessed that their lot is not an enviable one, and it is only wonderful that any one should be willing to accept the post.....The salary of the physicians is by no means in proportion to their services, but that of the priests is still less so. Some of the benefices are only worth from two to eight florins a year, and the richest of them does not produce more than two hundred florins. The Government provides a house for the priests, often no better than a peasant's hut, a small pasture-ground, and a few heads of cattle; and they are also entitled to a share of the hay,

sheep's wool, fish, &c., of their parishioners. But most of the clergy are so poor that they and their families are dressed in the usual garb of the peasantry, from which it is difficult to distinguish them. The wife attends to the cattle and milks the cows and sheep, assisted by her maid, while the priest goes into the field and mows with the aid of his man. His whole intercourse is naturally confined to the poorer classes, and therein consists that patriarchal simplicity of life and manners which has been lauded by so many travellers. I should like to know if any of them would be willing to try it. Besides all his other labours, the same priest has often three or four districts under his charge, which are sometimes at a distance of several miles from his residence. He is expected to visit them all in turn, so as to hold divine service in each district once in every few weeks."

After quitting Iceland, Madame Pfeiffer repaired to Christiania; her account of which, we are sorry to say, is both trifling and inaccurate. Thence she made an excursion into Telemarken, but not of sufficient length or duration to enable her to see much of the people, or of that beautiful and remarkable country. We have also little to remark respecting her tour in Sweden. Like that in Norway, it was short and partial; and she says herself:—

"As the principal object of the journey I am now relating was my visit to Iceland, and my hurried excursion through this small part of Scandinavia was a secondary consideration, I shall no doubt be forgiven if my account of it is as short as possible."

Nevertheless, we must quote a few words concerning Stockholm:—

"My first visit was to the magnificent Ritterholm Church, which is more like a vault and an armoury than a religious edifice. The lower part is devoted to the royal sepulchres, and the monuments of the departed sovereigns are in the side chapels. Equestrian statues of armed knights are ranged on both sides of the nave, whose equipments were once worn by different kings of Sweden. The walls and corners of the upper part of the church are adorned with flags and standards, said to number as many as 5,000. The keys of conquered fortresses and towns are suspended in the side chapels, and drums and kettle-drums are piled on the floors, all of which trophies have been wrung from the enemies of Sweden on the field of battle. Besides these warlike ornaments, the chapels contain, enclosed in glass cases, parts of the dress and accoutrements worn by some of the Swedish monarchs. The uniform worn by Charles XII. at the time of his death, and the hat through which passed the bullet that killed him, were particularly interesting to me; his riding-boots are near them on the floor.".....

"Before I left Stockholm, I had the honour of being presented to her Majesty the reigning Queen, who had heard of my travels, and took an especial interest in my journey to the Holy Land."

The rest of the volume we pass over, much regretting that

some omissions had not been made by the translator, which would have enhanced the value of the work. The Appendix contains two useful tables—one, of the salaries paid to the civil officers in Iceland; and the other, a list of insects and plants collected by Madame Pfeiffer during her stay there. Iceland is of some interest to all true British hearts. Peopled from Scandinavia, as Great Britain has mainly been, that remote, strange, miserable island, bosomed in the mists and dark storms of the Northern Ocean, is to us a sort of relative. An integral part of the Danish dominions, it is with them in close relation with Norway and Sweden, all constituting together that Scandinavian power which ought to stand as of old, unanimous and firm, as the guardian of peace and freedom among the mountains and fiords of north-western Europe. As such, Scandinavia and Great Britain occupy like positions, and are linked together in a common cause. For it is the cherished object of the honest and loyal in both countries to preserve intact the blessings and privileges which have been handed down to them, to maintain a more temperate order and liberty than the rest of Europe, and to resist the encroachments of tyranny and intolerance.

The Churchman's Work 'in Lent. A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Camberwell on the First Sunday in Lent, 1852. By W. WHITEHEAD, M.A., Late Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford.

AN earnest and affectionate address to the congregation of St. Giles's, Camberwell, by the senior curate on whom the ecclesiastical superintendence of the parish has devolved in consequence of the sequestration of the living, and the non-residence of the incumbent, a condition of affairs which has obtained for some years, and is likely to continue, and for which, such is the defective state of the ecclesiastical law, there would seem to be no remedy. The parishioners of St. Giles's, however, are fortunate in so excellent and zealous a *locum tenens* of the vicar as Mr. Whitehead, whose sermon is in every sense "a word in season."

Old James, the Irish Pedlar : a Tale of the Year 1848. By MARY B. TUCKEY. Dublin : Oldham. London : Seeleys.

A VERSIFIED religious tract, sound in its teaching; but the fair author has been unhappy in the choice of her metre, which is ill fitted to the solemnity of the subject. For the rest there is no want of talent or facility of versification, but it has no pretensions to the dignity of a poem.

Annotations on the Apostolical Epistles, designed chiefly for the Use of Students of the Greek Text. By T. W. PEILE, D.D., Head Master of Repton School. Vol. IV. Epistle of James—Jude. Rivingtons. 1852.

WE highly value these "Annotations" from their being exactly that which they profess to be—the results of a critical analysis of the Greek text, using all the helps which an accomplished scholar has at his command. It is not easy to give a correct description of the work to one who has not seen it. We can only say that none but real difficulties are discussed; and, as far as our opinion is worth anything, we think they are satisfactorily disposed of.

For an instance we turn to one of the most difficult passages to be found in the New Testament (1 Pet. iii. 18), which Dr. Peile translates as follows:—

"Put to death corporeally and visibly, in the likeness of sinful flesh, but quickened—so as to have life in Himself, and be the head and fountain of a divine life in the Church, which is His body; after a spiritual and unseen manner, wherein it was that He went and preached unto the now imprisoned spirits of the Antediluvian world, when of old they were disobedient; that first time, when the long-suffering of God was waiting to be gracious to His rebellious creatures, in the days namely of Noah, while [even as now in the Christian Church] an Ark of Salvation was in preparation, admitted into which few out of many (not more, in fact, than eight) souls were eventually saved by water: which same element, in the anti-typical now and spiritual use made of it is our means of salvation. BAPTISM—that sacrament which is no outward only and ceremonial putting away of uncleanness, but a personal contract with God under a consciousness of goodness, not our own but His, which draws us to our Saviour, and constrains us to love Him and to glorify Him in our life on earth even as He hath first loved us, and called us as many members in one ransomed and regenerated body to be in a state of glory and goodness, through the Resurrection of Jesus Christ," &c., &c. (98-107).

We omit the references to Scripture which are interspersed between the several clauses of the above, in confirmation of the doctrine, to present the rendering proposed more clearly to our readers; and we must omit also the long critical notes by the authorities referred to, in which Dr. Peile justifies his own rendering of the passage—merely giving the concluding remark on an extract from Calvin referring to Christian Baptism:—

"In this tardy correction (as we regard it) of his, and our own Translator's (in this context) inaccurate interpretation of the Apostles, *ov σαρκος αποθεαις ρυπον*, Calvin has touched the true point of oppo-

sition, which is—not between *the sign* and *the things signified* in Baptism, for these God having joined together (he well argues), let not man put asunder: but, between that which affected only the outward and carnal, and that which affects the inner and spiritual man—between a Levitical ordinance, and a Christian sacrament—between the oldness of a literal, and the newness of a spiritual consecration to God's service," &c. (105).

A Life of Marlborough in Four Books. By CHARLES MAC FARLANE. London: Routledge. 1852.

THE author disclaims in his preface all pretence to "new discovery or original research;" but fairly tells us that his little volume is compiled from materials furnished in Archdeacon Coxe's "*Memoirs of Marlborough*," and in the Duke's "*Letters and Despatches*," edited by the late Sir George Murray. It is due, however, to Mr. Mac Farlane to state that he has compared the authorities quoted by the archdeacon with the latter's text, and has availed himself of the MS. Journal of Dr. Hare, the duke's chaplain; his use of which forms a valuable, and, to a certain extent, original feature in the work before us. It fully bears out the merit claimed for it by the writer—namely, that of a "convenient manual or pocket-companion, in which no important fact should be omitted, and in which the dryness and frequent abruptness of mere abridgement should be avoided." It is a neatly and closely-printed book of some three hundred pages; and, when we consider that Sir George Murray's work extended to four octavo volumes, we may award some praise to Mr. Mac Farlane's powers of condensation.

The Jew of Denmark: a Tale by M. Goldschmidt. Translated from the original Danish by Mrs. BUSHBY. London: Routledge. 1852.

Or this volume, which has reached us at the eleventh hour, we have not time or space to say much more than that it possesses the advantage over a previous translation by another hand from the *German*—of having been rendered directly from the language in which it was originally written. It is a story of very deep yet painful interest; but its chief value consists in the insight which it affords into the manners, religious ceremonies, and customs, of the most ancient, as well as the most remarkable, people in the world. It has the secondary merit of being issued to the public in the cheapest possible form. Mrs. Bushby has acquitted herself most worthily of an arduous task, and has given us a version of the tale in language at once simple and graceful.

Darien ; or, the Merchant Prince : a Historical Romance. By ELIOT WARBURTON. Three Vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1852.

"Not in the open field, with banners waving and shouts resounding to cheer thy dying heart, but hemmed in by scorching walls and pitiless flames, vainly fighting for another moment of gasping life—even thus hopeless and helpless shalt thou perish."

Such are the words with which the highly talented and deeply regretted author of the volumes before us foretold unwittingly his own fearful doom some few short years ago. The fate of any of all the sufferers who perished by the awful catastrophe of the *Amazon* arrests necessarily the thoughts and command the sympathies even of the frivolous and the careless; but the death of such a man in such a manner—of one who was in the possession and the vivid enjoyment of the richest of heaven's earthly blessings—high character, high fame, high talents, and yet higher hopes, and joined with these all the finest and brightest things of this life—peace, competence, domestic affection, unbounded popularity—is peculiarly, strikingly, dreadfully awful. Had he fallen in the moment of victory, or dropped whilst leading the last desperate charge on a field to which his loss proved fatal—or had he lived to erect on the foundation of his merits and his achievements a superstructure of the loftiest renown, and sunk to the grave in the fulness of years, having added another name to the list of Norman heroes—we should have grieved indeed; but not as we do now at the sun that has set ere reaching his noon, and shrouded his mid-day glory in the desolate darkness of the deep.

Such circumstances give a peculiar interest to the volumes before us; for the hand is still that but yesterday was employed in writing them—the ears are dull and heavy that would have thrilled to their praise—and highly do they merit praise, and richly will they repay perusal; and, if we are led to open them for their author's sake, we shall undoubtedly read them for their own.

From the "Introductory Chapter," a whole in itself, we will extract two striking passages:—

"I wish I could convey a picture of the fine old man, as his form, cast in the largest heroic mould, stood flushed with the setting sunlight, and distended by the proud thoughts that those crumbling stones had conjured up. He gazed long and silently upon the glorious landscape spread far and wide beneath us; and then his countenance gradually assumed a softer and softer expression, as his pride of blood passed away and became merged in admiration of the splendid view that filled his eyes.

“Behold (he exclaimed in a voice from which passion, and, strange to say, almost all national accent was banished)—behold how the sun, the apostle of light, is sinking softly and mildly though crowned with preternatural glory into the crimsoned sea. His light is shining, not for himself, but for the earth, so darksome and so dead without his rays. Behold how many a loch and mountain gleam and gloom through the evening mist, as sunset invests them with rich gold and purple! Now he is gone: deep masses of indistinct shadow close over the silvering sea; and now, but for the rosy light that lingers on the sky and on Ben Laighal's brow, no trace remains of the Life-giver—the Creator's delegate. He is gone: yet nature mourns him not; earth and ocean—man, bird, beast, and insect—secure in the faith that he will rise to-morrow: rise with all his infinite effects, at the very moment which, if delayed, would cost the life of myriad myriads of rejoicing creatures. How weak and faltering is our voluntary faith compared with that which is instinctive! Yet is the moral sequence of events as consistent and as certain as those of night and day. Rebellious children as we are, we love, like our first parents, to stake the chances of small events against the certainty of great ones. The devil takes care to keep the bad chances just alive; but how greatly we are losers in the long run we hourly feel, and shall feel far more when this life at the last shall thus close over us” (Vol. i. 18-20).

How much real beauty there is in this passage—how much truth and raciness in the following remarks:—

“Ow!—if inanimate things war as wayward and capricious as human minds, the world wad no lang hauld thegither. If I expose water to a certain heat it'll bile: if I let a stane drap it will fa' straight: if I plant a kail it will grow (wi' divine permission); but if I say to fair human natur' (my ueebor' or my ain sel'), ‘Come, do me this justice,’ or ‘Flee that temptation,’ or even, ‘Walk straight to your ain desire,’ its lang odds of my bidding's dune.’ A thousand sheep wi' an impulse will seek shelter fra' a coming storm; and ten thousand fish will migrate to the saut water wi' ae mind; but pit a thousand, or a hundred, or ten o' human kind, to do a business thegither, and they'll tak' every one a different counsel, if there be not one strong mind or one strong will amang 'em to drive the others afore him his own gait” (*Ibid* 22-23).

The tale itself—for these passages are, as we before observed, from the “Introduction”—is one of the most successful romances that has appeared in this romance-writing epoch, and will claim and obtain a high and lasting place among the most brilliant fictions of the day.

There is in this as well as its predecessor, “Reginald Hastings,” much that reminds us of the bold conception and graphic delineation so memorable in Walter Scott. There is besides this a chastened luxuriance of thought—a rich copiousness of diction—a polish and a power which is pecu-

liar to this writer. Like Miss Martineau, he has a painter's perception of colour; but, unlike her, he is a sincere believer in those truths of natural and revealed religion which alone can give real nobility to thought or feeling. There is, too, a healthiness, and honesty, and a manliness about him which contrasts favourably with the almost palling sweetness which at times pervades many of the writings of the day, and the false sentiment and artificial character which universally disfigure the productions of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.

We think it unfair to a novelist to quote passages which diminish the interest by disclosing the secrets which ought not to be known till their proper time. We shall, therefore, first quote from the commencement of this brilliant work a passage which can in no way interfere with the story:—

“Spain is the country, of all Europe, in which imagination most delights to wander, and on which memory most loves to dwell. Those who know it only by its romantic history and racy literature can understand much of its deep interest; but those alone who have gazed upon its glorious landscapes, and breathed its delicious climate, can fully appreciate the charm it possesses for the mind and body.

“No wonder that, in the adventurous olden time, this favoured land was fiercely fought for and fiercely defended. No wonder that chivalry was here carried to perfection—that poetry proclaimed its triumph—that art, in its finest forms, illustrated them; and that civilisation, in its most gorgeous though least consistent form, strove hard to find a shelter there.

“But Rome, with her spiritual power, was more than a match for Spain with all her rich endowments. The Pope ruled in the person of her kings—priests held in their hands the conscience of her people. Never had the Church of the Seven Hills such power over any nation—never had any nation such a claim upon her blessing; for Spain was not only obedient but enslaved to her control. In the palace, in the prison, at the death-bed, by the bridal-couch, everywhere and at all times, the priest was present and predominant. There was the most triumphant career of the Inquisition: there did the holy office exercise its functions uncontrolled: there *Autos-da-fê* were celebrated with the highest pomp, and the Church's rebels perished by thousands in the flames.

“With all these essential blessings superadded to her natural gifts, Spain ought surely to have been a perfect paradise. Yet it was not altogether or nearly so; and what matter there was of congratulation or honest pride was little referable to the *imperium in imperio* which Rome asserted over the souls and bodies of her Spanish slaves. Striking and sad contrasts met the eye two hundred years ago as they do now. Gorgeous cathedrals, encrusted by miserable huts; whole streets of monasteries swarming with mendicants; haughty palaces surrounded with filth; orange groves reeking with foul smells—the state of Spain was contemptible in the midst of its splendour and its

pride, and its moral and political contrasts were equal to those in magnificence and squalor that were ever neighbours to each other. Despotic power vainly warred against petty rebellions; the customs were set at naught by the contrabandistas; the richest of all nations, as regarded precious metals, was the poorest in real wealth; and even the terrible power of the Church was evaded by the Jew and the Mahometan" (vol. i. 37-40).

This true statement of the case should never for a moment be lost sight of: it is, indeed, a sin against our neighbour to *overstate* the evil fruits either temporal or spiritual of Roman influence; but it is a sin against our own soul and that of our brethren to *understate* them. Both are pernicious to man and hateful to God; and, though the falsehearted liberalism of the day, whether it assumes the garb of philosophy and philanthropy, or veils itself under the flimsy pretext of a desire for Catholic Unity, may say that the latter fault is one that leans to virtue, such a suggestion is merely a wile of the tempter to lure men's souls into his own safe keeping. It is treason against the God of Truth, who is Truth, to attempt any extenuation of those sins, any excuse for those practices, which are in direct opposition to his word and his will; or to mislead the unwary traveller along life's highway by the vain delusion that he may gather figs of thistles or grapes of thorns.

Amongst the many striking scenes and pictures which these volumes contain, we have read with peculiar interest and admiration the description of the Moorish merchants' home, and the *Auto da fê*; and the storm in the Solway, which occur in the first volume.

But pause we ere these lines exceed the limits allotted to "Notices of Books;" and, as we add our voice to the vast multitude which mourns the death of the graceful, the gentle, the gallant, and the true, commend once more to the perusal of our countrymen and countrywomen the last work of Eliot Warburton.

Saint Alphonsus Liguori; or, Extracts translated from the Moral Theology of the above Romish Saint, who was canonized in the year 1839. With Remarks thereon by the Rev. R. P. BLAKENEY, B.A.
London: Reformation Society, Exeter Hall. 1852. 8vo.

ALPHONSO MARIA DE LIGUORI, sometime Bishop of Saint Agatha de Goti, was one of the five persons who were canonized, or enrolled in the number of saints invoked or venerated by the Romish section of the universal Church in 1839. In the "Lives" of these so-called "Saints," ascribed (and we believe correctly

ascribed) to Dr. Wiseman, it is stated that "the Congregation of Rites allowed the cause of his beatification to be brought forward in 1796, and on the 14th of May decided that it might be safely proceeded with, the cardinal reporter having declared that the theologians, who had examined his manuscript and printed works, had found nothing censurable in them. The invasion of the French into Italy interrupted the further progress of the cause; but upon the 16th of September, 1816, Pius VII. solemnly published the brief for his beatification" (pp. 54, 55). Twenty-three years afterwards Gregory XVI. enrolled Liguori among the Romish saints, on Trinity Sunday, May 26, 1839; and the following collect is annually offered on the second of August, which day is specially appropriated to *Saint Alphonso*, or *Alphonsus de Liguori*:—"O God, who by the blessed Alphonsus Maria, thy confessor and pontiff, inflamed with the love of souls, hast enriched thy Church with a new offspring, we implore that, taught by his admonitions and strengthened by his example, we may be able to come to thee, through the Lord."*

The writings of Liguori, therefore, contain the authorized moral teaching of the Romish Church, since "*nothing censurable*" has been found in them; and the British Protestant public are greatly indebted to Mr. Blakeney for bringing before them this manual of the holy saint's *immoral* teaching, selected from his writings. The passages here printed are given in the original Latin, with an accurate English translation, excepting about forty pages relating to auricular confession, which are so *obscene* as to be utterly unfit for Protestant eyes or ears in the English language: they are therefore, most properly, left untranslated. These "Beauties" of Saint Alphonso Maria de Liguori are arranged under the following heads, viz.:—the Probable System; the Infallibility of the Pope; Prohibition of Books; the Lawfulness of Dissembling or Concealing the Faith; *it is lawful to do evil that good may come*; Cursing; *Equivocation*; Oaths; Adjuration; Papal Observation of the Sabbath; *Children may enter Monasteries and Convents in opposition to Parents*; *it is lawful to slay oneself indirectly*; Disgusting character of Liguori's Treatise on the Sixth [Seventh] and Ninth [Tenth] Commandments; *Romish Morality as to Theft and Restitution*; Contracts and Wills; the Inquisition; *the Confessional*; Orders and Absolution; Laws

* "Deus, qui per beatum Alphonsum Mariam, Confessorem tuum ac Pontificem, animarum zelo succensum, ecclesiam tuam nova prole fecundasti, quæsumus ut ejus salutaribus monitis edocti, et exemplis roborati, ad te pervenire feliciter valeamus. Per Dominum."—*Missale Romanum, Mediolanense*, p. 402. 1840.

promulgated at Rome binding; Persecuting Teaching of the Epitome of the works of Pope Benedict XIV. appended to the works of Liguori, which epitome has also been published in the eighth volume of the Dublin edition of Dens's "Theology."

The moral theology of St. Liguori cannot be repudiated by the Romanists, who are bound annually to pray on the second of August that they may be "*taught by HIS admonitions.*" The grossly immoral nature of those "admonitions" is exposed in Mr. Blakeney's cheap and well-timed volume, which will be found to be a storehouse of documentary information, of the greatest importance to all who are directing their attention to the Romish controversy, or who are actually engaged in it. We cordially adopt the author's devout supplication, that "the exposure may lead to the enlightenment of Protestants on this momentous question."

Passages in the Life of Gilbert Arnold; or, the Tale of the Four Sermons. London: Bentley. 1852.

THIS is a story of a prodigal and repentant son, the moral unexceptionable, and the orthodoxy of its religious views equally indisputable. But the question arises, whether the details of an abandoned life are fitted for the eye of the youthful reader, to whose edification the book is expressly devoted. We think not; and thus, while we do full justice to the motives of the writer, we regret that they have betrayed him into the publication of the volume before us. The talent displayed in the treatment of the subject we hope to see more judiciously employed on some future occasion.

The Almost Protestant: Protestant Objections: Transubstantiation: Invocation and Intercession of Saints. Four Lectures delivered by the Rev. J. CUMMING, D.D., in reply to those of Cardinal Wiseman. London: Reformation Society, 8, Exeter Hall. 1852.

WE recommend this cheap and comprehensive volume, as being truly a *Réponse sans Réplique*. The paragraphs of Dr. Wiseman's discourse are printed at length, and are subjected to a searching examination, and most conclusive refutation. Dr. Cumming's lectures were delivered to a very large assembly of persons in Hanover-square Rooms; and he has had the best proof given him of the value of his labours in the communications he has received, which prove that real good was done to several whose judgments had been unsettled by the bold assertions or the deceptive reasonings of Dr. Wiseman.

A Textual Commentary on the Book of Psalms. By H. N. CHAMPNEY.
London: Bagster. York: Allom. 1852.

THIS volume, although compressed within a hundred pages, is one of great utility and value to the biblical student—indeed, to all who read their Bible; and it is especially welcome to us, as well as honourable to the author, from the circumstance of his being a layman. *Omen haud malum*, inasmuch as it shows a deep interest in sacred subjects on the part of one whose professions involves studies of a widely different character, Mr. Champney being, we believe, a lawyer. It is very gracefully printed and got up, and issued at a price which shows that the object of the writer is rather usefulness than pecuniary gain.

1. *The Monthly Packet of Evening Readings for the Younger Members of the English Church.*
2. *The Magazine for the Young.*
3. *Stories and Catechisings in Illustration of the Collects.* London: Mozley.

IN acknowledging the receipt of the numbers of these serials to June inclusive, we have only to bear testimony to their sustained usefulness, and to express our hope that their circulation is commensurate with their merit.

Affection's Tribute; or, the Voice of the Old Year. By SAMUEL B. WILLIS, T.C.D. Oldham. 1852.

THE subject of these pages appears to have been suggested to the author by the death of a young and gifted friend. There is in his treatment of the theme an affectionate earnestness, both with respect to the dead and the living, which will commend it to those who can appreciate a pious and kindly spirit; while the brief biography of the object of his love and his sorrow gives more than ordinary interest to the volume.

Poems Illustrative of Grace, Creation, Suffering. By the Rev. RICHARD SINCLAIR BROOKE, A.B. Dublin: McGlashan. London: Seeley. 1852.

PROUS feeling, gracefulness of expression, and harmony of numbers, constitute the claims of this little volume to notice. It has few, if any, of the attributes of poetry, and certainly none of its loftier features. We regret that we cannot award to the author's labours a higher meed of praise.

The Sinfulness of Little Sins. A Course of Sermons Preached in Lent. By JOHN JACKSON, M.A., Rector of St. James's, Westminster, &c. London: Skeffington. 1852.

It is a trite saying that little sins are the parents of great ones, as the acorn produces the oak. What is forgery—a crime which once involved the severest penalty of the law, but a written lie? These sermons, admirably adapted by the simplicity as well as the earnestness of their language for pastoral use, embrace in their subjects—1. The exceeding sinfulness of sin. 2. Sins of the temper. 3. Sins of pride and vanity. 4. Sins of the thoughts. 5. Sins of the tongue. 6. Sins of omission. We cordially commend to the perusal of our readers this valuable little book, which warns us against those sins which the author wisely tells us “are found where the world finds none. They are the darkness of its sunshine, the bitterness of its sweets, the rottenness of its fairest fruits.”

Far off; or, Asia and Australia Described. With Anecdotes and Numerous Illustrations. By the Author of “Peep of Day.” London: Hatchard. 1852.

THIS little volume contains a world of information, on subjects of popular interest, in a style which especially adapts itself to the class of readers for whose special use it was written—namely, the rising generation. It is profusely and gracefully illustrated by wood engravings, embracing upwards of forty subjects. We cannot dismiss this valuable little book from our hands without quoting a passage in the preface, the lesson of which cannot be too forcibly urged on the attention of those to whom it is addressed:—

“Parents, train up your children to serve God, and to enjoy his presence for ever; and, if there be amongst them an EXTRAORDINARY child, train him up with extraordinary care, lest, instead of doing extraordinary good, he should do extraordinary evil, and be plunged into extraordinary misery.”

The book is admirably suited for a school prize or birthday present.

Poetical Hints on the Art of Verse. With Illustrative Notes for Young Bards. By a PRACTITIONER. A New Edition. Hatchards.

THE author wisely says in his preface that the *Art of Poetry* is not to be taught; thus reiterating the established dogma—*Poeta nascitur non fit*. For “making of verse,” which is but the vehicle of poetry, these few pages will be found to contain some most valuable hints which are evidently the result of much reading and practice.

Ann Ash: the Foundling. London: J. H. Parker.

WE have in this interesting, but withal unpretending, volume, the history of a young woman, a foundling, whose whole life is devoted to the service of her foster-parents, whose declining years she cherishes with filial affection to the sacrifice of her own interest. Ann Ash is no magnanimous heroine of the middle ages, performing deeds of valour that might inspire a poet: she is one of those homely, honest, lowly-minded, "household angels," who, unknown to fame, strive to do their duty in that state of life to which God hath called them. There is a truthful charm about the "short and simple annals of the poor" that we look for in vain among the more exalted class of biographies; and in Ann Ash we have the pure-hearted girl as nature made her, without a taint of the world in which she filled a humble but useful position. There are some beautiful moral lessons inculcated in this little work which are highly suggestive, and which may be rendered beneficial to every class of readers.

The School for Fathers. An Old English Story. By T. GWYNNE.
London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1852.

THE author pleads the *argumentum ad misericordiam* in his title by a quotation from poor Eliot Warburton's "Darien"—"The puir mon that has patience to mak' a buik has some claim to the patience o' him wha only reads it." But the appeal was unnecessary: our patience is more tried by the briefness of the book than its length; for it is one of the freshest and most interesting tales of its class that we have lately had to deal with. It is very unlike a modern novel: it treats of the manners and habits of a period long gone by. The story is laid in the eighteenth century, for it begins with, "In the year 17—" Now, we fancy that it refers to the age of Sir Roger de Coverley—the golden age of country squires, whose pursuits formed a striking contrast to those of the then fashionables of the metropolis. Whether the country squires of the present day be improvements on those of the last century may admit of doubt; but sure we are that the fashionables of our time are far more respectable specimens of the *genus homo* than their prototypes of the days of Addison. True it is, the men do smoke an infinity of cigars; but we believe the account to be balanced by a proportionate diminution in the consumption of snuff—a more dirty and deleterious form of the weed. Powder and patch—the one an abomination, and the other a lie—have long since

been voted barbarisms; and even ear-rings, second only in *Otaheitanism* to nose-rings, are fast disappearing: ladies' ears are now only *bored* metaphorically. If our readers desire the materials for a comparison between the present age and that immediately preceding it, we commend Mr. Gwynne's book to their perusal, for it is a very truthful picture of the time. The interest of the story turns upon the attempt of a father, bred up in all the follies and vices of the then fashionable life, to indoctrinate with his own feelings and principles an only son, whose youth, up to the age of nineteen, he had entrusted to the guardianship of his uncle, a fox-hunting squire of the old school. The experiment, as may well be imagined, was a failure in every stage; and therein consists the lesson which it would teach to fathers whom the author admonishes, "before they put their sons in any particular path of life, to study, if they can, their various dispositions, characters, talents, and capabilities;" and feelingly adds—"It is a cruel sight to see a man's life passing by in the daily avocations of a profession for which he has no feeling—perhaps, a positive dislike—and to which a father's will condemned him before he could either walk or talk."

The author has very felicitous powers of description, both of character and scenery; and a rich and racy humour which is especially effective in the scenes between poor Jack Warren, the hero, and the various masters whom his father employed to torture him into a counterfeit of a man of fashion, to the habits of which he was too honest, if he had not been too stupid, to conform.

[In our notice of Mr. Bagge's "*Toleratio Intolerabilis*" in our last Number (p. 485), it has been thought that in saying, "*Romanists, who go all lengths with the Ultramontanists, may not be tolerated, because the doctrines they maintain are subversive of loyalty,*" we meant to imply that the ultramontanist doctrines were no necessary consequence of Romanism, but were *only held by a party* within that Church. This was not our meaning, but quite the contrary: we meant to imply that there are *English* Romanists who are *not Ultramontanists*, but these are a small party; and that they are *inconsistent* in remaining Romanists; for we hold that every consistent Papist must necessarily be a disloyal subject under a Protestant Government—ED.]

THE
CHURCH OF ENGLAND
Quarterly Review.

OCTOBER, MDCCCLII.

- ART. I.—1. *Horæ Evangelicæ : or the Internal Evidence of the Gospel History. Being an Inquiry into the Structure and Origin of the Four Gospels, their Historical Consistency, and the Characteristic Design of each Narrative.* By the Rev. T. R. BIRKS, M.A., Rector of Kelshall, Herts. London : Seeleys. 1852.
2. *The Emphatic New Testament, according to the Authorised Version, Compared with the Various Readings of the Vatican Manuscript. The Four Gospels.* Edited, with an Introductory Essay on Greek Emphasis. By JOHN TAYLOR. London : Taylor, Walton, and Maberly. 1852.

THE GOSPELS present no ordinary subject of enquiry, but both in themselves and in their bearing and consequences towards mankind, present a subject of the highest interest, and one which is attended by the most important results for time and for eternity. The life of the Incarnate Son of God is the subject of each of the Four Gospels, and the salvation of man is the common end which all of them have in view. In pursuit of this, we are presented with a visible object of worship as God, and a perfect pattern and example as man, in one person : by believing in whom we receive grace to follow his footsteps, and are made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.

The writers of the Gospels, in composing these sacred records, not only had the advantage of being eye-witnesses of the facts they record or of receiving them direct from those who had witnessed the several transactions; but they were also under the special guidance of the Holy Spirit, who gave them grace to record such things as would best promote the ends of the divine counsels—such things as would be suitable and profitable, not merely to that portion of the Church with which the writers were severally connected, and for whose use they each primarily intended the history they composed, but such things as would also serve for the edification of the universal Church throughout all generations, as forming the most important portion of those holy Scriptures which are able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus; since “all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works” (2 Tim. iii. 17).

We presume that every Christian will allow the Gospels to be the most important portion of the sacred volume, as being the record of the words and acts of Him who was the object and end of all revelation, whom to know is life eternal. For God, who, at sundry times and in divers manners, spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son; whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds. And he is the image of the invisible God, by whom and for whom all things were created. “And he is before all things, and by him all things consist. And he is the head of the body the Church, who is the beginning, the first born from the dead; that in all things he might have the pre-eminence. For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell” (Col. i. 19).

The keeping of the oracles of God, before the coming of Christ, was a trust committed to the Jewish people, and it is reckoned by St. Paul as the chief of their privileges (Rom. iii). Since the coming of Christ, the sacred deposit has been entrusted to the Christian Church; and, notwithstanding the fallibility of man, and notwithstanding the declension from the faith which both Jews and Christians have manifested, we cannot doubt the general fact that God, who has declared the end from the beginning, has also superintended both the declaration and its accomplishment—that is to say, we assume it to be unquestionable that God, without whom not a spar-

row falls to the ground, has by his providence so kept and guarded this sacred deposit that it shall not fail of accomplishing the ends for which it was at first given to Moses, and has been amplified age after age by holy men who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. And that no essential portion of the Scripture has been suffered to be lost, or even to be so mutilated and corrupted as to contravene the original purpose and intent. But it was a part of that purpose to limit the revelation in the first instance to the Jewish nation alone, and afterwards to extend the Scriptures, both of the Old Testament and of the New, to the Gentile nations also, out of whom the Christian Church was to be gathered. And this has rendered the mode of transmission so different in the two cases as to bring different elements under our notice : so that we have first to enquire in what respects the Jewish and Christian communities were differently circumstanced to understand how the integrity of the Scriptures has been substantially maintained through these different modes of transmission.

The earliest revelations were only of such simple facts as are contained in the book of Genesis—the creation, the fall of man, the deluge, the confusion of tongues, the call of Abraham, and the covenant made with him that in his seed all the families of the earth should be blessed. It is not of very material consequence to determine whether these facts were recorded in writing before the age of Moses, and found by him among the archives of the children of Israel ; or whether he received them orally as handed down by tradition through Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob ; or whether, according to the more generally received opinion, Moses had it by direct revelation from God : for in the longevity of the antediluvians, and even of the immediate predecessors of Moses, there were the means of transmitting the memory of events through very few intervening links from the Creation to the time of the Exodus. Methuselah was born 243 years before the death of Adam ; Shem was born 98 years before the death of Methuselah ; and Isaac was born 50 years before the death of Shem : thus, Methuselah and Shem might hand down tradition from Adam to the fiftieth year of Isaac, or for 2158 years from the Creation. Again, Jochebed, the mother of Moses, was the daughter of Levi, who was born 40 years before the death of Isaac ; and thus, by two more links, the tradition might reach the time of Moses ; and five persons—namely, Methuselah, Shem, Isaac, Levi, and Jochebed—might connect the traditions existing at the Exodus with the age of Adam.

But we believe that writing existed before the time of Moses, and do not think that there is any ground for asserting that it was revealed first at Sinai, in the tables of the law. On the contrary, it is spoken of as if it were an art familiarly known and practised at that time ; and had been referred to in a previous chapter, where Moses is commanded to write the resistance of Amalek for a memorial in a book, and rehearse it in the ears of Joshua (Exod. xvii. 14). And where it is written, "This is the book of the generations of Adam" (Gen. v)—the most natural inference is that the genealogies which follow were extracted from some ancient records.

Whatever be the date assigned to the origin of writing, we believe it to be no human invention, but a divine revelation : not only as surpassing human ingenuity, but because its origin is involved in impenetrable obscurity. Had it been of human origin, the author of so grand a discovery would have had his name handed down to posterity, like Cadmus, who imported letters from Phœnicia into Greece. On the contrary, all nations, who have the knowledge of letters, either have manifestly derived them from some other people, or regard them as a gift of the gods—that is, derived they know not whence. There is no instance of any people inventing an alphabet or claiming such an honour. All known alphabets are clearly traceable to the Hebrew, either directly by the forms and order of the letters, or indirectly as constructed for a language of a different family from the Hebrew by those who had learned the use of letters by means of the Hebrew or its direct descendants.

The Hebrew is the only alphabet which has any claim to originality and which is solely and exclusively alphabetic—that is, where each letter represents a sound and nothing else, and each letter represents constantly one sound. The alphabets derived from hieroglyphics are not thus precise, because several hieroglyphics are used indifferently to represent the same sound, and the sense which the figure suggests is mixed up with its representative value as a sound. The letters of the Hebrew alphabet are twenty-two, which suffice for expressing with uniformity and precision all the combinations of sound which the language contains, and so, being perfectly adapted to the purposes required, has remained unchanged throughout. In the alphabets derived from hieroglyphics, such as those of Egypt and China, many figures are used to express the same sound, and do it so imperfectly that a picture of the thing is often drawn, together with its name.

And these characters are continually receiving additions or undergoing alterations, until, wearied by the perpetual changes, men adopt the alphabetic characters of their neighbours, as the Egyptians adopted Greek characters.

And, as Mr. Forster has shown, in his book on the one primeval language, that the inscriptions on the rocks of Sinai can only be attributed to the children of Israel, who were miraculously sustained in the wilderness after their deliverance from Egypt; and as these inscriptions are decidedly alphabetic and have a greater affinity with Hebrew than with any other character, and no affinity at all with hieroglyphics, the rational inference is that the Egyptians learned the use of letters from the Hebrews during their sojourn in the land; but, with their characteristic vanity, turned their own hieroglyphics to alphabetic purposes, instead of adopting the alphabet of the Hebrews. Just as we find, on the Rosetta stone, one inscription in the current Greek of the day, with other inscriptions which are properly national in the sacred and demotic character—the first and second stages of hieroglyphic writing.

The Old Testament was written with such exact precision, and in this unchangeable form, in order that it might remain to the remotest ages a record of the purposes of God, and that every jot and tittle of the law and the prophets may be accomplished in the appointed time and order. For we do not allow that any alteration of the character was made by Ezra on the return from Babylon—a supposition which has arisen from a total misunderstanding both of Scripture and of fact. It would be derogatory both to the Scriptures and to Ezra to admit that the word of God had been so tampered with, or that such a man would be guilty of such presumption; and it would be contrary to the whole tenor of his proceedings, all of which were intended to wean the Jews from the evil ways of the heathen and bring them back to the pure word of God, to raise them to its standard—not to debase it to their level. Besides: we altogether deny that the square character is a debasement, and we assert that the Samaritan and Phœnician alphabets are palpably degenerate copies of the Hebrew. And we also deny the assertion that the Chaldeans or Assyrians ever had such a character as the Hebrew, except so far as they may have learned it from their Hebrew captives. We are now, through the discoveries of Layard and Rawlinson, able to affirm that the arrow-headed character was exclusively used by them on their monuments from the time of Shalmaneser and Sennacherib to that of Cyrus and Darius Hystaspes. Concerning

the Jews themselves, who were captives in Babylon, the Chaldee paraphrase teaches us both the nature of the corruption which the language would undergo and the method which Ezra would adopt for remedying the evil. Onkelos did not reconstruct the Bible or alter it in any degree; but, placing before his readers the pure text of Scripture, he explained its meaning by a paraphrase written in the corrupt dialect to which they were accustomed. And so Ezra brought "the book of the law of Moses, which the Lord had commanded to Israel. And Ezra the priest brought the law before the congregation both of men and women, and all *that could hear with understanding*.....So they read in the book of the law of God distinctly, *and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading* (Neh. viii. 2, 8).

The Jews, into whose custody the Hebrew Scriptures were entrusted, have always manifested the greatest anxiety to preserve inviolate the sacred charge committed to them. The words and even the letters were counted by them, and all seeming irregularities were also carefully recorded, even where a letter happened to be written larger or smaller than the rest, or the final letters were used in the middle of a word. This may seem trifling, and the mystical meanings which they attached to some of these things were puerile and sometimes contemptible. But this minute attention to the smallest inaccuracy, and this care to secure uniformity in trivial things, became the means of guarding against more important errors; and there are fewer various readings in the Hebrew manuscripts than in any other class of manuscripts spread over so many centuries.

No doubt, there has been an exercise of the providential care of God in the preservation of the integrity both of the Old Testament and the New; and our faith should be called into exercise for believing this, as well as for believing the things that are declared in the sacred volume. For the two acts of faith must go together, we must believe, in the integrity of the word which announces the facts in order to believe the facts themselves: we must have faith in the declaration to have faith in the thing which is declared; and many of the things declared, both as to word and substance, are matters of pure revelation, which could not possibly be known in any other way; and are therefore, from first to last, pure subjects of faith. When, for instance, it is recorded that God said, Let us make man in our image, the receiving this is, both as to word and substance, an act of faith. And so of the whole creation it is said, "Through faith we under-

stand that the worlds were framed by the word of God ; so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear" (Heb. xi. 3). These things, through whatsoever channels they may have reached us, must have been originally matters of immediate revelation, and we are bound to receive them as implicitly as if they had been revealed directly and personally to ourselves. For we do not believe such things at all unless we believe them simply and just as they are declared in Scripture ; and, therefore, it follows that believing in the simple letter of Scripture is the first act of faith.

But it is of the utmost importance to us, who have not *directly* received the revelation of these things, that we should have them faithfully recorded by those to whom they were first revealed, and that this record should be transmitted unimpaired to us. Therefore, the custody of the Hebrew Scriptures was entrusted to a people who were not only locally separated from other nations, but have ever been, even when dwelling in the midst of other nations, a separate people—estranged in spirit and habit of thought from the rest of mankind—holding their learning and science in comparative contempt, and priding themselves on the exclusive possession of a divine revelation, which they carefully concealed from the heathen, lest it should be contaminated through the introduction of some foreign element.

The letter of Scripture was by these means jealously guarded, and it is of no consequence whatever that the Jews did not comprehend its spirit, as it was made evident they did not by their rejection of Christ, who is the end of the law and the substance of all prophecy. Their ignorance of the true meaning of their own Scriptures should rather be regarded as one of the means by which the letter has been saved from being tampered with. For as, with a degree of blindness and obstinacy which is incomprehensible to us, they rejected him of whom Moses and the prophets did write—Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Joseph—it would have been in character with such obduracy to go one step further and falsify the records, if they had understood the Scriptures and had perceived as clearly as we do the witness to Jesus of Nazareth which the whole Bible so unquestionably bears. The Jews have often been accused of falsifying Scripture : we do not believe the charge. It rests on no better grounds than the longer chronology found in the Septuagint and Josephus. The temptation to falsify Scripture was far greater in many other respects ; yet they did not yield to it, and we

will not believe, on mere assertion, that they did falsify even the chronology.

For how does the case stand? The Hebrew chronology, which is that adopted by Usher, is consistent with itself, and all the Hebrew manuscripts give the same chronology. But the Septuagint lengthens the time between the Creation and the Deluge, and inserts a second name of Cainan between Arphaxad and Salah, so as to add several centuries to the chronology adopted by Usher. Yet the various manuscripts of the Septuagint do not agree with each other within several hundred years, and are therefore contradictory of each other; for we know not which of the computations we may trust, and they are all contradicted by the Hebrew, which is uniform and consistent in its chronology.

Some very ingenious papers by Mr. Cullimore were read before the Royal Society of Literature, and afterwards printed in a periodical called the "Morning Watch," in which the learned author endeavoured to vindicate the Hebrew computations against Hales, Cunningham, and others; and, in so doing, showed that the compilers of the Septuagint had an inducement, in their erroneous estimate of the precession of the equinoxes, to lengthen the time between the several great epochs—such as the Deluge, the Exode, and the building of Solomon's temple; and that the difference between the various manuscripts of the Septuagint are precisely such as would result from the erroneous computations of the precession of the equinox which are known to have been entertained at the time when these manuscripts were severally written; but, on the contrary, the intervals between the great epochs in the Hebrew Bible are such as would result from a computation of the true rate of precession. And as the Jews were not better acquainted with astronomy than the Greeks, their agreement with the calculations of modern science is to be ascribed solely to their having kept uncorrupted those Scriptures which were all given by inspiration of God.

In every other respect, save chronology, the Septuagint version agrees substantially with the Hebrew. And as this translation was made two hundred and seventy years before the birth of Christ, and agrees with the Hebrew in all essential points, it becomes an important evidence of the integrity of the Hebrew Bible; and it is not only the link of connection between the Jewish and Gentile dispensations, but marks a transition as then about to be made from Jew to Gentile; and that the revelation which had hitherto been limited to one small family of mankind, and hidden, as it were, in a

asket, was now to be openly displayed and carried whithersoever the conquests of Alexander had made the Greek language to be known. And as the New Testament was to be written in Greek, it being the universal language, the Septuagint version became naturally associated with the Gospels, that so the predictions concerning Christ and their historic fulfilment might be read together. But since the predictions were not all fulfilled at the first advent, and many of the most glorious of them yet remain to be accomplished at his second coming, this forms an additional reason for continually studying the New Testament in connection with the Old, and regarding both as forming together one volume of inspiration.

Luther was accustomed to say that the New Testament lay hid in the Old, and that the Old Testament came to light in the New:—*Vetere novum latet, vetus novo patet*; and it is certain that neither of them can be properly understood without continual reference to the other. And in the Gospels, when the acts of our Lord are recorded, it is frequently added—"This was done that the Scripture might be fulfilled;" or, "as it is written of Him." And of His sufferings it is said—"The Son of Man goeth, as it is written of Him; but woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed." "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into His glory? And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself" (Luke xxiv. 27).

For the Old Testament is not to be regarded as merely the most ancient history of the world, or as the special book of a peculiar and isolated people. It is, on the contrary, a book in which all mankind have a common interest, although for its safe keeping it was entrusted to one chosen race, separated from the rest, for this among other purposes. And the chief of these purposes of separation was that of that chosen race the seed might come, of whom all prophecy had spoken from the beginning, and who was the object fore-shown by all sacrifice and all the inanimate types of the law; while His acts were symbolized in the lives of David and Solomon, and other typical characters of the Old Testament, who were brought into circumstances which "are common to man" to enlist our sympathies, and by their faith in God either found present deliverance, or are prophetic witnesses for that Son of Man who should stand steadfast where they had failed, and also impart His own strength to those that believe in Him.

The testimony of Jesus has been the spirit of prophecy from the beginning; for He is the seed of the woman who hath bruised the serpent's head, and He is the seed of Abraham in whom all the families of the earth shall be blessed. He is also the High Priest who hath opened unto us a new and living way into the holiest of all—that is, into heaven itself; and encouraged us to draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience and our bodies washed with pure water. When Christ came he said of himself—"I am not sent save unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel; and when he sent forth the twelve he said unto them, Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not; but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel" (Mat. x. 6); the reason of which restriction is to be found in the fact that the Scriptures were known only to the Jews, and the first point to be established was that Christ fulfilled, in all respects, those predictions concerning the Messiah which were contained in the oracles of God handed down to them by their forefathers. Accordingly, the first disciples who were gathered said to each other, We have found him of whom Moses and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph (John i. 45). And in his first public discourse Jesus said unto the Jews—"This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears" (Luke iv. 21). And after his resurrection he said to the disciples—"O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken. Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to have entered into his glory? And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself" (Luke xxiv. 27).

Exact correspondence between the prediction and its accomplishment was in the first place necessary to establish the fact that Jesus was the Christ; and, therefore, the appeal was first made to that people who prided themselves upon the exclusive possession of the Scriptures, and who had doctors among them sitting in Moses' seat in order that no jot or tittle of the sacred record might be lost. But the fact being established that Jesus was the Son of God, of whom the Scriptures had spoken, the end of this minute verbal accuracy had been attained; and the history of the life and doctrines of the Saviour might be given with more or less fulness, according as the circumstances of the time, or the condition of the people addressed, might seem to require.

There was, therefore, no immediate or contemporaneous

record of the life of Christ, but the facts were introduced just as occasion might call for them in the discourses or exhortations of the disciples to the people. Of this mode of referring to the facts in our Lord's history, we have instances in St. Peter's addresses to the people in the second and in the third chapters of the Acts of the Apostles, and also in his Epistles.

"Wherefore (saith he), I will not be negligent to put you always in remembrance of these things, though ye know them, and be established in the present truth. Yea, I think it meet, as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in remembrance: knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me. Moreover, I will endeavour that ye may be able after my decease to have these things always in remembrance; for we have not followed cunningly devised fables when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye witnesses of his majesty. For he received from God the Father honour and glory, when there came such a voice to him, from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; and this voice which came from heaven we heard when we were with him in the holy mount" (2 Pet. i. 12-18).

So that thenceforward the Christian credentials are made to stand on a new and higher ground—not only on the correspondence between the character of Christ, and the things predicted of him in the Old Testament, but on his personal glory and majesty, and on the direct testimony given by the Father from heaven that he was the Son of God. Those who had been eye witnesses of his majesty put upon record such things as would suffice to establish all succeeding generations in the faith that Christ is the Son of God. This, and not mere verbal accuracy, is the end kept in view by the writers of the Gospels. They were not solicitous to record all that Christ did or said, nor about setting down all things in exact chronological order; but only thought of writing such things as, in their judgment, would confirm and settle those for whom they wrote in the Christian faith. St. John, the last of the evangelists, tells us that this was the case, saying, "Many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples which are not written in this book; but these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that, believing, ye might have life through his name" (John xx. 31).

But St. Peter proceeds—"We have a more sure word of prophecy (or rather the word of prophecy made more sure to

us—that is, by being better understood); whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn and the day-star arise in your hearts” (2 Pet. i. 19.) The meaning of which is—that Christ at his first coming did not fulfil all that is declared concerning him in prophecy; but that we, knowing the things that he hath accomplished, are thereby able to see what yet remains to be done; and in the exact fulfilment of the prophecies which apply to the first advent, we have an assurance that those bearing on the second advent shall have as literal and as exact an accomplishment.

No one, we believe, supposes that the first Gospel, that of St. Matthew, was earlier than twelve years after the ascension, and some suppose that it was not written so early as this. It was composed primarily for the use of the Jewish converts, and was probably written, not in pure Hebrew, not in Greek, but in the Aramaic dialect commonly spoken by the Jews, a mixture of Hebrew and Syriac, yet usually called Hebrew. At what time it first appeared in Greek is not known, and it is uncertain whether the translation was made by Matthew himself or by some other disciple. It bears the internal evidence throughout of having been designed for Hebrew Christians by its beginning with the genealogy of Joseph, the reputed father of Jesus, and tracing his descent from Abraham, the father of the Hebrew race; and by the continual reference to the Hebrew Scriptures in a manner which none but the Jews would fully understand. Of this, “He shall be called a Nazarene” (ii. 23), is an instance; for it is not obvious to any but Hebrew scholars where, in the prophets, Christ is so called; and the verse is often misunderstood by commentators, as if Nazarene meant Nazarite; whereas the former is spelt with *tzaddi*, the latter with *zain*—the former is a term of reproach, the latter an honourable name. That Nazareth was a contemptible place is evident from Nathaniel’s saying—“Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth” (John i. 46). And the prophet says of Christ—“He shall grow up as a *tender plant* and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and, when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and we hid, as it were, our faces from him: he was despised and we esteemed him not” (Isai. liii. 3). And it is written again—“There shall come forth a *rod* out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots” (Isai. xi. 1).

This *rod* is in Hebrew *netzer*, and the name of the town

Nazareth is derived from the same root; and it is to this rod or tender plant, to become in due time the Branch and the plant of renown, that St. Matthew refers as spoken of by the prophets. And as here the prophets are made to throw light on the Gospel history, so on other occasions the Gospel helps to explain the prophet. For instance, it is written, "The Lord himself shall give a sign: behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel" (Isaiah vii. 14). This St. Matthew interprets as meaning "God with us;" but he has just before said that the name of the child was Jesus, and that his mother was found with child by the Holy Ghost. Jesus means Saviour, and he was the Son of God: therefore, he was God with us in the fullest and truest sense, being God in our nature, manifest in flesh, in order to become the Saviour of mankind.

The first Gospel was written primarily for the Jews: the second Gospel was written for the Gentile Christians. For we regard St. Luke's Gospel as second in order of time, although Mr. Birks gives this place to the Gospel of St. Mark. It appears to us that the internal evidence is strongly in favour of St. Mark having seen the Gospel of St. Luke. And as St. Luke wrote his Gospel before he wrote the Acts of the Apostles, and this latter book was written at Rome during St. Paul's first imprisonment—and as, moreover, St. Mark wrote his Gospel for the Romans and probably at Rome, and at nearly the same time as St. Luke completed the book of the Acts—this is a strong collateral argument for placing St. Luke's Gospel before that of St. Mark. Both Mark and Luke were with Paul at this time (Col. iv. 10, 14).

It seems clear from a comparison of circumstances that St. Luke is "the brother whose praise is in *the Gospel* throughout all the Churches" (2 Cor. viii. 18), by whom St. Paul sent his second epistle to the Corinthians, as its subscription imports. And if it be granted that the GOSPEL referred to is that of St. Luke, which seems to us a very reasonable inference, that Gospel must have been in general acceptance at the time, and therefore written some time before this second epistle to the Corinthians. But this epistle was written about A.D. 57, for St. Paul's last visit to Jerusalem was about A.D. 60, and the Acts of the Apostles were written about A.D. 60-63, begun probably at Cesarea and finished at Rome.

Luke was a native of Antioch, where the Lord Jesus had been first preached with success to the Grecians, and where the disciples were first called Christians (Acts xi. 20, 26); and it was for their use that St. Luke wrote his Gospel. But

Greek had then become the universal language in the East. The Septuagint version of the Old Testament had been for some time in general use: the Gospel of St. Matthew was extant in Greek, and the Greek versions of Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion, soon after came into request by those who were dissatisfied with the Septuagint. But St. Luke usually follows the Septuagint as the version received by the Christians of Antioch, and follows it in his genealogy, where a second Cainan is introduced between Arphaxad and Salah, and is not found in the Hebrew Scriptures. It is possible that St. Luke himself knew only the Septuagint, or he may have thought it better not to alter anything he found there, lest he should weaken its authority or injure his own credit by tampering with the text. And a name more or less in the genealogy did not affect the purpose for which he had introduced it. St. Matthew, writing for Jews, deduces the pedigree of Joseph from Abraham. St. Luke, writing for Gentiles, traces Mary's ancestry upwards to Adam, the father of all mankind. For Christ is the Saviour, not of Jews only, but also of the Gentiles.

St. Luke, in his opening paragraph, says that many had already taken in hand such writings as he proposed undertaking. But it is not at all probable that he meant to allude to St. Matthew's Gospel, or that he meant to avail himself of the writings to which he alludes. They were probably some of the many treatises alluded to by the fathers as unaccredited Gospels, all of which have now perished unless we regard the spurious Gospels mentioned by Mill and others as derived from some of these sources. St. Luke says that he had a perfect understanding of all things from the very first, and that he derived his knowledge from those which from the beginning were eye witnesses, and ministers of the word. And, as we know that he was the constant companion of St. Paul, he had access to the very best sources of information, as well as the counsel and instruction of the chosen Apostle of the Gentiles (Rom. xv. 16; Gal. ii. 7; 2 Tim. i. 11).

The Gospel of St. Mark, according to the constant tradition of all early writers, was either composed at the dictation of St. Peter, or from the memory of what St. Mark had heard from him, who was his father in the faith and whom he had accompanied in many of his journeys. Most of the early writers, too, agree in stating that it was written and published at Rome. Chrysostom alone asserts that it was written in Egypt—a mistake into which he was probably led by the subsequent connection of St. Mark with the Church of Alexandria,

it being said that he was its first bishop. All, we believe, are agreed that it was written for Roman converts on the strength of internal evidence. But Mr. Birks has a peculiar theory that it was written at Cæsarea for such Roman converts as the centurion Cornelius, and that it was written as early as A.D. 46-50. This idea seems to rest only on a series of probabilities.

"The Evangelist himself had a Jewish name, but a Roman surname, which makes it probable he might be a Roman citizen. We are told that there were present, even on the day of Pentecost, Roman Jews, who from time to time visited or abode in Jerusalem, and some of whom were probably among the converts of that eventful day. The sister of Barnabas and mother of Mark, whose house was in Jerusalem, might have been married to one of these Roman Jews, and her son have consequently received a Roman surname. In this case he would form a link of natural connexion between the Jewish believers and the first class of Gentile and Roman converts" (231).

Then, after noticing the peculiar openness of the Roman soldiery to the Christian faith, inferred from the instances of the three centurions and of Sergius Paulus—and after pointing out features in the Gospel of St. Mark adapted to this frame of mind—he proceeds—"On the view here maintained, the usual tradition that this Gospel was published at Rome will admit of an easy explanation. If it were really written at Cæsarea, or for the Roman converts in that place, about A.D. 48, it would probably be soon carried to Rome by some of the converts of rank and education, like Cornelius and Sergius Paulus, within two or three years from its first appearance. Hence this Gospel would be not unlikely to circulate at Rome for several years before either the first or third Gospel had reached Italy. And since it would, doubtless, be known by those who copied it, under whose direction or from whose information it was composed, the natural result would be the growth of a tradition that it was written by St. Mark during a visit of St. Peter in the city of Rome, especially since there are a few Latinisms not found in the other Gospels" (232).

"The first Gospel of St. Matthew has clear marks that it was especially intended for Jewish converts: the third of St. Luke has indications equally clear that it was addressed mainly to Gentiles. The second Gospel of St. Mark, as its order implies, has a middle character. In its choice of particulars it adheres to St. Matthew—in its orderly arrangement it agrees with St. Luke . . . This transitional character is doubly fulfilled in the name and history of John Mark. His name is Jewish, but he has a Roman surname, which gradually supersedes it. He is linked first with St. Peter, the apostle of the circumcision: then with Paul and Barnabas in the first Gentile circuit: then with Peter, with Barnabas, with Peter and lastly with Paul again. His history is one of transition, and thus answers closely to the peculiar character of the second Gospel" (234).

Substitute the word *amalgamation* for the word *transition*,

and all this becomes true, but it is not true as it stands. There was no transition of Christianity from the Jew to the Gentile, but a breaking down of the middle wall of partition, to make of both one Church. And the Gospel of St. Mark appears to us to be clearly an amalgamation of the two texts of St. Matthew and St. Luke—that is, St. Mark's is a mixed text, which often exhibits clauses in conjunction which are found separately, partly in St. Matthew, partly in St. Luke. St. Mark's text, too, is more minute and specific as well as cumulative. St. Matthew, for instance, speaks of two blind men sitting by the wayside (xx. 30). St. Luke fixes upon one of these who was well known, and calls him a *certain* blind man who sat by the wayside *begging* (xviii. 35). St. Mark becomes still more specific and exact, calling him blind Bartimeus, the son of Timeus (x. 46). The demoniacs of Matthew viii. 28, Mark v. 1., Luke viii. 28, is another instance, for Mark and Luke mention but one of them, and Mark's text is a combination of that of Matthew and Luke.

The proofs that St. Mark's text was founded on an acquaintance with the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke are of three kinds—first, as to the arrangement of the facts recorded in the Gospel history: secondly, as to verbal agreement in relating those facts: thirdly, as to peculiar idioms and phrases, characteristic of their several styles.

In the disposition of the facts common to all three evangelists, St. Matthew sometimes differs from both St. Mark and St. Luke, and St. Luke occasionally differs from both St. Mark and St. Matthew; but St. Mark never originates an order of his own: his arrangement is always that of one or other of these two, which seems to argue a later origin.

In passages common to all three evangelists, St. Mark never fails to exhibit verbal agreement with both St. Matthew and St. Luke *where these last agree with each other*. Now, this cannot be affirmed of either of them. St. Matthew and St. Mark are often in close agreement where St. Luke differs from both; and St. Matthew often differs from St. Mark and St. Luke where these mutually agree; but St. Mark, as he is never in a minority as regards the order of events, so he is never in a minority as it regards diction.

St. Luke's Gospel is characterised by a very frequent use of Greek compounds, which occur no where else in the new Testament save in the Gospel of St. Mark. Not that St. Mark has them all, but St. Matthew has none of them, and St. Mark has them only in passages which are parallel to the texts where they are found in St. Luke. The compound verb

translated *brake*, only occurs twice in the New Testament (Mark vi. 41; Luke ix. 16). St. Matthew uses the simple form of the word, which is frequent. The compound verb, translated *watched*, only occurs six times in the New Testament—once in St. Paul, once in the Acts, three times in St. Luke's Gospel, and once in St. Mark's—that once being parallel to Luke vi. 6—viz. Mark iii. 2. The substantive, translated *upper room*, occurs no where in Scripture, save Mark xiv. 15; Luke xxii. 12—parallel passages.

We take these instances from an anonymous work on the "Harmony of the Gospels" published by Rivington, and numberless similar instances are familiar to critical scholars; and our motive for contending strongly for the later origin of St. Mark's Gospel is something more than the fixing a date or determining a place: it is to express the conviction we entertain that the variations in the several Gospel narratives are not accidental nor the result of carelessness—still less of mistake; but that they are to be explained by attention to the purposes for which they are severally composed and the class of persons for whose use they were originally intended. And we believe that Mark, the disciple of St. Peter, would have been contented with the Gospel of St. Matthew if he had not become more Catholic by reconciliation with St. Paul, and better informed of the kind of composition the Romans required by acquaintance with the Gospel of St. Luke intended for the Greeks. We believe that St. Mark did not intend to supersede the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke in borrowing so freely from both; but, leaving them to be used by those classes for whom they were originally designed, prepared his Gospel for another class—the Gentiles of the Western Empire.

It is pleasing to contemplate also how, at the time we are supposing St. Mark to have written his Gospel—that is, during St. Paul's imprisonment, when both he and St. Luke were unquestionably at Rome (Col. iv. 10, 14)—the two apostles, whose disciples and companions these evangelists had severally been, were themselves enlarged in spirit as well as in mutual forbearance; or what we may call an *amalgamation* of the Gospel of the circumcision, which was St. Peter's commission, with the Gospel of the uncircumcision, which had been specially committed to St. Paul. Not only were the two disciples equally dear to St. Paul and equally used by him in his ministry—not only were his epistles written at this time greatly enlarged in the knowledge of the mystery of Christ (Eph. iii. 4), and devoted almost exclusively to making this mystery known—but they also make the special point of the

mystery to be this—"That the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs and of the same body and partakers of his promise in Christ by the Gospel; and to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God who created all things by Jesus Christ." Accordingly, in an epistle written still later than these—viz. the epistle to the Hebrews—St. Paul shows that both the law and the Gospel are only preparatory steps towards the accomplishment of a higher purpose, belonging to a future dispensation, shown to be older than Abraham and higher than the law, in that Abram paid tithes to Melchizedec and received blessing from him as his superior, and as typifying the High Priest of our profession who sitteth at the right hand of God; and future, inasmuch as the world that now is, is but the example and shadow of heavenly things and of the world to come.

"Now, of the things which we have spoken, this is the sum: we have such an High Priest who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty of the heavens: a minister of the sanctuary, and of the true tabernacle which the Lord pitched, and not man" (Heb. viii). "And, as it is appointed unto men once die and after this the judgment, so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation" (ix. 28). St. Paul now recognised in a fuller sense than at the commencement of his ministry the harmony between the Mosaic and the Christian dispensations, having in former times been chiefly employed in showing the contrast between them. But they are in truth like the body and the soul of man, indispensable to each other, although the soul is the higher of the two. And as the soul is prepared in this life, and chiefly through the instrumentality of the body for the life to come, and does not enter into its eternal bliss until the body also is raised; so it is in the new heavens and new earth which cannot be shaken, but shall remain for ever (Hebrews xii. 27), that the kingdom of God shall appear.

We find also from the epistle of St. Peter that his spirit also was enlarged at this time, so as to be of one mind with the apostle of the Gentiles, without foregoing any truth which he had held as the apostle of the Jews. For he writes—"Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot and blameless, and account that the long-suffering of our Lord is salvation: even as our beloved brother Paul, accord-

ing to the wisdom given unto him, hath written unto you" (Pet. iii. 15).

Though these epistles were written at a time subsequent to that at which we think the second and third Gospels were written, they show the cordiality which must have subsisted for some time previously between St. Peter and St. Paul; and, as we may conclude, between their disciples, Mark and Luke, and the inference we draw is this—that the more we enlarge our apprehension of the full scope and tenor of the Gospel, the more we shall perceive the harmony which subsists between the three historic Gospels, and shall find that none of them can be dispensed with, since minds of these several classes will be found in the Christian Church as long as the world endures.

We come now to the fourth Gospel, which, as being the last written, assumed a greater degree of spirituality in the Church, and therefore addresses a higher faculty or strikes a higher key than the former three. The former Gospels spake of the birth of Christ, of his appearance among men, and of the mighty works by which he proved to the sense and understanding of mankind that he was the Son of God. The Gospel of St. John assumes all this and makes the eternal Godhead of the Son its starting point, addressing itself, not to the intellect or sense, but to the spirit of man. It may therefore be called supplementary to the other Gospels as adding new matter, but it is not matter of the same kind, but of a higher kind; and, where similar incidents are brought in, it is not for the mere purpose of rendering the history more complete, but for the further purpose of imparting the spiritual instruction which these incidents were calculated to afford, and for which purpose they were often used in the discourses of our Lord. We may refer to the miracle of feeding five thousand men with five barley loaves and two small fishes as an instance of what we mean. The other evangelists record this miracle as a proof of the divine power and nothing more. But St. John makes it the occasion of one of the longest and most instructive of our Lord's discourses, the opening of which is characteristic of that which we are speaking of as the peculiarity of St. John's Gospel. "Jesus answered and said, Verily, verily, I say unto you, ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled. Labour not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall give unto you, for him hath God the Father sealed" (John vi. 27).

But this characteristic of spirituality pervades every part

of the Gospel of St. John. He begins by asserting that the Word was from the beginning, and was with God, and was God. That he was the Creator of all things, and that in him was life, and that life was the light of men; but that the light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehended it not. It is then shown how this light became comprehensible—namely, by the Word becoming flesh and dwelling among men; and it is shown by what means men are enabled to comprehend the light—namely, by being born of God—a privilege bestowed on those who receive Christ as the Son of God and believe on his name. The discourse with Nicodemus in the third chapter, given by no other evangelist, carries on the subject of the new birth, without which Christ declares no man can see, or comprehend, much less enter, the kingdom of God; and, forming the golden thread which runs through the whole of this Gospel, the new birth is spread out before us and fully developed in those last discourses of our Lord recorded by St. John, but by no other of the evangelists, the substance of which is given in answer to the question of one of the disciples, “Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us and not unto the world?” (John xiv. 22.) Jesus said unto him, “If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him.”

It is by the Holy Ghost, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, that this abiding presence of Christ with those who love and obey him is maintained. For in any other sense it cannot be asserted either of Christ or of the Father. Since the ascension, Christ the God-Man is personally present only at the right hand of the Father. He is there exclusively, prohibiting a *personal presence* on earth before the time of the second advent. On the contrary, *omnipresence*, which is the attribute of the Father, prohibits his *exclusive presence* anywhere; and an exclusive privilege is here promised in reply to the question, “Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us and not unto the world?” And in the unity of the Godhead, the Holy Spirit is so absolutely one in spirit with the Father and the Son that his *spiritual presence* is their *spiritual presence* also; for in spirit to divide the Godhead would be palpable heresy.

The epistle written by the same apostle confirms this view of his Gospel. For it goes on to remind them “ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things. If that which ye have heard from the beginning shall remain in you, ye also shall continue in the Son and in the Father” (1 John

ii. 24). And St. Paul's later epistles are to the same effect—such as, “If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God” (Col. iii). “Our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself” (Phil. iii).

Thus, we conceive that the fourth Gospel may be regarded as the complement of the other three, as bringing out more fully than they do the spiritual element, which we may call the *soul* of Christianity, the historic facts being its body. And none of the Gospels can be dispensed with, since the first three Gospels are suited to three phases of natural character which will always be found in existence; and the fourth brings in an element which they all equally need to advance the Christian character to perfection. The Jew, the Greek, and the Roman, to whom the Gospels of Matthew, Luke, and Mark were severally addressed in the first instance, not only constitute the three great divisions of mankind out of which the Church was at the beginning almost exclusively gathered; but they represented the three principal varieties of natural character which will be found in all men, though more strongly developed in some than in others by local or temporary circumstances.

The Jew, throughout all his history, is represented as a stubborn beast; and Mr. Forster tells us that the ass is the most frequent figure by which the Israelites are represented on the rock inscriptions in the neighbourhood of Sinai. The good side of such a character is inflexible adherence to what it has once received, and this rendered the Jews trusty guardians of the letter of the Old Testament; but they adhered so inflexibly to the letter of Scripture, and even to their own dry interpretation of the letter, as to be unable to discern its spirit; and because Christ did not fulfil the whole of the letter of prophecy at his first advent, and they had not been taught to separate the first from the second advent, they rejected Christ and were themselves cast off: yet the same stubbornness of character has kept them a separate people to the present day; and, although they have not become Christians, they have not amalgamated with the other nations.

The Greek, on the contrary, was philosophical, speculative, and fanciful; but having little stability, and following the impulse of the moment, was prone to idolatry on the one hand or to infidelity on the other. While the Roman, though

rough and rude, being strong and practical, was ready to adopt from others and turn it to self-aggrandisement, having as it were an instinct of rule and domination. Every one must have noticed such characteristics as these in different individuals of the same country; and without meaning to say that one Gospel would suit one case, another Gospel another, we think that this variety of character does furnish a reason for the continuance of the three separate Gospels in the Church, as well as for their introduction at the beginning.

Yet, since in proportion as men became spiritual they lose their natural discordancies, and as members of the same body co-operate harmoniously for the common good, so the fourth Gospel must be taken in conjunction with the other three, it being pre-eminently calculated to supply the spiritual element in addition to the historic facts which the preceding Gospels had supplied. St. John assumes that the Church is already acquainted with our Lord's history, and passes over his genealogy and miraculous conception, together with the providences which led his parents first to Bethlehem, then to Egypt, and at length to Nazareth, in fulfilment of various prophecies; the omission of which circumstances by Mark also is a collateral proof that his Gospel was written after that of Luke, and both these latter Gospels begin at once with the baptism of John—Mark to come at once to the main point he had in view—the ministry of Christ for founding the Church: John to prove that he was the Son of God by the witness of the Baptist, confirmed by the voice from heaven and the descent of the Holy Ghost. The last Gospel omits the temptation in the wilderness, the sermon in the mount, nearly all the parables, the long discourse concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, and the second advent; with many other things of a like kind which are recorded by the other evangelists, and which would certainly have been briefly alluded to if St. John's object had been nothing more than making additions to the Gospel narrative.

We believe that each Gospel is complete in itself, and that each is sufficient for the purpose which gave occasion to its being written. The earliest would naturally be the fullest of facts, and of facts of that description which would be best suited to the classes to whom the Gospel was first preached—namely, Jews and Greeks. Accordingly we find the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke, composed for Jerusalem and for Antioch, answering precisely to this character; but, when the Church had been some time established, its testimony would be a living Gospel more convincing than the written pages of

a book—"Ye are our epistle (saith St. Paul), read of all men in the Churches;" and the children and catechumens would be from the first grounded in the fundamental facts as well as the elementary truths of the Gospel. But the histories of the early Church inform us that it was the practice to reserve the communication of the higher truths and deeper mysteries of Christianity till the time when the catechumens, having been well grounded in the elementary truths, and being by baptism admitted into that company who were called *the faithful*, were then able to receive and profit by those higher and more spiritual things of which the Gospel of St. John is in a pre-eminent sense the treasury. St. Paul reproves the Hebrews for remaining in a state of pupillage and not going on unto perfection; and in so doing shows us that a different kind of instruction was always thought necessary for those who were more advanced than for those who were just entering upon their Christian course, and that strong meat belongs to men—milk only to babes :—

"We have many things to say, and hard to be uttered, seeing ye are dull of hearing. For when, for the time, ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again, which be the first principles of the oracles of God, and are become such as have need of milk and not of strong meat. For every one that useth milk is unskilful in the word of righteousness: for he is a babe. But strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil. Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works," &c. (Heb. v. vi).

The spiritual truths which St. John had in view while writing his Gospel will, of course, only be apprehended by those who are in some measure spiritually minded; but every one who believes in Christ Jesus, as he is revealed to us in Matthew, Mark, and Luke, may confidently expect the grace of God to enable him to understand the higher revelations contained in the last of the Gospels; and the enlargement or advance is not such as to render the truths contained in the former Gospels of less value, but enhances their importance by introducing a new element, and showing the bearing which they have on the heavenly things which came into manifestation after the ascension of our Lord and his return to the bosom of the Father. For, as St. John in his Gospel presumes that we are acquainted with the former three, so in all our advances in the knowledge of spiritual things we must

hold fast the foundations of our faith in the incarnation and sacrifice of Christ as our only ground of acceptance at all times; since the Holy Spirit is the Spirit of Christ, and his special office is to take of the things of Christ and show them to us, and to bring all things to remembrance which he hath spoken and done in the days of his flesh.

Much of the knowledge to which we are alluding depends, however, upon a critical understanding of the Greek text of the New Testament, and especially on the use which is made of the Articles; the importance of which parts of speech in the Greek language cannot be rendered intelligible to the mere English reader, as we have no idioms in our language capable of expressing their exact force; nor was it in fact known and appreciated to its full extent, even by the generality of learned men, until Granville Sharp called attention to the subject in his "Remarks on the Greek Article"—a publication which was soon followed by Wordsworth's elaborate proof that the texts adduced by Sharp were so understood by the fathers; and by a still larger work entitled, "The Doctrine of the Greek Article, applied to the Criticism and Illustration of the New Testament," by T. F. Middleton, who was afterwards Bishop of Calcutta.

Granville Sharp's object was to prove, from certain passages of Scripture, that in the mode of using the Greek Article the writers meant to declare that Christ was truly God as well as Man. And his remarks are limited to eight texts, viz.—Acts xx. 28; Ephes. v. 5; 2 Thess. i. 12; 1 Tim. v. 21; 2 Tim. iv. 1; Titus ii. 13; 2 Peter i. 1; Jude 4; in all of which instances he shows that God and Christ, or God and our Lord Jesus, refer to the same individual. Beza and many other critics had strenuously supported the same opinion concerning the force of the Article; but it was by the work of Bishop Middleton that the doctrine was first fully brought out and placed in a clear light, and carried out to other points as well as the divinity of Christ, and applied to all the books of the New Testament.

Middleton maintained that the Article was originally used as a pronoun relative in the usual acceptation of that term; and that subsequently, when it ceased to be so used, there was still an implied reference to some object which had occupied the mind of the speaker, though, perhaps, not previously declared. The second question respects the object of its relation, supposing the Article to retain its pro-nominal nature. And here it is essential to attend to the gender of the Article, as it is, of course, invariably the same with that of the predicate

annexed or understood. Thirdly, the participle of existence must be understood as a *copula* between the Article and its predicate; for else there will be no more connection between them than if they occurred in different propositions; and it is then shown "that all the insertions of the Article are reducible to two kinds arising out of one property—viz., its anticipative reference; for the anticipation must be either of that which is known or of that which is unknown: in the former case, the Article with its predicate is subservient to the purpose of retrospective reference—in the latter to that of hypothesis" (*Middleton*, 46).

The object of Mr. Taylor's publication may be best expressed in his own words:—

"In the EMPHATIC NEW TESTAMENT an attempt is made to represent to the English reader certain peculiarities of expression in the Greek text which are of too much importance to be left unnoticed, though the reason of their insertion may be the subject of some difference of opinion. Of the propriety of distinguishing the EMPHATIC PRONOUNS no kind of doubt can be entertained. They were designed to give prominence to the persons or things to which they relate. They add certainty and intensity to the passages in which they occur. They give earnestness and vivacity to the discourses in which they are found, and render the reader a hearer, so to speak, of those truths which flowed from the lips of him who spake as never man spake. Yet, in the authorised English version, no particular notice is taken of these pronouns, and the reader is left to form his own idea of their importance.

"The use of the GREEK ARTICLE is a question of greater difficulty. That it has, on many occasions, a restrictive power, like that of the English definite Article (*the*), no one attempts to deny. But it is certain, that, even in connexion with nouns-substantive, this power cannot always be given to it; and, in almost all other instances of its occurrence, it exhibits no conformity with the English Article" (3).

Mr. Taylor, in this edition of the Gospels, endeavours to furnish the English reader with the means of understanding the force of the Greek pronouns and articles, so far as the difference of idiom will allow, by printing the *emphatic* words in small capitals and increasing the emphasis by capitals and old English; and the text which he makes his standard is the Vatican Manuscript, confessedly the most ancient and least accessible of documents of the kind, and on this account the work before us is valuable. But it also contains a considerable portion of original matter on the use of pronouns and articles in the Greek Testament, and the degree in which the sense is affected by these various uses. And this is followed by an important discussion of the "effect of emphasis on certain titles,"

such as Son of God—Son of Man—Holy Spirit, &c. Of this we can only give a few extracts:—

“That Jesus was exclusively as well as emphatically the Son of God, the Son of the BLESSED, in a manner which could not be affirmed of any other person living or any that ever had lived, was the truth made known to the treasurer of Queen Candace, when Philip, beginning at Isaiah, preached to him Jesus and aroused in his breast the wish to be baptized. This was the great truth taught by Paul in the synagogues at Damascus immediately after his conversion. . . . It was for the purpose of teaching this truth, as Paul tells the Ephesians, that apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers, were appointed (iv. 11). In the epistle to the Hebrews this truth is the subject everywhere treated of, and in the writings of the beloved disciple it is particularly insisted on. John closes his Gospel with the declaration that to set forth this truth as the means of man's salvation was the principal object of his writing that book. He introduces it in his first chapter twice: he repeats it in the 3rd, 5th, 6th, 9th, and in the 11th twice; and in his epistles it is enforced again and again, in the most earnest and affectionate manner; nor does he quit the theme till he has carried on his description of the ‘Son of God’ into the Book of Revelation, where Jesus is represented to the Church of Thyatira as visibly glorified” (29).

“The phrase, ‘Son of Man,’ offers less variety of emphasis than that of the ‘Son of God,’ and affords less room for illustration; but it is attended with some very important considerations. It is found only in two forms—viz., with the emphasis attached to both nouns or to neither. In the former state it occurs eighty-four times in the course of the four Gospels, and on every one of these occasions it is made use of by our Lord in speaking of himself. The following are the instances of its first occurrence in each of the Gospels—Matt. viii. 19; Mark ii. 10; Luke v. 24; John i. 52. We cannot infer from these passages that any of them was the first occasion on which our Lord spoke of himself as emphatically the SON OF MAN. The phrase appears to have drawn forth on these occasions no remark from his disciples. Even when he spoke to them more distinctly as to this point, ‘Whom do MEN say that I, the SON of MAN, am?’—it elicited no other reply than SOME say that thou art John the BAPTIST; some Elias; and others Jeremiah or one of the PROPHETS.” The disciples appear to have been satisfied that our Lord had good reasons for taking to himself this title, and they thought no further of it. But there were certain Greeks who came up to worship at the feast (John xii. 21); and the same came therefore to Philip, saying, Sir, we would see Jesus; and Andrew and Philip tell Jesus. ‘And Jesus answered them, saying, The HOUR is come that the SON of MAN should be glorified. . . . And I, if I be lifted up from the EARTH, will draw all men unto me.’ This he said, signifying what death he should die. The PEOPLE answered him, We have heard out of the LAW that CHRIST abideth for ever; and how sayest THOU, the SON of MAN must be lifted up? Who is this SON of MAN?

“The answer to this question is not given by our Lord himself in the Gospel narrative; but it may be found in that passage of Isaiah:

to which the evangelist immediately afterwards directs our attention by quoting the opening lines; and may we not suppose that with this view they were quoted? Lord, who hath believed our REPORT, and to whom hath the ARM of the Lord been revealed? To the question—Who is this SON of MAN?—the whole of the prophet's description contains an answer and it is a very striking one (Isaiah liii). It is scarcely possible that this wonderful passage should be touched upon by the evangelist without its being intended to open out the whole of it to the enquirer. The commencement is, indeed, three verses earlier. 'Behold, my servant shall deal prudently' (Isaiah lii. 13).

"In the whole compass of this beautiful and affecting description we have a full answer to the question, Who is the SON OF MAN? This answer represents the SON OF MAN *as he appeared in his humiliation*. There was another reference made at the same time (John xii. 39), which also contains an answer to the same question. This answer represents the SON OF MAN *as he appeared in his glory* (Isai. vi).....By quoting the opening verse of the former and the concluding verse of the latter extract, John briefly recommends the entire of each passage to the consideration of those who are inclined, like the Bereans, to search the Scriptures, whether these things are so.....But he adds—These things said Esaias when he saw his GLORY and spake of him (John xii. 41). Thus, reference is made to the *beginning* of John's last quotation from Isaiah as well as to its *close*; and we are expressly told by the evangelist that when Isaiah saw these things 'in the year that King Uzziah died,' he saw the GLORY OF JESUS and SPAKE OF HIM" (33).

These extracts are sufficient to show how full of meaning the references to the Old Testament are in the Gospel of St. John; and all the other references, when properly traced, will be found no less important in bringing out the spiritual truth, which is the characteristic of the last Gospel, than the instances we have given. The phrase "Son of Man," in its unemphatic form, occurs only four times in the New Testament—namely, John v. 26; Heb. ii. 6; Rev. i. 12; xiv. 14. In the second of these cases it is only the oriental way of speaking of Man in general. "The Syrians (says Michaelis) cannot express the word *Man* otherwise than by *Son of Man*." And in the three other instances Christ is spoken of as having identified himself with us by taking the nature of Man in that he is touched with a fellow-feeling of our infirmities, as well as in having the human form. And in the Revelation the appearances are symbolical, and are not to be confounded with the personal advent, and in both cases are spoken of as one *like* unto the Son of Man: therefore, the phrase ought not to be made emphatic. In the emphatic sense, the words "SON OF MAN," applied to our Lord, is a title full of the most

important significance, "and one scarcely less necessary to be studied by us for the truths which it involves than is the phrase, "the SON of GOD." By the one title Jesus is intimately and completely identified with MAN'S NATURE, and by the other with the GODHEAD" (36).

The Vatican Manuscript, from which all the various readings in this edition of the Gospel are extracted to be put in comparison with the received text, is a manuscript of the highest antiquity. Hug supposes it to have been written in the earlier part of the fourth century or about 300 years after the death of our Lord; and all competent authorities allow that it is unquestionably the oldest, as well as the most perfect, of all those copies of the Greek text that have come down to our own times. There have been three collations of it by Bentley, Birch, and Bartolucci, and from these Mr. Taylor has derived his various readings. Dr. Tregelles went to Rome for the express purpose of making another collation of this precious manuscript; and, although he received permission from the Pope, every writing material was taken away before he was permitted to see it, and he was effectually prevented from all critical examination by being kept in uninterrupted conversation by the two priests who accompanied him.

Dr. Tregelles, in his disappointment, naturally enough attributed this to their jealousy; but it is rather to be hoped that it proceeded only from a desire that Dr. Tregelles should not interfere with or in any degree forestall a publication of this text, which has been for some time in hand and may be soon expected to appear. For we are told that the Propaganda at Rome are preparing copper-plate engravings, as nearly as possible fac-similes of the manuscript, and intend presenting copies of the same to the libraries of chief importance in every country of Europe. This contemplated munificence should be allowed to weigh against their seeming illiberality to Dr. Tregelles; and too much watchfulness cannot be exercised in such cases, for we know that the Alexandrian and some of the most valuable manuscripts have been tampered with by unprincipled persons to serve a particular purpose.

It is satisfactory to know that the differences between this early manuscript and the received text are few and unimportant. For the most part it is nothing more than the insertion or repetition of a word in the received text to clear up supposed obscurities—something like the words in *italics* which are introduced in our English Bibles. It will be found

that such words do not at all alter the sense, and that they are mere redundancies, the sense being complete without them. The most important feature will probably be found to consist in the division of this manuscript into sections by means of Greek numerals inserted in the margin, which not only serve to point out what was then regarded as the original connection and division of the several paragraphs, and by their construction enabling us better to understand the sense ; but often to suggest a much better arrangement than our modern chapters, paragraphs, and verses.

These marginal numbers also attest another remarkable fact—viz., that, at the time they were written, the epistle to the Hebrews occupied a place in the canon next to the epistle to the Galatians, and before that to the Ephesians ; though it has since been removed so as to be placed last of all, and has in consequence lost its five last chapters. The original order is proved by the numbers running consecutively through all the Pauline epistles, except the epistles to Timothy, Titus, and Philemon, which, together with the Apocalypse, are missing ; and these therefore were probably placed last, and so became lost before the epistle to the Hebrews was removed from its original position and placed last. For the epistle of James, the two of Peter, and the three of John, are placed before the epistle to the Hebrews in this collection ; but, as each of these is numbered separately, we have no means of knowing the order in which they originally stood.

The volume before us contains only the Gospels ; but Mr. Taylor says that the remainder of the New Testament, from Acts to Revelations, is ready for the press and will be published as soon as it shall appear that the public desire the completion of the work. We think that there can be no question of its utility ; but the number of those by whom such a work will be fully appreciated must always be small. We would, however, suggest to Mr. Taylor that many more would purchase the work *as a whole* than would be found willing to take the first part of a work which may never be completed ; and that, as we think it is likely to prove a standard work, its completion will prove the readiest means of increasing its sale. The Gospels, however, are complete, and we can recommend them to our readers, as calculated to give them a much fuller knowledge of the force of the original than the ordinary English version, if they are not acquainted with Greek ; and it is calculated to afford subjects for reflection even to the learned by presenting at a glance where the *emphasis* really rests.

ART. II.—*History of the Reformation in Germany.* By
LEOPOLD RANKE. Translated by SARAH AUSTIN. Vol III.

WE resume, from the twenty-fourth volume of the *Church of England Quarterly Review* (p. 309), our labour upon the work of one whom Archdeacon Hare speaks of as "the first of living writers" ("Mission of the Comforter:" Notes)—anticipating the pleasure with which our readers will again see this subject of world-wide and ever-living importance brought before them. The present article will terminate the third volume, which is all that has yet been placed before the English reader.

During the middle ages the two communities—the Communion of the Church and the Peace of the Empire—appeared to embrace all the good which man can enjoy on this side the grave and on the other; and it was accounted an intolerable misfortune to be excluded from either. But, to the exclusion from both of these, the Evangelical States were now to be exposed. They had fondly looked for such an improved condition of the Church as would enable them still to remain in its bosom; but the Established Church firmly resisted every attempt at change, and refused all concessions, demanding simply full submission. Hence it happened that the imperial authority to which they had looked for protection, having formed a close alliance with Rome, now threatened them with exclusion from the public peace—that is to say, with war and ruin.

The striking feature of the Diet of Augsburg is this—that, with a power quite unequal to grapple with that of their adversaries, the Lutherans yet resolved not to abandon the religious position they had taken up, the importance of which so fully absorbed their whole soul. But when the external storm was temporarily lulled, and they were in a condition to take a calmer survey of the extent of the evils they had braved for their soul's welfare and the glory of God, there was much to encourage them against despair. In the first place, the new opinions had gained over thousands of secret friends in various parts of Germany, who only waited a favourable opportunity for proclaiming their convictions; and, again, the threats of Suleiman kept in awe the whole nation, and pointed out to them that, at such a moment, division was ruin; and, lastly, the external unity of Catholic Christendom was the product of a moment of good fortune and victory, which could never be relied upon permanently for breaking up the thousands of other ties which bound them to the protesting States and Cities. Under these circumstances, the important point for them and for the pro-

gress of society was to form a centre of resistance, in order to be able to repel the first storm and to take advantage of any favouring circumstances. Events led them to accomplish this.

In the meantime, the majority at the Diet paused before they actually put arms into the emperor's hands against their Protestant brethren of the same nation and tongue as themselves—that emperor being a foreigner. They first determined to try pacific measures. “They would not fight, but right” (*nicht fechten, sondern rechten.*) They would appeal to the Imperial Chamber (*Reichskammergericht*), which was both representative in its character and exercised the judicial functions of the emperor. This tribunal was recognised, but so completely purged of all friends of the Reformation as to be a tool in the hands of the Roman Catholic party. At this time a new measure was introduced for the government of the empire. For political reasons the emperor resolved that he would raise his brother Ferdinand to the rank of King of the Romans. To this, after some keen negotiations, five Catholic electors consented. Saxony alone held out. It was told the emperor that certain concessions would be necessary to gain over this opponent, which, however, he steadily refused to yield; and then it was basely suggested to the emperor that it would be most expedient to take advantage of his defection from the Church of Rome at once to exclude him. The Pope actually sent a brief, according to which Elector John would be stripped of his right of electing in virtue of a bull of Leo X.; subjecting the defenders of Luther to the pains and penalties of heresy. This, though rejected, could not be mistaken. It was this warning, together with the threat implied in the new instructions to the Imperial Chamber, which were the immediate causes of the Schmalkaldic League. Ranke thus introduces the meeting:—

“On the 22nd of December, 1530, John of Saxony, Ernest of Luneburg, Philip of Hessen, Wolfgang of Anhalt, the Counts Gebhard and Albrecht of Mansfeld—the latter of whom was the bearer of the vote of Grubenhagen; and also delegates from George of Brandenburg and from several cities, assembled in Schmalkalden. The heights which surround the town were covered with snow. It was not for their pleasure that they passed the festival of Christmas in this small frontier town in the midst of a rude mountain district.”

The essential part of the league was this:—

“They resolved, in the first place, that, as soon as any attempt should be made by the fiscal to enforce the law against any one of them, the whole body should come to his aid. They agreed on certain exceptions which they intended to make in common, and appointed

two or three procurators to conduct the business before the Imperial Chamber."

It clearly appears from this that the religious dispute was transformed into one of law, in which all who had originally signed the Augsburg Confession, or had since given their adhesion to it, joined.

Important discussions now followed, eliciting, as they were sure to do, truths unknown before. The emperor's arbitrary conduct called up the question of the lawfulness of resistance; and new ideas on the general nature of the German constitution by degrees took their place amongst invaluable truths. "It was observed that, if on the one hand the princes did homage to the emperor, he on the other hand took an oath which he was bound to observe: the princes were the hereditary sovereigns of the country—the emperor was elected." Hence the theologians themselves got over their scruples by such a declaration as this—"The States govern jointly with the emperor, and the emperor is not a monarch." Luther, too—such a stickler for obedience to the powers that be—came over to their side; and on these grounds Saxony now proposed to the assembled States a league for their mutual defence, even against the emperor. A draft of an agreement was immediately drawn up in which the emperor's name was, indeed, carefully avoided, and the cause of the alarm obscurely alluded to in such expressions as this—"It appears as if there existed an intention of crushing the followers of the pure word of God." But in other respects it spoke out. The allies in it bound themselves to hasten to the aid of any one among them who might be attacked on account of the word of God. "The league included Saxony, Hessen, Luneburg, Wolfgang of Anhalt, the two Counts of Mansfeld, the Cities of Magdeburg and Bremen." The other assembled Princes and States promised to send in their declarations very soon, and on the 30th of December they dispersed. And, adds Ranke:—

"These nine days may be reckoned among the most important in the history of the world. They threatened and despised minorities under the influence of a religious idea, on which depended the future development of the human mind, and assumed an energetic and even a warlike attitude. They determined, in like manner, as they had confessed the new doctrine and refused to abandon it—so they would now defend the whole position into which that confession had led them—by legal means in the first place; but, if necessary, by arms. As to the former, all were agreed; as to the other, the majority—(some still entertained scruples as to their legal right)—and thus, at the very origin of the innovation, a compact and determined union was

formed for its maintenance, which its antagonists were likely to find difficult to overcome."

The election of the emperor's brother soon tried and proved the force of this league; for, very shortly after his coronation, Ferdinand complained to his brother "that he bore the title, indeed, but had no more weight than any other prince of the empire."

From day to day, indeed, the league assumed a more important aspect. Not only did it number the princes whose operations have been mainly the topic of this history, but those of the cities in Upper and Lower Germany were not less remarkable. Negotiation with the Upper German cities, leading to the best results, and justifying the soundest expectations, may be traced through all the meetings of the allies. To understand and appreciate these fully, however, Ranke says the course of the Reformation in Switzerland must be observed. This, which is the subject of the second chapter, we must omit, merely extracting one sentence to show how our own immediate subject, Germany, is mixed with it:—

"A treaty was drawn up in which King Ferdinand and the five Cantons eventually engaged to remain constant to the ancient faith; to chastise any who might assail it in their respective territories; and, in case this brought down hostilities upon them, to afford each other assistance."

Earnest attempts were now made to produce a reconciliation between the two Protestant parties of Switzerland and Germany by sinking or overlooking some of their differences in order that they might co-operate in the time of need for their mutual safety. But, unfortunately, in 1530, Zwingli had replied to the Confession of Augsburg in an offensive manner, by sending unbidden to the emperor a statement of his belief in which he not only attacked the Catholic Church, but also retracted concessions he had already made—such as that on original sin. Indeed, he almost reproached Luther for sighing to return to the flesh pots of Egypt, and gave the coarsest interpretation to his words. It was no wonder, therefore, that the Lutherans were more than ever averse to the followers of Zwingli.

In Strasburg, however, the necessity of peace was most strongly felt when they saw statues, altars, and the like, destroyed in defiance of the admonitions of King Ferdinand, which caused them to be impeached before the Imperial Chamber. At this time, too, one appears upon the public stage who devoted no ordinary energies towards this end—Martin Butzer. We must give Ranke's sketch of his qualities:—

VOL. XXXII.—U

"Butzer has the reputation of a pliancy not always to be justified. He is generally thought to have yielded too much to circumstances. It is undeniable that his attempts at mediation were prompted by the pressing necessity of peace without, no less than by his own reflections; but they were most sincere. He possessed an acute and subtle apprehension of the ideas of others and a remarkable talent for developing them—for *what may be called secondary production*."

Butzer's solution of the knotty point which separated the two parties seems very much like the darkening of counsel. His scheme of reconciliation rested on the assumption that Luther did not, any more than his antagonists, mean that the body was locally contained in the bread; but only that there existed a sacramental unity of the body and blood of Christ with the bread and the wine; and that, on the other hand, the spiritual nature of the partaking did not exclude the real presence of the body of Christ. In so far as Luther ascribed a spiritual essence to the body of Christ, Butzer sided with him. He admitted the body might, unquestionably, have another than a local presence; the bread and wine did not cease to be symbols; but they were symbols of the present—not of the absent body: of the bodily presence—that is to say, the *real* presence.

The question was whether Butzer would succeed in inducing both parties to accept this explanation. We certainly do not blame the decisions of Berne and Zurich, who declined this formula, "not because it appeared unchristian, but because it was obscure, and might easily give occasion to dangerous misconceptions." Of course it failed.

We cannot follow Ranke through his chapter on the "Catastrophe of the Reformation in Switzerland." The fatal battle of Cappel is too well known to require us to dwell upon its painful scenes. We will only tell, in the pathetic words of our historian, the sad death of one whom we should so gladly have seen dying amidst more Gospel-like circumstances:—

"The valour of the Zurichers was of no avail: they were routed and overthrown in a moment, and a furious carnage began. Of the two thousand Zurichers five hundred perished; and, what was most grievous, among them were the most eminent and zealous evangelical leaders, for they had been the first to take up arms. There did Rüdiger Gallman find the grave he pointed to. The standard-bearers Schweizer and Wilhelm Töning fell, and the banner itself was saved with great difficulty; the guild-master Funk, the brave Bernhard Weiss (to whom we are indebted for so many excellent reports); the director Geuldsech, several preachers, and, in the midst of his flock, Zwingli himself. The enemy, drunk with victory and already dispersed over the battle-field in search of plunder, found him lying under a tree still breathing, with his hands folded and his eyes raised to

heaven.' Is it too much to conjecture that, as he lay there weltering in his blood, a thought which he had lately expressed in gloomy forebodings was present to his soul? The prospect of *his* confederation, he knew, must be renounced for ever: the prospects of the Church and of the religion of the Gospel he could contemplate with unshaken confidence. Thus he was found dying by two common soldiers, who exhorted him to confess to a priest; or, as it seemed too late for that, at least to receive the blessed Virgin and the saints into his heart. He made no answer and only shook his head: they did not know who he was: they thought him some obscure 'stubborn heretic' and gave him a death-stroke. It was not till the next day that it was remarked that Zwingli was among the many distinguished men who had fallen. All wished to see him. One of his acquaintances from Zug declared that his countenance had the same expression as it used to have when inspired by the ardour of his mind in preaching."

The issue of these warlike struggles of the Swiss reformers is thus told by Bullinger—"They had desired the uniform introduction of the evangelical faith, the depression of the oligarchies, and the abatement of the majority of the five Cantons." The result was that the new doctrine was extirpated from many places where it had been preached; that the Papacy was reinstated in its authority; that the five Cantons acquired such an ascendancy as they never enjoyed before, and that the oligarchies had more power than ever. "The counsels of the Lord are marvellous," adds Bullinger.

In the mean time, the Reformation progressed rapidly in the cities of Lower Germany. The first city that joined the evangelical princes was Magdeburg—Brunswick followed. The citizens read Luther's books and translation of the Bible: above all, his hymns produced the strongest sensation: they were sung in every house and the streets resounded with them. At length the new opinions were confirmed by a decree of the council in March 1528. Things took the same energetic course in most of the towns of this part of Germany. Hamburg, Bremen, Lubek, succeeded in their struggles. In the latter place, in 1530, the Catholics were removed from every pulpit in the city, and the churches and convents were required to discontinue their usages; so that, "at the very time that Charles V. was attempting to re-establish the ancient faith in Augsburg, it was utterly extirpated in one of the most considerable cities of the north."

It must not be omitted that very violent political tendencies mingled themselves with the attempt to reform the Church, from which the worst revolutionary consequences were threatened. However, these changes paved the way for the conclusion of the "Schmalkaldic League." For so rapidly did the

compact of the princes extend over both parts of Germany that it now included seven cities of Upper and seven of Lower Germany. It was impossible to delay any longer giving a constitution to such a union, which was both conservative and defensive. But, adds Ranke, "if I mistake not, it may be added that this league, by thus combining the two great provinces of Upper and Lower Germany, which had hitherto always been separated, was of the highest value to the unity of development of the German mind. Even if the emperor had taken advantage of the Swiss reverses and began a war, he would not have found it an easy matter to suppress Protestantism and to become absolute in Germany."

But such a trial was not permitted, as the Ottoman invasion called off his attention to other matters. Without quoting from a Venetian chronicle such a description of the Turkish expedition as reminds us of the pomp of the earliest eastern monarchs, or narrating its progress and its issue, we will point out one of Suleiman's reasons for this attack on Germany which, we believe, is not so well known. It may be asserted, says Ranke, that the religious dissensions of the Germans were not among the feeblest of the motives that prompted Suleiman's undertaking. Whenever the ambassadors in the Turkish camps said that the emperor enjoyed the dutiful attachment of his subjects, they were asked whether he had made peace with Martin Luther. The ambassadors replied that, indeed, disputes sometimes arose in Christendom; but that they did not interfere with the general welfare: the peace in question would soon be concluded.

This imminent danger changed threats against the Protestants into negotiations, since such an enemy could not be repelled but by united Germany. The Protestants no longer made—they received—petitions. But these requests, though perfectly reasonable, yet touched upon what were deemed vital points; so that, so long as there remained the remotest possibility of accommodation with the Turks, no progress was made in these affairs. It was only instant danger that extorted from the imperial court this compromise of Protestant demands. In the public proclamation to announce not only peace, but to give the Protestants a private assurance of the suspension of the legal proceedings until the convocation of the council, all that was required was not conceded in this agreement. But Luther took another view of it—"I esteem it no otherwise (said he) than that God held out his hand to us." Elector John, too, was entirely of the same opinion.

And now we must witness this great and good prince pass

away from the struggles of the Reformation, whilst hopes for the future were not darkened by the misconduct of friends. He lived to witness these days of peace :—

“It may be regarded as a peculiar favour of Providence that the aged Elector of Saxony lived to witness these days of peace. We have seen above how much of the merit of founding the Evangelical Church was due to this simple-hearted man. He now enjoyed great consideration in the empire. Even a member of the imperial court describes him as ‘the one father of the German land in things human and divine.’ But his mind was too much imbued with the sentiments of a prince of the empire to be satisfied so long as he was at variance with the emperor. It formed part of the fulfilment of his destiny to have regained the friendship of his chief—to have lived to see the legality of the position he had taken up with regard to the supreme power acknowledged after it had been so strenuously denied—and thus to have made a most important step towards the permanence of the religious establishment of which he was the founder. In August both the public declarations and the private assurances of the emperor appeared. Shortly afterwards, when the elector had been once more taking the pleasures of the chase with his two daughters and the fugitive Electress of Brandenburg, and had come back in a very cheerful mood, he was struck with sudden death by apoplexy. ‘He who can trust in God (says Luther in the epitaph he wrote for his master and friend) abides in security and peace.’”

In the mean while the old game went on of proposing and opposing a council, until the Turkish invasion swallowed up for the time all other public or private discussions. Ranke mentions one scene so illustrative of poor humanity in the person of undressed royalty that we are tempted to go a little out of our way to give it. Charles V. had been ill the whole summer; and, when the States went to announce to him that the succours for the Turkish war were granted they found him in his bed-room, “sitting on a wooden bench without cushions, in the plainest dress, with a green bough in his hand with which he was brushing away the flies on his vest (says the Frankfort ambassador), with so lowly an air that the meanest servant could not bear himself so humbly.”

We must indulge ourselves with one brief extract from the Turkish campaign to show *how* the God of Armies sometimes settles invasions. The Turks in their march through Hungary were arrested at a city and castle called Gunz, under the care of Nicholas Jurischitz, which he was just about to quit with a small band when the approach of the Turk was announced. He instantly resolved to remain to afford the inhabitants a short respite, at least, from total destruction. He never dreamed of making any successful resistance to such an enemy.

"I had made up my mind (he said) to certain death." The Turks planted their cannon on the heights, dug mines, and tried to enter by the trenches. Jurischitz had no other soldier than his thirty reiters: the rest were all the inhabitants of the town or fugitive peasants—they might amount to about seven hundred in all. Yet they drove back the Turkish storming party eleven times, and made that dauntless resistance which nothing but the determination rather to die than surrender could have inspired. At length, however, all was in vain. The rest must be told from Ranke's own spirited narrative:—

"The Turks had thrown up two great heaps of rubbish to the height of the wall: on one of these they planted their largest guns which now commanded the walls, and under cover of their fire a broad way could be made from the other to the wall. The assault was prepared by janissaries and horsemen. The besieged were soon driven into their last entrenchments where they still maintained the fight, though with failing strength. Already the Turkish banner floated from eight different points on the walls. Jurischitz expected nothing but death. 'I rejoice (says he) that God's grace hath appointed me to so honourable an end.' But he was reserved for a wondrous deliverance. The defenceless fugitives—women, children, and aged men—now beheld themselves given over to the fury of their terrible and barbarous foe. At the moment when he was rushing upon them they uttered a cry, in which the imploring appeal to heaven was blended with the shriek of despair—that piercing cry which Nature forces unconsciously from the living creature when threatened with inevitable destruction. If this can be called a prayer, never was prayer more instantly heard. The conquering Ottomans recoiled with alarm from the terrific sound. The resistance they had encountered had long appeared to them almost miraculous, and they now thought they saw fresh troops issue from every house: they imagined they beheld in the air a knight in full harness brandishing his sword at them with menacing gestures. They retreated. 'The Almighty (exclaimed Jurischitz) has visibly saved us.'"

In the interval of this siege the emperor had had time to collect his forces; and, in the encounter, Suleiman recognised the ascendancy of the star of his rival and determined to withdraw by a rapid retreat.

We can but slightly notice the events narrated in the seventh chapter on the influence of France, and the restoration of Wurtemberg, 1533-4. It opens by reminding us that it had once appeared as if Latin Christendom, joined under the Emperor and the Pope, was about to fall upon the Protestants and to annihilate them. But favouring events blighted all hostile plans. We have seen that the emperor was obliged to conciliate the seceders and to grant them immunities, since

without their aid resistance to the Turks would have been useless; and afterwards we find that, from day to day, differences broke out between the Pope and the Emperor, which diverted them from making common cause against the Protestants. The emperor's earnest importunity for a council was very distressing to the court of Rome; and, again, the Pope was occupied—body, soul, and spirit—with the most brilliant domestic alliance that had ever been formed by a Papal house. The King of France offered the hand of his son, Henry of Orleans, whose prospect of the throne of France was by no means remote—(in fact, he became king)—to the Pope's niece, Catherine de Medici. But it involved him in political intrigues which crippled the arm that might otherwise have reached to Germany.

We can only refer to the interesting German story of the efforts to restore the Duke of Wurtemberg to his throne, though the cause of Protestantism is mixed up with it. It was the issue of the battle of Laufen that wrested Wurtemberg from the dominion of Ferdinand, and once more placed it in the hands of a Wurtemberg Sovereign whose well known sentiments left no doubt from the first as to what would be his conduct in religious affairs. The "peace of Cadan" followed which confirmed this change, concerning which we only quote Ranke's concluding words—"Some other stipulations were made at Cadan which eventually contributed greatly to the permanence and stability of Protestantism. But they belong to another cycle of events which we shall contemplate hereafter."

The eighth chapter treats of the "Progress of the Reformation during the years 1532-4." This consists too much of copious details to permit of our doing more to illustrate its character, by relating the *domestic* struggles of the reforming communities, than by giving one or two examples out of many.

The peace of Nuremberg must have contributed, in a very high degree, to confirm and develop the principle of the Reformation; so that, relying on their safety from molestation, the Saxon Diet, assembled at Weimer in 1532, ordered the resumption of the visitation of the churches, which had been naturally interrupted whilst everything was in suspense. The mass was to be entirely prohibited, and the few convents that still existed were ordered to adopt the evangelical doctrine and were forbidden to receive novices. An universal sequestration of conventual lands was organised for meeting some of the most pressing wants of the country. This, however, met with proper opposition; and at length, says Myconeus, himself one of the visitators, "we brought about, with great care

and trouble and labour, that every parish should have its teacher and its allotted income—every town its schools and all that belongs to a church.” In the domains of the Princes of Reuss and Schwarzburg the clergy showed “less refractoriness than ignorance and immorality;” so that it was impossible to retain them. They were replaced from disciples of the Wittemberg school. “The old order of things was utterly overthrown, and Wittemberg stood at the head of the new Church. From her had emanated the doctrines to be preached, and ordination was conferred by the spiritual members of her university.”

In 1533 the houses of Hainon and Mernhausen, and two others, were converted into national hospitals; and the revenues of the university of Marburg were created from ten monasteries and a part of the revenues of four others. Similar changes in the monasterial and conventual establishments took place elsewhere. It would, however, be unjust to the cause of truth to omit the following brief but significant—though hardly made so by Ranke’s mode of introducing it—remark:—“A portion of the ecclesiastical revenues fell into the hands of the sovereign, or of the nobility, or of the community at large.”

The issue of the discussion for the enforcing of Church discipline by the arm of the law, by the provincial synod at Strasburg, is enounced by general maxims that deserve deep attention at all periods. The civil authorities consented to prevent blasphemy and open scandal; but, said the council:—

“In affairs of faith nothing was to be effected by commands, as they could not possibly be enforced: the publication of them could only be attended with loss of consideration. The blameless life and conversation of the clergy—(each of whom was to be seriously admonished in private)—the good example of the higher classes, and exhortations to the lower by the masters of guilds, appeared to them the only practicable means to the attainment of the object.”

Again: Ranke adds on this important topic:—“The demand for a more rigid Church discipline was met by the conviction that the Christian principle ought to act upon the will by penetrating the heart—not to subdue the former by force, nor to alienate the latter by coercion.”

We have already alluded to the story—almost a romance—of the expulsion of Duke Ulrich and his son Christopher, then only five years of age, from Wurtemberg. The result of this is too important to the observer of the ways of Providence to be passed over. In the attempt on Wurtemberg the Protestants hoped for nothing, and the Pope feared nothing. But the peace of Cadan followed and its decisions were most important to the cause of Protestantism. For “it was con-

cluded by the chiefs of the evangelical party in favour of a prince who, *during banishment*, had imbibed similar sentiments ;” and, thus, a total alteration was brought about in the religious state of Wurtemberg.

Ranke remarks—after adducing facts connected with the Reformation in Augsburg, Anhalt, and elsewhere—that “the new religion, though (now) certainly favoured by the course of political affairs, possessed great force and activity: it had prepared the very events which contributed to its emancipation. It was sometimes sufficiently strong to maintain itself in complete contradiction to what the political situation of the country seemed to require.”

The following incident in the history of the Reformation in Paderborn is too deeply pathetic, instructive, and illustrative of the trials of the times to be passed by. Hermann, the newly-elected administrator of the chapter, had been persuaded by false representations basely to invite the citizens to the garden of the monastery of Abdinghoven, and took that opportunity of seizing upon the leaders of the evangelical party and throwing them into prison. Condemned upon a false political accusation, they were sentenced to death in sight of the scaffold already strewn with sand that was to drink their blood. The rest we must tell in Ranke’s own unaltered words:—

“The first executioner declared that they were innocent men, and that he would rather die himself than put them to death. An aged man was heard to call out of the crowd into which he had crawled, leaning on his staff, that he was as guilty as the condemned and that he demanded to be executed with them. At the same moment the women and young maidens of the town rushed out of an adjoining house with disordered garments and dishevelled hair, and implored, weeping, mercy for the prisoners. The tears came into the eyes of the Elector Hermann who loved not deeds of violence; and, as he saw that his temporal lords were also moved, he granted the condemned their lives. But their doctrines were effectually put down.”

We now encounter the narrative of a city which has long occupied a portion of the darkest pages of history—Münster. We make no pretence, at this stage of our article, to do anything like justice to Ranke’s version of it. One of his opening remarks hints at what is to follow, whilst it contains a warning of universal importance—“A signal example was to be given to the world of the dangers inevitably attending a change in long-established things.” The principle of the Reformation was once more in living and victorious progress; but, “for that reason, its effects on the actions, the wants, and the passions of men, admitted neither of restraint nor calculation.” In Magdeburg community of goods had been preached, and nothing

but a strong will put down that doctrine. Zwingli's opinions became extensively adopted and abused. Rothman, as superintendent, zealously rejected infant baptism. Anabaptism—"an element (says Ranke) of the general moral, and intellectual confusion"—was publicly introduced into Münster. Expelled and persecuted by every legitimate authority, it has always (says Ranke) exercised a resistless power over the minds of men. Its admission into Münster at this era is to be regarded as an event of universal significancy. The principle of reform was now to be tried: it had withstood the attacks of the ancient Church: now it had to encounter dangers from the opposite quarter which seemed to threaten its very existence. The arena for the free struggle of the intellect had been thrown open, and it was soon to be seen that conquests in that region are neither easy to win nor to maintain.

The ninth chapter, which treats of this heresy, is deeply instructive, if only as showing what the lawless intellect can do when let loose upon the awful dogmas of revelation without the proper inward and outward instruments for interpreting them. We find Hans Denk rejecting Christ as a redeemer and admitting him only as a teacher. Joined with him was Ludwig Hätzer, a man of licentious life, which Denk was not. Hätzer was the first man of that time who rejected the divinity of Christ. Another marvel of the times, which does not appear to be explained, is how these doctrines came to be spread about so diffusely: they are found in Salzburg, with no traces of their origin there. The first organised society called themselves "Gardener Brethren;" and they drew upon themselves the most terrific punishment. The recanters were first beheaded—then burnt: the refusers were burnt alive! But, if this was not the way to suppress heresy amongst Catholics, still less was it so amongst Protestants. Sect after sect arose. One of the favourite opinions was that Strasburg was destined to be the seat of the new Jerusalem, whence, according to the Apocalypse (xiv.), a hundred and forty-four thousand virgin apostles were to issue forth to gather the elect of God into the fold. By degrees the idea of introducing such a state of things by force was agitated.

Every part of Germany was traversed by wandering apostles of various sects: no one knew whence they came nor whither they were going. They discoursed of the corruption of the world and the impending ruin of all things. The ungodly were to be swept away; but to the elect a new life was appointed, without laws or authorities or marriage, in the enjoyment of overflowing abundance.

Ranke well notices that, after all, there was nothing new in

such notions: they were only what the Talmud held out to the true believers amongst the Jews—"That at the end of days all the peoples of the earth should be destroyed, or should become the servants of the elect, who should live in glory and feast in Behemoth and Leviathan." But these tales were too refined for the ears of boors. "The dark and dingy workshop, where continuous toil leaves the spirit free for a certain degree of meditation, was suddenly illumined by these notions of a near and blessed futurity—a dream too intoxicating not to find believers."

The rise and fall of the Anabaptists in Münster we shall altogether omit. It has been often written and may be read elsewhere, though Ranke's account of it may well claim the attention of those who have read the best of what other historians have written upon it. We think the conclusion of this chapter of horrors will be new to many. "At the moment (says Ranke) of the overthrow of the Anabaptists in Münster, many had fled in despair to England. Here, amid the storms of the seventeenth century, their whole system of opinions assumed a most remarkable form: for example, a great deal of what is peculiar in the mode of life of the Quakers is a mere reproduction of what Justus Menius imputes to the Anabaptists. But (Ranke proceeds to say) the colonies of North America now lay open to them. Those things for which there was no room in a constituted society, where such experiments would produce nothing but disorder and destruction, were practicable in a world where everything had to be created. In Providence and Pennsylvania the moral and religious ideas of the Anabaptists were first developed and reduced to practice."

The last chapter of this most important volume is scarcely less full of stirring incidents than any in the preceding books. It carries us out of Germany into Denmark and Holland, though in both places it is still the struggle of the identical principle with whose operations we have become so familiar. We conclude our not unlaborious attempt to set before our readers a faithful account of Ranke's estimate of the men and their affairs of this eventful era in his own words—pointing out, as they moreover do, that our own task is not yet completed:—

"The intention of the authors of the Reform was not to prescribe new laws to the world: they had no desire to shake the foundations of political and social life as actually constituted. Their only object was to emancipate themselves from a hierarchy which, exclusive and worldly as it had become, still laid claim to absolute and divine authority. In this undertaking vast progress had now been made; but it was far from being thoroughly accomplished. Mighty powers,

constrained by their nature and interests to resist all attempts at separation, were still arrayed against it. We shall still have to tell of the stern conflicts and the various fortunes of this high intellectual warfare."

ART. III.—*Histoire de la Vie Politique et Privée de Louis Philippe.* Par M. A. DUMAS. Paris: Dufour et Mulat. Two vols. 8vo. 1852.

AS Monsieur Dumas was, during one portion of his life, intimately connected with Louis Philippe previous to the elevation of the latter to the throne, a biography of that eminent personage from the practised hand of the writer in question could not fail to be interesting. The author is evidently, however, more in love with his work than with his hero. It is seldom that he has a good word to say for the latter. The portraiture is unpleasantly perfect. We cannot deny the likeness nor the ability of the artist; but the result, although interesting to contemplate, impresses us painfully. We see the old actor daguerreotyped, and his very defects present themselves to our eyes with increased plainness, in presence of which the good qualities and handsome features all but disappear.

Louis Philippe, at his birth on the 6th of October 1773, was created Duc de Valois—a title out of which, in later days, it was sought to be shown that he was really a Valois and little or nothing of a Bourbon. His father, then Duc de Chartres, afterwards better known by his assumed republican name of "Egalité," was a seeker after popularity. He had delighted the wide world of gamblers by losing his property to them. He had pleased farmers by walking and talking with them upon the surface of the soil: he had not less pleased scientific men by descending into the bowels of the earth: he had been admired by the *gubernouches* for ascending above it in a balloon; and the profane Parisians he had rendered expressly extatic by riding naked from Versailles to the Palais Royal in order to gain a miserable wager. When he had helped the Prince de Lamballe to slay himself by his wild debaucheries, the duc married the prince's sister, simply because she inherited her brother's fortune as well as her own. She was a most exemplary woman, respected alike by the monarch, the republic, and the empire. Louis Philippe was their eldest son. Their first child was a daughter who died in the moment of her birth. Two

other sons, Montpensier and Beaujolais, scarcely attained manhood. One other daughter, Adelaide, the sister and mentor of Louis Philippe, shared most of his greatness as of his misfortunes; and it was only at her death that misfortune took an aspect of mastery over him which he was unable to resist.

At the period of his birth the spirit of democracy was first rising into power. The father of Louis Philippe paid homage to the spirit by having his newly born son simply named by his chaplain, in presence of the parish priest and two lacqueys, without further ceremony. It was not till twelve years subsequently when, by the death of his grandfather he had become Duc de Chartres, his father succeeding to the title of Duc d'Orleans, that he was solemnly christened, having Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette for his sponsors.

He passed from the hands of governesses to those of tutors, the chief of whom, M. de Bonnard, was a maker of madrigals and a writer of erotic poetry. From him, the little duke was handed over to the celebrated Madame de Genlis. This famous individual was lady of honour to the duchess and mistress to the Duke of Orleans. He now named her governess of his children. Madame de Genlis had intrigued for the appointment and had succeeded. When formal application was made to the king for his consent to the proceeding, the monarch gave contemptuous sanction thereto, expressing his satisfaction that children to be so educated were not likely to succeed to the crown of France. Louis XVI. considered that the throne would be occupied by the little Duc d'Angouleme, son of the Count d'Artois (Charles X). He little dreamed that the pupil of Madame de Genlis would dethrone the count, keep d'Angouleme from his inheritance, and fling the mantle of royalty over his own shoulders—a wantle which the democracy helped to put on and to tear off—scourging the fallen citizen-king, as it were, with the insignia of the greatness with which they had been delighted to invest him.

Madame de Genlis had Louis Philippe and his brother Beaujolais instructed in Latin, Greek, German, English, and Italian. Each repast had its separate language. Mythology, natural history, geography, the exact sciences, law, drawing, agriculture, surgery, chymistry, architecture, and mechanics, formed also a portion of their studies; and Louis Philippe, who never had an ear for music, became a really good linguist, and to the last year of his life manifested how excellent a builder, gardener, farmer, or lawyer he would have made, had circumstances required from him to exercise either of these dissimilar vocations. He was at first the most inert and most stupid of

scholars; but Madame de Genlis taught him many things by means of conversation and he became apt student enough. Her greatest boast was that he always "loved her passionately." It was part of her plan to take her pupils twice a week to the theatre; and no doubt the author of such a proceeding was affectionately esteemed by her pupils, particularly when they, as in the case of Louis Philippe, loved history, were quick of intellect, and to whom it was agreeable to learn the great deeds of the past by witnessing them played, though travestied, on the stage. He strove to imitate the heroes whose counterfeit presentments had strutted their little hour before him in sock and buskin. He was one day witnessing the casting of a piece of silver work when he was severely burned in the leg by some of the molten metal having splashed over it. He bore the terrible pain in silence till it was betrayed by the odour caused by his singed stocking. Madame de Genlis kissed the boy, and thought the young Spartan who had allowed the fox to gnaw the youthful patriot's bowels out beneath his cloak was less of a hero than the son of Orleans. The telling of this anecdote sets M. Dumas moralising, and this is the sum of his philosophical conclusions on the question of the courage and patience of the prince who was his patron:—

"As long as the Duc de Chartres was only a prince, or the Duc d'Orleans only a fugitive, these good impulses reached their utmost extent; but it was no longer the same when the Duc d'Orleans was at the Palais Royal, or the king at the Tuileries. As these good movements, strangely enough, emanated rather from a liberality of education than an innate generosity of heart, they who counselled the king commonly combated the movement. If the prince were about to make a contribution of a thousand francs to some charity they generally got him to reduce it to five hundred. If the king were about to grant a complete amnesty, they contrived to have it changed into the galleys, imprisonment, or surveillance; so that all greatness was stripped from the act. Personal spontaneousness had, indeed, made it complete and great; but external suggestion rendered it paltry and small.

"During two years I was charged with the distribution of the charities of the Duc d'Orleans, he gave away about forty pounds daily—something like the twelfth of his income. Often have I had to apply to him personally and directly when the misery, in whose name I spoke, was pressing. I never spoke in vain. When I was alone I could get from him all I asked. If the matter had to be deferred till the morrow, I obtained the half of what was promised; if two days intervened, I got but a third and so on. The people around the duke, like those around the king, did not tend to make him great, but to make him little."

Madame de Genlis declares, and the early journals kept by

the young prince go to prove it, that Louis Philippe, in his opening life and youth, was imbued with religious principles. As manhood came on the good principle decayed and became finally extinct. On his death-bed, in exile at Claremont, he did not receive the sacrament until it had been repeatedly suggested to him by the queen, Marie Amelie. She urged that his salvation rested upon his submission in this case. He smiled—the rite was celebrated—communion performed—and the spirit of the communicant exhibited in the remark made immediately after, to the effect that now, as he hoped, the queen was satisfied!

With the practical in his early education there was much that was sentimental. Little offences were expiated by the raising of votive altars, and the ceremonies that marked these occasions were pretty, pastoral, but pagan. There was something of the drama, too, in much of even the practical part of the education. Thus, in 1786, Madame de Genlis took her pupils upon a provincial tour. Among other places they visited Mont St. Michel, a gloomy rock, at once convent, fort, and prison. There was the famous wooden cage in which political prisoners were thrust. It was a place of "little ease," and had been originally constructed by order of Louis XIV. for a Dutch editor who had been bold enough to comment upon some of the amazing deeds of the illustrious Grand Monarque. The absolute Sovereign kept the wretched journalist confined here in darkness during eighteen years; and the poor captive, who could never stand upright at any period of that weary time, went raving mad ere death relieved him:—

"They arrived about eleven o'clock in the evening, and as they were expected the fort was illuminated and the convent bells set in motion The prior and a dozen of the brethren received the princes at the foot of the four hundred steps which lead to the convent. In the middle of supper Madame de Genlis, instigated by signs made to her by her pupils, touched upon the famous question of the iron cage.

"Thereon the prior explained to the marchioness that, with the iron cage, there was the same misapprehension as with the iron mask. The iron mask was of velvet, and the iron cage was of wood. But, though a wooden, it was not the less a solid, cage, composed of enormous beams, with interstices of only three or four fingers' breadth between them. 'Moreover (added the prior), this cage, which has become almost useless to us, gives a bad reputation to the convent; and I have formed the resolution to destroy it.' This was a fine opportunity for Madame de Genlis to display the philanthropical education she had imparted to her pupils; she met the expression of the prior's resolve by requesting him to make a solemnity of the destruction. The ceremony was arranged for the following day.

"The next day the descent was made with some pomp into the dungeon. Madame de Genlis was at the head of her four pupils—

the prior at the head of his twelve monks. The goalers presided over their five or six prisoners, to whom permission had been accorded to witness the ceremony.....The famous cage was surrounded: then, a carpenter advancing presented an axe to the young Duke de Chartres (Louis Philippe), who struck the first blow, [exclaiming—'In the name of humanity I destroy this cage!'] The carpenter did the rest. But alas, as there is no circumstance in the world which has not its sombre side for some, so here was there a man who looked with tears in his eyes as the famous cage began to fall to pieces. The Duke de Chartres marked his sorrow and asked why it was excited. 'Monseigneur (said the man), I am the porter of the abbey, and I drew great profits from the cage, which I used to show to travellers as I told them the story of the Hollander and his fate. With its destruction comes my ruin.' 'True! (answered the duke)—and I owe you an indemnity. Here are ten *louis*, and henceforward, instead of showing the cage to travellers, you can show them the spot where it used to be.'"

From 1787, M. Dumas passes to the year 1830, and, *à propos* to the cage, remarks:—

"In 1830 the Duke de Chartres, then Louis Philippe the First, received a deputation from the city of Avranches. In the midst of the congratulations offered upon his accession to the throne, there was interpolated a reminiscence of the act then forty-two years old. The king replied to the compliment with the facility which was natural to him; and he added, 'I thank you for reminding me of a happy circumstance in my life. I there, indeed, gave proof of my love for liberty, and of my hatred for despotism, inspired by the sight of that terrific rock.'

"'Alas, sire (exclaims the author over the grave of the dead king), would you not have regarded *him* as a false prophet who should have said at that moment—Oh, popular king! it is thou who wilt open this convent: it is thou who wilt re-people those dungeons; and the sound of groans and complaining which thou wilt cause to arise therein, from 1833 to 1848, will drown for ever the noise of the fall of the famous axe which you wielded in 1788.'"

The young prince had thus destroyed the wooden cage of Louis XIV. The people were about to destroy that of Charles V. The democratic cannon was battering down the Bastille at the very moment Louis Philippe, his brothers, sisters, and young friends, were dressed up and playing private theatricals at St. Leu when the news came with the echoes of the cannon. There was a general rush to Paris to witness the new spectacle: nobody had time to throw aside the theatrical costume. One energetic old gentleman dressed as Polyphemus galloped to the Boulevards on horseback, and, as the irate populace took into its head that he was making a joke of what was passing, his life had well nigh paid for his thoughtlessness.

Madame de Genlis took her pupils to the residence of Beaumarchais, and from the garden-terrace of the author of the *Marriage of Figaro* the young princes beheld the fall of the Bastille—an achievement accomplished at the instigation of their father, who speedily afterwards surrendered the titles of himself and children. As the terrible spectacle was enacting, Louis Philippe, according to a royalist journalist, was so excited with delight that “he could not keep his seat: he clapped his hands, stamped his feet, and saluted all the passers-by, till Madame de Genlis, who was scarcely less pleased than himself in reality, felt obliged to suppress by her reprimands any further indiscreet demonstrations.”

The Orleans family hoped by the revolution now set going to succeed to the throne: in the mean time, Louis Philippe became a member of the Jacobin club, contributed to the journal of the infamous Marat, proposed ultra-democratic resolutions, and declared that there were only two things on earth he loved—namely, “the French Constitution and Madame de Genlis;” and yet his own mother was alive and full of love for the very lukewarm son. Her very name of “mother” was given by him to his “governess,” and he avoided ever visiting her whenever he could escape by some paltry excuse. In later life, however, he acknowledged the maternal virtues for which, at this period, religious as he was, he appears to have had so little respect.

He served the Republic under Dumouriez, fighting for it at Valmy and Jemappes, and flying from it when his General-in-chief had failed to induce his soldiers to march against a Government which the old and the young soldier had sworn so zealously to support. The details of this portion of the life are so familiar to the reader in Lamartine’s “Girondins” that it is unnecessary to vex the ears of our patient readers with a twice told tale. The duke was offered rank in the Austrian service, but he (politically) declined to bear arms against his country. He was less scrupulous in after years when he importuned the English Government to allow him to carry his sword into Spain against Napoleon and his marshals. He was now reduced to a fugitive life. He was destitute of means: his father’s life was taken from him on the scaffold, the present was full of misery, the future was without promise; and perhaps, with the past, there was some remorse. However this may be, he for a season, now as Mr. Corby an Englishman, now as M. Chabaud Latour, wandered through Switzerland. Sometimes he was in company with his sister Adelaide: often they were compelled to separate. The Republic dogged their steps and hunted them

through the Cantons; but temporary refuge was afforded to the princess at an hospitable convent, while the duke found shelter and food by taking the office of usher in a school at Reichenau, and teaching geography and mathematics at sixty pounds a-year. He was proud, and naturally so, of reverting to this passage in his life; and the visitors to the Palais Royal will not forget the picture which adorned its walls and wherein the royal tutor, in knee-breeches and gaiters, was occupied in giving a lesson on the globes to the dullest possible looking of Switzer students.

On being compelled to leave Reichenau, he fled to the north of Europe, wandering through its dreary snows and enduring much privation. He escaped therefrom to America in 1796, the Government at Paris promising, it is said, not to molest him on his passage. He put small faith in the pledge, and observed a strict incognito until he arrived at Philadelphia, where he was soon after joined by his brothers. The royal exiles remained in the western hemisphere which they visited in its wide extent between three and four years, when they returned to Europe and landed at Falmouth in the first month of the year 1800. During the next eight weary years the duke never ceased to apply to all Governments for aid against the common enemy. He offered to encounter the French eagle in Spain, or to keep the Ionian Islands against the same invader. As the Napoleonic idea seemed to prevail, so in proportion did his own energy to crush it. His hatred of Bonaparte was, he said, beyond all expression: his love for the elder branch of the Bourbons he declared to be as beyond conception. The sequel justified the world in its disbelief of either sentiment further than that it was entertained for party purposes. The duke turned away from the popular distrust to woo the good opinion of one who never did and never would distrust him. On Christmas-day, 1809, he married the Princess Marie Amelie of Naples—she who wore her greatness so meekly and who still bears misfortune with such sorrowing dignity. Louis Philippe's wife, like Louis Philippe's mother, never incurred the reproach of man and never possessed a real enemy. Ere a year had elapsed a son was born of this union. At the christening the priest who officiated remarked, "Who knows but that I am baptising a future King of France?" Later, after the Restoration, the Duc de Berri, placing his hand on the head of this boy, said, "Should I die childless, here stands a rightful sovereign for France!" Neither priest nor duke spoke with true prophetic afflatus. The eldest son of Louis Philippe perished, as is well known, by leaping out of his carriage. Like

the great Guise, on the morning of his death, he was nervous and excited; and with more self-possession, perhaps, both might have survived to the greatness coveted by each.

Louis Philippe remained at Palermo until the fall of the colossus and the descent of the avalanche in 1814—a fall and a descent which rescued Europe from ruin and set the Bourbons on their legs. Louis Philippe was soon a-foot:—

“He departed from Palermo accompanied by a single servant, and arrived in Paris early in May. He alighted incognito at an hotel in the Rue Grange Bateliere; and on the very instant, without waiting to change his dress, so powerful is the attraction of ‘home,’ he proceeded on foot through the Rue de Richelieu to the Palais Royal. He entered the garden, crossed and recrossed it, and then passing through the Cour des Colonnes, arrived at the open gate in front of the great staircase. The Duke of Orleans hurried into the hall, and in spite of the opposition of the porter, who took him for a madman, rushed to the staircase; but ere he ascended he fell upon his knees, and bursting into a flood of tears kissed the first step before him. Thus only did the porter begin to comprehend that this stranger was at once the old and the new master.”

When Madame de Genlis saw her old pupil enter her *salon* to do her homage, the now elderly lady greeted him with the rather startling expression of her hopes that he had given up all idea of becoming King of France! As such an idea had been as fixed in the minds of the family of Orleans as it had once been in the heads of that of Guise Lorraine, there was nothing of foresight connected with the expression of the old governess. Her pupil, however, had by no means surrendered the long-cherished idea. He sought to make friends of all conditions of men, and turned among others to Lafayette:—

“The manner (says Lafayette) in which the Duke of Orleans asked me after my son, whom he had met in the United States, induced me to call upon him. He warmly acknowledged this step, doubtless making allusion to my old quarrels with his branch of the family. He spoke of the times of proscription—of the community of our opinions—of his regard for myself; and all this in terms far too superior to the prejudice of his family for me not to recognise in him the only Bourbon compatible with a free constitution.” M. Dumas asks, in connection with the above, if the words which then passed between the duke and his visitor were not the first seeds from which sprung, in 1830, the ‘best of republics?’”

There is enough in this book to show the good grounds that have existed for the suspicion, if not conviction, that even during the “hundred days” the Orleanist faction—perhaps, the prince for whom that faction was interested—was engaged in a plot

that had for object the overthrow of Louis XVIII., and the substitution for him of Louis Philippe. All such speculations, however, were annihilated by the landing of Napoleon at Cannes. The Duke of Orleans held some command in the north for the Bourbons; but he resigned it with the very sincere wish that the military authorities might decide upon doing what was best for the country in the present emergency. There is no doubt that he would not have disputed a conclusion that should have proclaimed himself King, but there was much to be done ere that consummation was reached; and, in the mean time, the duke hastened into pleasant retirement at Twickenham. The uses of adversity were hardly profitable to him; for, no sooner had the result of Mont St. Jean laid open to him the path to Paris than he hastened to the French capital, took his seat in the Chamber of Peers, and entered on such a course of virulent opposition against the King's Government that Louis XVIII. recalled the concession whereby princes of the blood were permitted to sit, speak, and vote in Parliament. He was thus made mute, but he was not on that account rendered inactive.

His sort of action was demonstrated by his proceedings at the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux. When Louvel stabbed the Duc de Berri, Louis Philippe was exceedingly sorry—exceedingly sorry that is—to hear the dying prince allude to the pregnancy of the duchess. Accordingly, when the little Duc de Bordeaux was born, the Duc de Orleans published a protest against the legitimacy of the infant, naming him, indeed, a supposititious child. The protest, which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, was unsigned; but Louis XVIII. taxed his cousin with the authorship. The latter replied that he was incapable of an act so dastardly; and yet he had scarcely reached the throne it had been his life's object to obtain when he republished the protest, and set his own legitimacy (all-elected-king as he was) against that of the princely boy whom he had sworn to protect and whom he had so ruthlessly disinherited. During the years between the birth of "Henri de France" and the "Days of July," his most intimate associates were the opponents of the dynasty. Lafitte, the banker, was his especial and most intimate friend. The following scene passed at the banker's house:—

" 'When I am king (said the duke to Lafitte)—of course it is a mere dream—but, however, when I am king, what shall I do for you?' 'Let me be the king's fool (said Lafitte), that I may be privileged to tell him all sorts of truth.' 'It will be charming (said Louis Philippe).' And, again, 'One day, the duke reclining on a sofa at La-

fitted's house (the confidential banker at his side) exclaimed, 'If ever I become king, and you could imagine that ambition or personal interest led me to accept the office, I should feel sincere regret. My happiness would be in rendering France the most free country in the world. People, my dear Lafitte, hate kings simply because kings have deceived them.' Turning to Manuel, he added—as if in doubt about himself, and with that significant smile which was peculiar to him—'After all, if you really do carry me to the throne, you will be asses if you do not take every precaution by fettering me.'

But while he was conspiring to overthrow the legitimate hopes of others, there was a clever conspirator seeking to destroy his own—we allude to the mysterious *Maria Stella*, "Countess of Sternberg," who lived elegantly in Paris, and who endeavoured by means of her publications to make the French believe her assurance that *she* was the child of the late Duke and Duchess of Orleans, and that Louis Philippe was the son of an Italian goaler, named Chippiani; and that an exchange of children had taken place—the duke wishing for a son, and the goaler not objecting to exchange his own for a daughter and a thousand or two of ducats. Louis Philippe was annoyed by *Maria Stella's* pamphlets and he answered them himself, dictating his replies to M. Dumas, who occupied at the time the office of clerk in one of the departments connected with the household. Hitherto the biographer had served his patron without having once beheld him. To be summoned to his presence was therefore an event in the young official's life, and he thus recounts the incidents thereof:—

"For the first time I found myself in his presence. In his family and household relations there was nothing imposing about him; but, on the other hand, it was impossible to be more smiling, more affable, or of more graceful humour. One might have taken him for a clever banker on the day of the success of some great speculation. On receiving me, he encouraged me by voice and gesture. Seeing that my hand trembled a little, he pointed to a table; and, before employing me on the special business which had gained for me this princely interview, he directed me to fold and seal the letters which were lying there. He had something of the professor about him: he loved to teach. By demonstration he could establish his superiority even in little things. Let me add that he could demonstrate well, and generally joined example to precept. The Duke of Orleans knew, if not everything, at least a little of everything. On this particular day he taught me how to fold envelopes and apply seals. If the duke had pretensions to being a good professor, I have that of being a good scholar. Awkward enough on the day of my first lesson, I became ultimately of superior force in the matter of envelopes of all forms—and particularly dextrous in sealing—a matter of more difficulty than is imagined; and to which the Duke of Orleans, a man of neatness

and order, attached great importance. So must I avow, in all humility of soul, that it was the only thing he regretted in me when, on his becoming king, I resigned my office. 'How! (he exclaimed)—going away! He leaves me. What a pity! He was so clever at sealing letters.' But to return to the day when I commenced my apprenticeship—the duke, perfectly affable, as he always was, began dictating to me. What he dictated formed a complete refutation, perfectly logical in every sense, of all the assertions made by the Baroness of Sternberg. In the midst of his proofs of legitimacy, he came to this phrase—'And though there were only this striking resemblance between the Duke of Orleans and his august ancestor Louis XIV.'—'I was not so strong in history as I have since become; so that the circumstance of the duke claiming Louis XIV. for his great-grandfather made me, in spite of myself, look up.' He noticed my surprise, and with a smile, accompanied by a slight contraction of the brow, he added:—'Yes, Dumas, *his august ancestor Louis XIV.* To descend from Louis XIV., even only through his bastards, is, in my eyes at least, an honour sufficiently great to be worth boasting of.'"

To make this plain, it is simply necessary to state that Louis Philippe was descended legitimately from "Monsieur," the brother of Louis XIV. This was on the paternal side. On the maternal side he was descended from Louis XIV. himself; for his mother was daughter of the Duc de Penthièvre, son of the Count of Toulouse, illegitimate son of Madame de Montespan by the Grand Monarque. In this line—(legitimized, indeed, by order of the great king)—Louis Philippe was descended from Louis XIV. only through his natural children, and even that, as he said, was a matter well worth boasting of. He cared more that it should be remembered than he did for being made out, as Thiers and Lafitte endeavoured to do, a Valois, pure and undefiled.

At length came those three days the issues of which were to take him up the steps of the throne from which he was to be as rudely and rapidly ejected as the king whom he was now engaged in casting down, and to whom he professed allegiance as long as he thought there was policy in doing so. During the brief revolution, Louis Philippe kept himself concealed at Neuilly; and, while he was hidden, the supreme authority was accepted for him by his sister. He entered Paris in a private manner, passing into his own palace by the door of a house in the Rue St. Honoré which communicated therewith; and this is how that wily plotter looked:—

"The prince was in a little cabinet completely separated from the apartments inhabited by himself and family; and, as the heat was most oppressive, he was lying, half dressed, upon a mattress thrown upon the ground. An abundant perspiration, which is not

altogether to be attributed to the heat, but in which the anguish of his soul and the agitation of his mind had their share, poured from his forehead. He had a feverish aspect and his speech was brief and hesitating. As soon as he saw M. de Mortemart, the prince sat upright on the mattress: 'Draw near, duke, come here (said he), that I may tell you, and you may tell the king, how painfully I am afflicted at all that has happened.....Tell him that I have been forced to come to Paris. Yesterday a mob invaded Neuilly: they enquired for me in the name of the assembled deputies; and, when they heard I was absent, those men declared to the duchess that they would carry her and our children to Paris and keep them prisoners until I appeared. It was only then that the duchess addressed to me a note urging me to return. I returned to succour my family; and I was myself brought to this place late at night!' We all know how much truth there was in the fevered recital of the prince. Unhappily, just at the moment, a mob passed shouting, *Vive le Duc d'Orleans!* 'Do you hear that, Monsieur?' said M. de Mortemart. 'Yes, yes, I hear it perfectly (replied the prince); but tell the king that I will rather be slain than accept the crown.' And thereon, as if his simple protest were not sufficient guarantee, he hurriedly wrote a note of similar purport to Charles X. It was a solemn protestation against the destiny reserved for him by the chambers of peers and deputies. M. de Mortemart took the note, hid it in the folds of his cravat, bowed to the prince, and took his leave."

When the Duchess of Berri from the heights at St. Cloud looked through a telescope at Paris, and saw the white flag of the Bourbons hauled down from the Tuilleries and the tricolour run up in its place, she even then did not lose all hope in the Duke of Orleans. It was so recently that he had been playing with the young Duc de Bordeaux in the gardens of that suburban palace, and talking of him as the future King of France, that she would not yet permit herself to suppose that his interests were not safe with her royal cousin. She fled, indeed, with the court to Rambouillet; but thence was made an offer to place the young duke, become King through the double abdication of Charles X. and his son, under the guardianship of Louis Philippe. The latter, however, peremptorily refused to accept the responsibility of such a charge. "I will have nothing to do with the boy (was his remark): were he to have but the cholera, while in my keeping, men would say I had poisoned him!" When the intelligence of Louis Philippe's accession to the throne reached the exiled Bourbons, they were reminded of a Twelfth-Night scene that had taken place not long before at court. Louis Philippe had drawn the "bean"—possession of which entitled him to assume for the nonce the name and dignity of "king." But even this mock and festive title he would not accept until the Sovereign

of France, at whose table he was a guest, should graciously accord him leave to wear such a title in his presence. The monarch smiled at his cousin's delicacy, and granted the permission that was waited for. In the very hour when this little comedy was playing, the chief actor therein was conspiring with his friends to throw down his royal kinsman from his crowned greatness and to leap into his place. He had no sooner achieved this consummation than he endeavoured to rid himself of those who had helped him to the accomplishment. Height of position did not refine or sublimate his character. When he had dismissed from his intimacy all his old confederates, save Lafitte and Odillon Barrot, he used to call these "the two doses which his stomach must yet reject ere his constitution would look for health and comfort."

The earlier years of his reign were untroubled, the democratic party continuing to hope against hope that he would be content to reign and leave his Ministers to govern. This was the last thing he thought of submitting to; and his enemies marked their sense of the disappointment to which he had subjected them by making use of the funeral of General Lamarque in 1832 in order to produce a revolution. They had well-nigh succeeded. Louis Philippe was at St. Cloud when intelligence reached him that revolt was in the capital. Before proceeding to Paris he went to take leave of the queen. He asked her what course it was *her* intention to take in this hour of danger. "Nay (said this noble lady), I have but one to take. Wherever you go, *I* will accompany you." And she rode at his side into Paris to encounter those who were in rebellion against a power which they had themselves so recently set up.

The insurrection was suppressed, but torrents of blood were shed to accomplish it. There were those among his friends who had sympathy with the rebels, and of these were Arago, Lafitte, and Odillon Barrot. These three repaired together to the Tuilleries to remind the king that, though he had gained the victory, the exercise of mercy was necessary if he would retain the advantages. As they passed through the courtyard of the palace a man of the people, rushing up to their carriage, exclaimed—"Take heed to yourselves! Guizot is with the King, and your own lives are in peril." They had, however, nothing to fear, and they proceeded to seek the interview of which they desired to make a means of reconciliation. When it was announced to them that his Majesty was prepared to receive them, Lafitte, whispering to his two companions, said—"Gentlemen, we really must be upon our guard. He will try to make us laugh. We must keep our gravity if we would

succeed." The interview was long, dramatic, and interesting. The King was too *rusé* for the trio of counsellors who, though they contrived to look serious while Louis Philippe strove to tickle them, yet finally withdrew, foiled in all they had attempted. The King had his vengeance, and fancied himself all the more secure. In vain friend after friend importuned him—he would ever have his own way. On one of these occasions he had granted an interview to M. Dupin, resigning himself thereto with a sigh and a grimace, but determined also on not being outwitted. M. Dupin, finding he could not accomplish the end he had in view, at last exclaimed, with blustering familiarity, "I'll tell you what it is, Sire, I see that we shall never understand each other. You and I can never agree." "It is some time, sir (said the king), since I came to the same conclusion, only I refrained from telling you so." Dupin was enraged and sought consolation from Lafitte; but the banker was not in a condition to give the solace sought for. He was in great difficulties. Politics had ruined his credit; but Louis Philippe had come to his aid and purchased of him his property in the forest of Bretenil, engaging to keep the transaction a secret by refraining from registering the deed of transfer. This engagement was violated, and when it became known that the banker was selling his property in order to maintain the credit of his bank that credit suddenly fell, and the banker became a ruined man. His old friends endeavoured to soften his fall by purchasing for him, through public subscription, a small estate and mansion. It was remarked that the name of the King was not in the list of subscribers. Perhaps, he was one of those who "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame." The wits of Paris notified the fact, and gaily commented thereon by publishing a caricature which represented Louis Philippe paying his contribution at the office of the subscription, but asking as much change in return as the piece of money he was offering amounted to. "Voilà—(he is represented as saying)—Voilà une pièce de cinq francs : rendez moi cent sous."

Love of money was, no doubt, a ruling passion with the modern Ulysses, the Napoleon of Peace! His attempts to make the country pay large "apanages" to his children, already largely endowed and whom he was well able to portion, excited unmitigated disgust. One of these attempts was being made at the time that the infernal machine of Fieschi spread the death around him that was intended for himself and sons. He made dextrous use of the sympathy that was excited in order to accomplish his own purposes. He and his children attended the

funeral ceremony performed over the bodies of the victims. The king sprinkled the unconscious corpses with holy water, and with actions of mourning for the departed offered up thanksgivings for the mercy vouchsafed to the survivors. This condescension excited a world of admiration, which the wily king was not slow to remark and by which he hoped substantially to profit. As he was entering the Tuileries on his return from the solemn ceremony, he could not help exclaiming in the hearing of Marshal Maison—so elated was his majesty with the idea that out of the calamity his family was to reap pecuniary profit as a consequence—"I think, after all this, that we are tolerably sure of our *apanages*!" But M. Dumas says of him that he viewed the visitations of sudden death, even in his own family circle, with moral composure after transient sorrow. After the demise of his accomplished daughter, the Princess Mary, he addressed a letter to her mourning husband, the Prince of Wurtemberg. This epistle happens (strangely enough we think) to be in the possession of M. Dumas, who says of it that "it has for its object the consolation of the writer's son-in-law; but its spirit is just contrary to that of Rachel, who, in losing her children, refused to be comforted."

Perhaps, no sentiment professedly entertained by the king had ever been more frequently or more bitterly expressed than his hatred for the name, person, and character of Bonaparte. When he found his own popularity failing, however, he sought to prop it up by shaking the "little grey coat" in the eyes of the people, and by trying to "sweat popularity out of the very carcase of Napoleon." The hint appears, if we may credit the author of this book, to have come from Lord Palmerston; and he spoke, so it is reported, upon a hint given by O'Connell, who, of course, did not impart it for the sake of paying a compliment to the king or enabling him to make political profit from it. What M. Dumas, however, tells us on this point we present in his own words:—

"One of the emperor's relatives had obtained from O'Connell, the great Irish agitator, interested in exciting France, a promise to present to the House of Commons a motion for the surrender of the remains of Napoleon.....Accordingly, when O'Connell spoke of his intention to Lord Palmerston, the latter exclaimed: 'Why, *what the devil* (?)—take care: why, in place of gratifying the French Government, you will exceedingly embarrass it.'—'That is not the question (said O'Connell)—the question for me is to do what I am bound to do: now, it is my bounden duty to ask the Commons to consent to my motion for the surrender of the emperor's remains to France: it is the duty of England to adopt my motion. I shall therefore propose it, without troubling myself as to whom it may please or offend.'—Be it so (said

Lord Palmerston); but just put it off for a fortnight.'—'Agreed' (said O'Connell). On the same day, as it is alleged, Lord Palmerston wrote to M. Thiers, to inform him that he should be obliged, in reply to O'Connell, to confess that England had never refused to surrender the remains of Napoleon to France, a proceeding he would have adopted long before if France had only laid claim to them."

The King and M. Thiers at once saw the profit to be made out of this communication. The Minister went down to the chambers and assured the deputies that his Majesty, in the greatness of his soul having applied to England for the restoration of the remains of "Napoleon the Great, legitimate Emperor and King," the application had been granted by the magnanimous allies of France. The enthusiasm which was excited was no doubt great; but, amid the flowers of eloquence addressed to the king, the latter did not perceive the thorn which he had himself planted. He had recognised Napoleon as a legitimate emperor, and by so doing he was taking the semblance of illegality from the attempts of that imperial heir who now sits in his uncle's place, and who has put back France, after its revolutionary period of sixty years, just where she was when that period was justifiably commenced—namely, without a constitution, parliament, or liberty—with a despot ruling by decrees, a ministry without responsibility, mistresses fed out of the taxes of the people, and the priests blessing all, because they alone are cared for.

This allusion to Louis Napoleon reminds us of a conversation recorded in these volumes which the author had with the mother of the present President of the French Republic in the year 1833. M. Dumas had been invited by the Duchesse of St. Leu—who had known a higher greatness as Queen Hortense)—to breakfast; and, while the repast was preparing, the ex-queen and the embryo republican walked leisurely in the garden and discussed matters of state. Her son had not yet made any open attempt upon France; but the means were preparing for the consummation, and this gave some anxiety to the maternal mind. After some preliminary colloquy upon things in general, the duchess said:—

"'What if the Duc de Reichstadt had been alive, and had made an attempt against the Government of Louis Philippe?' 'It would be a failure—that's my opinion.' 'True: I forgot, with your republican opinions, that you must necessarily look upon Napoleon as a tyrant.' 'I beg pardon. I look upon him in quite another light. In my view, Napoleon was one of those men of whom election is made before all time, and who receive at the hands of God a divine mission. Those men, Madame, are to be judged, not according to the human will by

which they act, but in accordance with the divine wisdom wherewith they are inspired—not according to the work they have done, but the result which it has produced. When their mission is accomplished, God recalls them. They fancy they are dying, but they are only on their way to render an account.’ ‘And what, in your opinion, was the emperor’s mission?’ ‘One of liberty.’ ‘Any other but myself might ask you for your proofs.’ ‘And I would give them—even to you.’ ‘I am interested in hearing them I confess. ‘When Napoleon, or Bonaparte rather, appeared to our fathers, France was issuing less from a republic than from a revolution. In an attack of political fever, she had flung herself so far in advance of all other nations that she had destroyed the balance of the world. There needed an Alexander for such a Bucephalus—an Androcles for the lion. The 13th Vendemiaire set them face to face, and the revolution was conquered. The kings who should have recognized a brother in him—who pointed the cannon of that day—saw only an enemy in the dictator of the 18th Brumaire. They mistook for the consul of a republic one who was in effect the head of a monarchy; and, madmen as they were, instead of making him prisoner in the bonds of a general peace, they opened against him a European war. Thereupon, Napoleon summoned around him the youth, the bravery, and the intelligence of France, and scattered them over the world. To us he seemed retrograding—to others progressing. Wherever he passed he sowed the seed of revolution. Italy, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Poland, Belgium, even Russia, called her sons to the sacred harvest. And he, like a labourer, wearied at the close of the day, crossed his arms, and looked down upon them from the summit of his rock at St. Helena. Then it was that he had revelation that his mission was divine, and that there dropped from his lips the prediction of a European Republic.’ ‘And so you believe,’ said the (ex) queen, ‘that if the Duc de Reichstadt were not dead he would continue the work of his father.’ ‘Men like Napoleon have neither sires nor sons. They are born like meteors in the morning twilight, shoot athwart the heavens which they illumine from one horizon to the other, and disappear in the shades of the evening.’ ‘Do you know that such an expression is little encouraging to such of his family as yet entertain hopes?’ ‘It is even so, Madame, for we gave him a place in our firmament only on condition that he left no inheritor upon earth.’ ‘And yet he bequeathed his sword to his son!’ ‘The bequest was fatal to his son, Madame, and God annulled the will.’ ‘But you terrify me; for his son, in dying, left that same sword to mine.’ ‘Such a sword could not easily be carried by a simple officer of the Swiss Confederation.’ ‘You are right, for that sword is a sceptre.’ ‘Be on your guard, Madame. I fear that you live in that deceiving and inebriating atmosphere which exiles bear with them. Time, which continues to march with the rest of the world, stands still with the proscribed. These see men and things only as when they left them; and yet men change in feature, and things in aspect. The generation which saw Napoleon return from the island of Elba is daily diminishing; and that return itself belongs less to memory than to history.’ ‘You think that there is no longer any hope of the return of the family of Napoleon to

France ?' 'If I were king, I would recall it to-morrow.' 'I do not mean such a return as that.' 'Of any other I see no chance.' 'What advice, then, could you give to a member of that family who might be dreaming of the resurrection of the glory and power of Napoleon ?' 'I would advise him to wake up as soon as possible.' 'And if he persisted in spite of such counsel, which appears to me excellent, and asked for other advice ?' 'In that case, Madame, I would tell him to obtain the revocation of the decree which exiled him, purchase an estate in France, become a member of the Legislature, guide the majority in Parliament, and make use thereof to depose Louis Philippe and get himself elected king in his place !' 'And you think (said the Duchess of St. Leu) with a melancholy smile, 'that all other means would fail ?' 'I am sure of it'—the duchess sighed. At this moment the breakfast bell was heard, and we walked silent and pensive towards the house. Till we arrived there the duchess did not address to me one single word ; but when we had reached the threshold she paused, and, looking at me with an expression which I cannot describe, she said, 'Would that my son were here, and that he could hear the words which you have uttered.'"

Subsequent events have given to this conversation both interest and importance. Louis Philippe has passed to his account, and Louis Napoleon has not only seized upon his authority but plundered his heir of his property. In the face of such a triumph, M. Dumas flings out a warning :—"Since the death of Louis XV., who was slain by his debauchery seventy-six years ago, Louis Philippe, on his demise, was the fifth King of France who had descended to the grave. Of these five Kings of France one only died in the Tuileries—Louis XVIII. Louis XVI. was guillotined on the Place de la Revolution—Napoleon died at St. Helena—Charles X. at Goritz—and Louis Philippe at Claremont. What a terrible monition to those who are still eager to reign !"

ART. IV.—*Our Iron Roads.* By FREDERICK S. WILLIAMS.
Illustrated London Library, 227, Strand.

WITHIN the last fifty years more has been done in the progression of the human race towards the stupendous and the vast—towards results that contain the highest destinies of man (as connected by individuality with the globe he moves upon)—towards ameliorating the most gigantic evils upon a scale equally great—evils by which all classes, nay, whole nations, are impinged upon, who receive from the bountiful hands of science and discovery gifts, which will increase and multiply

fifty-fold, if properly cultivated and rightly applied—than has ever been done in centuries before. For nearly a century our philosophers and scientific men, like the alchemist over his crucible, have hung upon the verge of solving the marvellous problems that the mechanical and other arts, sphinx-like, held out. The time had not then come—the men were not yet born. Now, both have arrived ; and in an age of marvels—an age that beggars the sorceries of the past and puts the wonders of oriental enchantments in the shade—for illustration we select one, the most comprehensive and wonderful, the most enormous in its physical grasp, in its opulence of promise for future greater results, than any we could select from the almost countless range.

Nothing can tend more towards civilization, wealth, knowledge, and other necessary conditions of existence, than inter-communion. Commerce brings people into contact, and the strange and the grotesque lose their effect when advantages are mutually interchanged. That which reduces space and lessens expense, which facilitates travel and economises the most valuable possession man may boast of—*Time*—must be held as a blessing second to none other of the many which the world contains in such infinite variety. It is a human instinct, productive of pleasure, profit, and instruction, which makes civilised men go from place to place ; and, whether as merchant or man of the world, the effect is the same. From very early times, and particularly before and during the age of Pericles, when a thirst for learning was equal to the present adventurous rage for gold-seeking, young students travelled from country to country ; and hoary sages, stimulated by admiration or an honourable emulation, sought in far lands for those men whose fame had reached their ears. The spirit of commercial enterprise had already covered all known waters with traders, and the sea was already the highway of the world.

A hundred years ago a writer relates that it took him *six* days to travel from Chester to London. There was then no regular stage-coach from Edinburgh to the metropolis ; and the journey, when the first was established, took a fortnight to perform. We count our journeys now by hours, as we do long sea-voyages of thousands of miles by days instead of months. Floating mud, four feet deep, characterised some Lancashire roads in 1770 in a wet summer. "What (is naïvely asked) must it be *after a winter* ?" The difficulties, the dangers, and the constant discomforts (besides the great expense), of travelling, less than a hundred years ago, have been so often described as to need no further amplification here ; and the

consequence was that only the wealthy few ever left their homes. Generations lived a monotonous, ignorant, and strongly prejudiced humdrum kind of life, and died where they were born. There was no enterprise, and in distant rural districts no prosperity or progression of any kind; and a man who lived for sixty years in a little town or village, and died there, left it, perhaps, no whit wealthier (collectively) than he found it at his birth. It was a dull, prosy, saturnine age; and the leaden influence seemed to have crippled all physical energy, till, towards the close of the century, better roads, improved stage-coaches, together with an impetus given by the wars perhaps, rendered travelling easier; and producers of all kinds, finding a greater facility of meeting with consumers and profitable markets, gave so much encouragement that stage-coaching became an epoch and an "estate," and flourished bravely in spite of the noble canals, which, in turn, gave to the manufacturing and mineral districts such valuable aids. The stage-coach had become a national matter: it was a thing to be proud of; and certainly to behold one loaded with passengers, tearing along the road with its four "high-mettled" horses, dashing with an electric gladness through village, town, and pretty rural district—driven with a skill that might be called unerring and consummate and accompanied by the occasional flourish of the guard's key-bugle—a more stirring, proud, and attractive sight could rarely be witnessed. *Mais, nous avons changé tout cela.*

We have seen the mail-coach as the envy of all foreigners and the admiration of the world. We have felt a pride and a pleasure in the parade with which this most matchless of all conveyances since the Greek chariot and the *quadriga* of the Roman downwards was accompanied; and we yet linger with a sort of grateful regret on the accessories of that picture which was so thoroughly English in tone, vigour, and colouring.

There was the road-side inn falling back in a sweep of the winding road, and sheltered by the foliage of knotted oaks or noble beeches, or lying in still greater beauty beneath the tinted shade of towering chesnut-trees in full blossom! Quaint and old, with "long-lying" out-houses, garden-wall, lilacs, and laburnum, formed for it a frame, whence shone its deep bay-windows of diamonded panes; whilst the rest showed the treasures of the cosiest "bar" that ever belated and wearied traveller was ever welcomed in. There was the swinging sign of some "Royal George," "Rampant Griffin," or cappadocian "Dragon." There was the horse-trough, where patient animals drew up the huge and groaning waggon in the dusty lane, redolent of odorous hay, and drank their fill; and Hob Carter ate his bread and

cheese and drank his beer ; whilom the whistle of the black-bird came from a copse below, and the rush of water and the "clack" of the mill-wheel indicated beauties all apart, but accessorial to the picturesque inn. There was to be seen the neighbouring village blacksmith, who, "taking his ease at his inn," like Falstaff, refuses to return to his fireless forge because the "coach" is coming in ; and the exciseman or a tipsy farmer or two returning from market stop to regale themselves ; and so these noble souls, making merry over the potent ale that has a "stroke of malt extra in it," and was brewed at a peculiarly favourable moment, are bent on a long stay. There is a pause while sunshine dances through breezy boughs, and a distant rumble is heard on the road. The clear and ringing sound of the guard's bugle wakens up the echoes. All rush out as the coach descends the hill ; and, in another moment, it is drawn before the door amid much welcome and many salutations.

There was the stately and imposing coachman, as large in capes and corpulency as in the dispensing of his patronage—a nod here, a wink at the pretty bar-maid, a wise word delivered in an *ex cathedra* tone anent the leader's "off fore-foot," or the buckles of his ribbons, to the servile and smiling "groom of the stall," who felt himself greater by this public notice in the inn-yard before the world than if he had been knighted : there was he, the king of the roads—the oracle of box-passengers—the epoch in the chronicles of commercial travellers, who remembers certain transactions that dated from the time of going by the "royal mail.....," and who often spoke of the solemn witticisms of "Joey Tutney," such as few men could have listened to and remained without profit. Pompous, self-sufficient, and profoundly ignorant of most things, his "hosses" were less *cattle* in his estimation than his passengers. There was a moment's confusion at the "bar"—a clatter of hasty knives and forks, and the smell of "roast and boiled:" amid calls for "brandies and waters," a popping of corks, a hasty summons, a rush of people to their places in and out, the coachman mounts his box and away they lash on gaily once more. He has gone his way, however, with a broken heart and with much misgiving ; and he is now a "memory of the past"—a mere tradition—a tale that has been told, and it is only in reminiscences such as this that we hear anything more of him.

Then there was the smart, erect, athletic, ruddy-faced, scarlet-coated, intelligent guard—the Mercury of small towns, the admiration of chambermaids, the especial favourite of buxom hostesses ; the busy, the bustling, the confidant of thousands,

the man wished for by hundreds of anxious expectants, who brought them the welcome letters from relatives and friends and on whom so much of responsibility rested. It was he who had the charge of bag and baggage—the coachman never troubling himself about aught but his own time-honoured duties. There is this, however, to be said of the guard, which cannot be said of the coachman, that the same qualities are applied to almost the same duties on the mail “train;” and, while the latter is neither fit to be stoker or driver, the former has a decisive and appreciable value, and many of the guards (when the “mail-coach,” like the great “Pan,” died, and left a certain part of the world wailing) have found situations on the railways while the stable-help and ostler descended to the inferior, but perhaps more profitable, office of a like kind under the omnibus *régime*: the coachman alone was left to mourn his departed glories, and to sit amid the ruins of his vehicles, like another Marius, and die of grief and dolor. A man, however, who has outlived his time and has no comfort left—no compensation for the throne lost, the sceptre wielded—nothing for the admiration and the applause of past days, commands our sympathies; and we only hope that reverses will lie lightly on the remnant of a dynasty that seems to have vanished from the face of the earth for ever. There were also the commercial travellers, with noses of many vintages and lips of various “purses”—with “speculation” hazardous and safe, gleaming in the shrewd, worldly eye: there were they—each an *arbiter elegantiarum* in many knotty points—each an agent of commercial and trading prosperity, who in coffee-rooms received first welcome and the best cheer, and for whose especial uses the “blue damasked” bed-room was set apart journey after journey, and no potentate could dare to anticipate or deprive him of it, along with many other comforts bestowed only on the select few.

Then, too, in those days, as an especial object of dreadful attraction, there was the highwayman, “gallant and bold,” who infested the heaths and cross-roads which abounded in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. It was some such bandit “exquisite” that supplied the town with its “staple of news” for a time by an act of brigandage, carried off with an “air” that gave taciturn and talkative people at “clubs” and “coffee-houses” subject for conversation. This dirty felon, with his lace and frippery, his bravado and gladiatorial contempt for death (more often assumed than real), is the element of stage-coaching which we miss with the least regret of all. It is at least something that we can travel whither we list by “rail” without the slightest danger of brutal attack and robbery, or of

having our brains blown out by ever so gallant and gay a knight of the road.

There was also another means of locomotion, though a very "slow" affair. This was the canal with its gaily painted passengers' boat, and the more sluggish barge sooty, with coal, or brown with much sun and weather. It was really pleasant to travel into the heart of the rich sylvan country by the first conveyance, leaving the smoky town, hoarse with the din of struggling machinery and the awful toil that at times has made humanity so ghastly to look upon, behind: it was a delight to find oneself floating very calmly along beneath wooded heights, between charming meadows, odorous and enamelled with clover blossoms—past pleasant farms and fertile fields where husbandman and reaper were at work. You might have gone for many a mile—you may still—through the heart of the finest districts of England, finding delight in the full enjoyment of the beautiful in every form and shade of its variety; and if there were coal-yards, dark factories, grim old malt-houses on the way, it was still exceedingly pleasant; but some day a "Rip Van Winkle" may waken up from his long sleep, and, looking for the great and famous canal of yore, find it broken up and the flashing engine shooting by like a comet. Vainly will he ask where the canal and the passage-boat have gone to. He will only be answered by a stare and a shrug of pity.

"One night"—says the interesting and intelligent volume which has suggested this paper—

"One dark night, in the year 1784, the venerable clergyman of the town of Redruth in Cornwall was taking an evening walk in a long and lonely lane leading to his church when he heard a most unearthly noise, and, to his horror, beheld approaching him, at a furious speed, an indescribable creature of legs, arms, and wheels, whose body seemed glowing with internal fires, and whose rapid gasps for breath appeared to denote some deadly struggle within. His cries for help brought to his assistance a gentleman of the name of Murdoch, who, no doubt to his infinite relief, explained to him that this terrible apparition, instead of being any embodiment or messenger of the Evil One, was a runaway locomotive, which he, the inventor and proprietor, had incautiously allowed to escape from its leading-strings. In this strange manner, what is believed to be the first locomotive was introduced to the world; but the public was not then prepared to receive it, and for nearly twenty years nothing was done towards the practical application of Mr. Murdoch's idea."

And, thus, the nineteenth century had fully set in before the locomotive engine was perfected. The full honours of its application is fairly claimed by the last half century; and in spite of all prognostication, though the march was tardy, it was not

till 1829 that the Stockton and Darlington Railway was established for public traffic. In 1830 the genius of Stephenson had triumphed over the (apparently) insurmountable difficulties of a subterranean passage to Edge-hill: the stupendous cuttings of Olive Mount, the frightful insecurities of Chat Moss, and the "Liverpool and Manchester Railway," startled the world, and showed what powers and gifts lay within the province of genius to bestow, and what an ample field of utility mankind possessed, if attention were properly directed towards it. The inauguration of this railway received a mournful commemoration from the death of Huskisson, which cast a gloom over the community and damped the triumph otherwise so perfect. The estimate of the cost, we may add, was nearly *two millions* of money, and yet fell far short of the actual outlay. This was very naturally to be expected, since it required considerable experience to foresee every contingency, and expenses that had not been anticipated arose when least expected.

Previous to 1830, and even after that time, the opposition offered against railways was as great as it was absurdly perverse; and, but a very few years later, the very men who exclaimed the loudest against them had become the most inveterate speculators, and something worse; and the "stags" of 1844-5 have given an unenviable notoriety to that period—serving the satirists with abundant material, who for long after were busily employed in lashing the frenzied and prevailing vice of the day. The noble and the needy, the magnates of the land, plunged their unsullied "shields" into the promising waters of this Pactolus, and cupidity showed some curiously deformed phases of human nature, and lessened the respect which was paid to many "time-honoured" names. Fortunes were made with fatal facility and lost with the same ease, and the needy adventurer of to-day found himself the next, perhaps, with a banker's book in his possession. The "South-Sea Bubble" did not create a greater sensation, and the results were pretty much alike. The chapter descriptive of this fierce fever is as graphic and illustrative as anything of its kind we have met with.

The progress of a railway from the beginning to the ending is exceedingly curious. While the towns at either end must be able to act with mutual benefit upon each other, there must also be on the "line" certain advantages which promise to increase the traffic, and create new wants and interests. It required the pen of a "Robins" to draw up a "prospectus" that should prove the total ruin of every interest, vested or not, which did not identify itself with the line in question. Mineral treasure must be discovered (on paper) that should repay the expense of

construction even, and a traffic in goods and passengers should be shown (on paper also, or otherwise)—such as would prove that, till the line was ended, they were daily losing thousands.

The surveyors, when the "idea" is first broached and the "board" arranged, must exhibit a skill, strategy, and perseverance, in finding their levels and their route, that shall baffle suspicion, and defeat the vigilance of keeper and watcher, and lay down for the instruction of the "board" every foot of the line. Here there must be an embankment—there a "cutting." Further on you must tunnel your way through a steep and rocky height; and over the river goes the viaduct of brick or wood or iron, as the case may be; and where the ground is marshy and insecure—a guagmire, a bog, or a wide waste of meadows—piles must be driven in to support the "sleepers;" and every department of the mechanical arts, in fact, is called into play, while constructive skill must be allied with a judicious economy which shall not carelessly increase the outlay.

The inclined plane is one of the most primitive of the mechanical powers; and blocks of stone from quarries, with other materials of enormous weight, suggested wheels and smooth grooves (the origin of the "tram-road"); so that, requiring rather a retarding than a precipitating power when the weight had once set in motion that which bore it, in place of the assistance given by the inclined plane, a self-generating or other motive power was required in order to transform the tram-road into a railway and to change the car into an engine; and the matter was complete as it stands at this moment, subject to all other improvements and innovations that may simplify, combine speed with safety, and reduce every expense to the very lowest scale, by which the whole of the community, in a direct and indirect degree, shall be the gainers; though, we fear now, that many lines are being worked on a system of ruinous parsimony.

The railroads fostered, as it were, and brought to perfection, a class of men counting by tens of thousands, who for strength, hardihood, and endurance, cannot be rivalled by any in the world. Originally engaged in the most arduous kinds of rude physical labour—quarry-men, "bankers" of Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, &c., engaged in the recovery of waste lands from the sea, draining the fens, forming canals, docks, and so on—there was the *nucleus* of skilled manipulation, strength, and aptitude, which, with an experience that daily increased, rendered them of indispensable utility in the enormous undertakings of the period. They did what machinery could not do. A plastic, mobile, and elephantine strength, was an absolute necessity; and to expertness in boring, well-

sinking, &c., they also added a practical knowledge of the nature of soils and rocks, the tenacity of clays, the porosity of certain stratifications on which so much might depend ; so that many of these rude untutored athletes were sometimes in their own department as valuable as the surveyor or the engineer. Rough, and at times, intractable, as they were (considering that a certain pugnacity of disposition was one of their characteristics), with tact and firmness, the most turbulent could be governed with a degree of ease perfectly marvellous, and many anecdotes in point are given confirmatory of this. Reckless of life or limb, they turned from no difficulty, and undertook the most perilous tasks without hesitation. As they bore pain like stoic Indians, so also did this recklessness involve them at times in the most deplorable catastrophes ; but still the work went on. That they have strong sympathies, however, the extract here quoted powerfully indicates :—

“ Among those of the navvies who have worked together for any length of time, there is much of blunt good-natured brotherhood. It may be called a coarse kind of fine feeling. Accidents occurring to their companions sometimes produce strong manifestations of sympathy. On one occasion, an engineer was standing near the edge of a deep gravel cutting, on the side of which some men were working, and pushing the earth down towards the waggons which stood at the bottom. Suddenly a great mass of soil gave way at the top of the cutting, beginning within a few inches of the feet of the engineer, who escaped ; but one man was crushed beneath the weight, another was flung into one of the trucks, and a third was hurled completely over them with great violence, but escaped without material injury. So heavy was the mass of earth by which the first was killed that a case-knife which he had in his pocket was snapped in two across the blade, though it did not even graze the skin of its unfortunate possessor. This accident occurred in a bright and beautiful summer evening ; and the men might and would, under ordinary circumstances, have worked several hours longer ; but so strong was their sympathy with their late companion that they refused to do so : the night fires which had been kindled were extinguished, and they all went away with sad and heavy hearts to their habitations.”

On the other hand, their moral condition was often very low ; but this may be accounted for by such a number of men herding for weeks and months together with a total absence of every softening and refining element, and the extensive prevalence of the “ truck ” system, which saddled them with beer-houses, and which converted their hard-earned wages into channels that left them, on the conclusion of a two or three years’ engagement, scarcely a shilling to take them to other sources of labour. There has, doubtless, been a reprehensible

neglect shown on the parts of those who might have organised for them certain systems of rude comforts and more rational amusements that, doubtless, would have been of mutual benefit ; and it is to be hoped that, with the growing desire to ameliorate the condition of the workman, the "navvie" shall not be forgotten or omitted. Here is a graphic picture of their past "estate :"—

"The moral condition of great numbers of these men has been exceedingly low. In many parts, where their labours were required, they conducted themselves in the most reckless and disreputable manner, their pay-day being frequently devoted to drunkenness and rioting. On one occasion a conflict took place at Gorebridge, near Dalkeith, in which a policeman was killed by some Irish labourers. By way of retaliation, a body of about a thousand Scotchmen and Englishmen assembled, and, after driving the 'islanders' from the line, proceeded to burn down their turf and wooden huts, the tumult being only quelled by the interference of a large body of police aided by some dragoons. When the pay-days of the English and Irish labourers engaged on the Lancaster and Carlisle line took place, it was several times found necessary to keep a regiment of infantry and a troop of yeomanry cavalry in readiness to act at the shortest notice ; and their presence alone prevented the occurrence of dangerous and perhaps fatal riots.

"As railway works approach completion, and it is difficult to obtain employment, the labourers have frequently undergone the severest privations, having had sometimes to subsist for a week on the wages of a day ; while, in their migrations in pursuit of employment, they have to seek shelter in considerable numbers in the union workhouses on their route.

"It is gratifying to find that, amidst the depravity so common among such large masses of men, there have been many exceptions ; and that a propriety of demeanour has been often shown which would scarcely have been anticipated. Thus, in a report made to the magistrates of Bangor by the police authorities, it was stated that eight or ten collegians, who for some weeks had been residing in the town, had been more riotous and disorderly, and had occasioned more trouble to the police and more annoyance to the respectable inhabitants, than all the six or seven hundred labourers employed within Bangor parish on the Chester and Holyhead Railroad.

"On the other hand, however, a frightful picture must be sketched of the condition of large numbers of the navvies during the period of the construction of so many lines. Living together in some places like herds of brutes—working on the sacred hours of the Sabbath—destitute of instruction either for themselves or their wretched offspring—subject at every hour of the day to frightful accidents—disregarded by others and careless for themselves—the last relic of civilisation seemed to disappear as they even changed their names into the uncouth and barbarous epithets by which they preferred to be

known. Painful is it to find that the triumphs which the human intellect has achieved should be so intimately associated with the moral degradation of so large a section of the community !”

While the genius of Watt and Stephenson rendered the steam-engine a tireless and servile slave to man, and its resistless forces were made subservient to the subtlest and finest efforts to which the mechanical arts were to be applied—while “it has armed the feeble hand of man with a power to which no limits can be applied” and rendered nugatory the most refractory qualities of rude matter—it “can draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer,” weave textile fabrics that are as attenuated as a spider’s web, and urge a train of carriages containing nearly three thousand people at the rate of sixty miles an hour—yet other aids were required to make the wondrous conjunction perfect. The “navvie” aided to plunge the roaring mass through the subterranean tunnel ; but there was the valley to be crossed which required a constructive skill beyond the labourer’s art. Telford on the one hand, who flung an iron band that grasped both shores of a noble strait beneath which vessels passed without lowering a mast—and Brunel, who connected the sides of the Thames by carrying a tunnel beneath it—completed what was now wanted. Then sprang to life upon its light and elegant arches, adorning the landscape and adding beauty to the picturesque, the graceful viaduct. In other places the train advances on a floating bridge across the water, and is borne by the application of the same power to the “line” on the opposite shore ; and, without disturbing a passenger or moving a single article, once more the swart engine goes onwards with rejoicing strength and speed. The viaduct is familiar ; but another form of its application just hinted at will receive better illustration by another extract :—

“A steam-bridge or floating railway recently constructed to cross the Forth, between Granton and Burntisland, on the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee line, deserves special notice. The difficulties that had to be overcome to obtain uninterrupted communication between the two portions of railway were considerable. As the tide rises about twenty feet, a vessel on a level with the quay at high water would be a long way below it at low water ; and some special means had, therefore, to be adopted of putting carriages and waggons on board that they might be transported to the other side. Hydraulic or steam cranes were, it is said, first proposed by which they might be raised or lowered ; but it was found that this would be too slow and expensive a process, and that danger would also be incurred in injuring the vehicles. A floating bridge was next suggested—that is, a set of girders and beams, having one end hinged on shore and the

other attached to a float to rise and fall with the tide. This, it is considered, would have fully answered the purpose, were the water always smooth; but in stormy weather it would have required protection by means of expensive piers and jetties.

"The plan that has been adopted was designed and executed by Mr. Bouch, the manager of the line. Alongside the piers at Granston and Burntisland an incline of masonry has been built, upon which are laid two lines of rails of the usual gauge. Upon this incline a heavy moveable platform is placed, sixty-one feet in length by twenty-one in breadth, and resting upon sixteen wheels. To the front of the platform are attached, by means of universal joints, four malleable iron girders, thirty-five feet long, constructed of boiler-plate, spanning the requisite distance from the platform to the vessel, and affording sufficient depth of water for the keel of the steamer to clear the surface of the slip. These girders are elevated and depressed for the arrival and departure of the vessel by means of a winch on each side of a staging, eighteen feet high, erected across the platform. The whole structure, with the girders, is raised or lowered to suit the different heights of the tide by means of a small stationary engine which is also employed in moving the trucks off and on board the vessel.

"The arrangements are made in so complete and efficient a manner that the vessel can be loaded or discharged with the greatest facility—five minutes being sufficient to place on board thirty or forty waggons or to remove them from thence to the shore.

"The steamer itself is of peculiar construction. It being necessary that the middle of the vessel should be kept clear for the trucks to stand on, the engines are placed apart, each one driving its own paddle; for, if they had been united, the shaft would have been several feet above the deck, and would have allowed only half of it to be loaded at a time.

"Upwards of twenty loaded railway waggons and a passenger carriage have been placed on the vessel and ferried across the Forth at once without difficulty, and yet the steamer was only half loaded, there being no more carriages at hand to put on board. With a strong wind from the north-west, and a heavy swell in consequence, it was expected that some inconvenience might arise on the occasion referred to; but the steamer proceeded across as smoothly and steadily as if the sea had been calm and placid."

Another triumph over a difficulty still greater is the tubular bridge, which, high in the air, with space and loftiness sufficient to cause no obstruction to the navigation below, carries the train through its iron heart over the Menai, and stands there as stupendous a monument of man's creative ability as ever was seen in the antique world, or recorded in the annals of the dead and distant ages. The sculptor who offered to carve Mount Athos into the figure of Alexander, and erect a city that should stand in the hand of the mighty form, was

worthy of being immortalised for the grandeur of his idea, and the act was perfectly possible. He who hewed his way through the Simplon, and beside chasms that make one suspend the breath in a kind of fascinated horror, was also a great man ; but we hold that Stephenson's tubular bridge from Conway to the opposite shore possesses a grandeur of design and a grasp of far more daring than either of the two examples quoted. Through this a train of *three hundred tons* weight was drawn on the second experimental trial of its stability, while the deflection could scarcely be expressed in fractions.

At this point, the work we quote so largely from goes on to discuss the question of broad and narrow guages ; the methods of laying down—of duration, tenacity, materials—and the gradual march of improvements in different departments—change of rails, signals, precautions—the “ driver,” the “ stoker,” the station men, officers—and all the *et ceteras* that belong to a line in perfect operation ; the whole of which is highly interesting, and rendered still more so by the author's attractive style and perfect familiarity with his subject—a *sine qua non* in a book of this description. There is a chapter also in which the statistics of railway property are very amply discussed—expenses, losses, profits, junctions, casualties—their depreciatory effects on canals and roads—(but also their compensating qualities in other modes and forms)—until we arrive at a summary treating of the “ Results of Railways,” which, leaving aside for a moment, permits us to glance at these great highways of the world on the Continent, in America, and their proposed adoption in the Indian Peninsula.

The great success of the railways in England induced our continental neighbours to invest capital and enterprise in the same profitable channel ; and, though they at first looked with an eye of incredulity upon our proceedings, our continued increase of lines speedily tempted them into a rivalry ; and Normandy, to the eastern shores of the Baltic, including (as a matter of course) Belgium, Holland, and the Rhenish Provinces, are now traversed by railways in every direction. The consequences of this are self-evident. Business and pleasure attract travellers and tourists in droves. The former have increased and greater facilities afforded them : the latter has multiplied the number of its seekers ; and countries, where means of intercommunication were still rarer than with us—(since the *diligence*, the *malle-poste*, and a few wretched governmental conveyances bore no comparison in numbers, speed, or capability, with our mail-coach, and where their roads have lacked a “ Macadam ” to make them smooth as a bowling-green)—have

thus compensated themselves for what was defective in the construction of their clumsy and cumbrous vehicles and their still worse highways.

What a field of speculation opens out if we suppose all this to have occurred during the latter part of Napoleon's career! Imagine this man seizing the discovery in an instant, and by an energy peculiar to himself making the whole subservient to his passion for conquest! How legion after legion would have been poured hither and thither; and yet this element (a means of quick transit) which, perhaps, would have aided him to conquer the world, was almost within his reach—this means of concentrating his thunderbolts was almost within his grasp! How little there lies between us and perfection! How near to success are we when failure broadens out, like a gulph under our very feet!

The level length of country where the French and Belgic railways are laid has obviated the necessity of that enormous outlay which English speculation so prodigally undertook in all its proud opulence to do; and the special regard held with regard to economy in construction is also carried out in their working, and yet they are among the best conducted of any country. On the Brussels and Prussian frontier we are told that the "earthworks are by no means inconsiderable; while from Ans to Liege, beside the valley of the Meuse, in a length of 2,300 feet, there is a fall of 360 feet." Compare this, however, with the cuttings of "Olive Mount," with the "Box Tunnel," "Shakespeare's Cliff," the "Menai Straits," &c., and the favourable constructive nature of the continental lines, as regards the first expenses, is at once comprehended. Some amusing peculiarities in the *employés* of these lines as to dress, swords, &c., are recorded; but it is generally admitted that "the stations" and the provision made for the accommodation of passengers "are superior to those in this country"—a fact which the numerous accidents and complaints of late recorded in the *Times* and other papers appear to confirm, and it would be well if our directors could be made to act upon this unequivocal hint.

Spain appears to possess as little aptitude and genius for emerging from her slothful and sottish slumber by the adoption of the civilizing agencies of this day of progression as her mountainous surface offers impediments to the construction of the railway. Nature's treasures lie latent in her cold bosom; and her people seem, in their degrading and indolent apathy, to be perfectly satisfied with their condition; and bread and bulls (*pan y toros*), like the "*panem et circences*" of the enerv

vate and decadent Roman, are the only things that can wake them for a moment from their eternal listlessness. Like the sluggard, they unclothe the eyes for an instant, and then, the reaction being narcotic, the ragged descendant of the "hidalgos" wraps his patched cloak around him, and with his *cigarito* in his mouth "goes to slumber again." Our author quotes the following words from Ford's "Hand Book of Spain," which characteristically express the difficulties—(very contemptible ones, we think, under an active and energetic Government)—that the innovations of the railway would be likely to meet with:—

"The *arraiero* constitutes one of the most numerous and finest classes in Spain. He is the legitimate Manuel of the semi-oriental caravan system, and will never permit the bread to be taken out of his mouth by the Lutheran locomotive: deprived of the means of earning his livelihood, he, like the smuggler, will take to the road in another line, and both will become either robbers or patriots. Many, long, and lonely are the leagues which separate town from town in the wide deserts of thinly-peopled Spain; nor will any preventive-services be sufficient to guard the rail against the *guerilla* that will then be waged. A handful of opponents in any cistus over-grown waste, may, at any time, in five minutes, break up the road, stop the train, rob the stoker, and burn the engines in their own fire—particularly smashing the luggage-train. What, again, has ever been the recompence which the foreigner has met with from Spain, but breach of promise and ingratitude? He will be *used*, as in the East, until the native thinks that he has mastered his arts, and then he will be cast out and trodden under foot; and who then will keep up and repair the costly artificial undertaking? Certainly not the Spaniard, on whose *pericranium* the organ bumps of operative skill and mechanical construction have yet to be developed."

Venice again, despite her dark oligarchy and the effects of modern despotism, has shown a noble example in this wide field, and the Vicenza and Venice "line" is a completed work demanding and deserving special interest. The principal work is the viaduct—

—"crossing the Laguna Veneta, which required much engineering skill to complete. In high tides or storms, the waters rise about 120 metres above the level of the sea, and the violence of the waves occasioned great difficulties in laying the foundations, for sometimes the work of days was destroyed in an hour. The base is of the stone of Istria, secured together with Roman cement: the upper parts are of brick. The bridge consists of 222 arches, and is 12,000 feet in length. The style of the parapet is antique, massive where it rests on the arches, and terminating in open column work. In laying the foundation, 80,000 piles of larch were driven: in the whole works, 80,000 cubic metres of earth were excavated; and 7,000 cubic metres of rubble"

110,000 kilogrammes of iron, 21,000,000 of bricks, and 5,000 cubic metres of Istrian stone. A thousand men were employed on the work, which lasted during four years. The total cost was 186,667*l*."

Our American brethren have never yet been "backward in coming forward." The spirit of noble rivalry and of emulation in great undertakings exists among them to a degree that does not even scruple to contemplate a *tunnel through the Rocky Mountains*; and, after having just completed 1,500 miles of railway, they may with much reason calculate on joining St. Louis to San Francisco, and in connecting the Pacific to the Atlantic ocean by a band that will be indestructible, as far as human abilities go; and they will have given to men the mastery of those vast obstacles in forest, prairie, lake, and river which now so much obstruct the progression of the settler in the "Far West." Charles Dickens has very powerfully described the dreary districts which occasionally appeared during his journeys by several of the States' lines. Another traveller, however, finds beauty of a strange and even solemn kind in the wild solitudes of the New World, and Mr. Dixon thus describes them:—

"What music for the forest is a railroad train! How fine and perfect the harmony between the singing of birds, the leap of squirrels, the bounding of the hind, the stag, the deer, and all the other forms of life and motion peculiar to the wilderness; and the smoke, ashes, dirt, creaking, bellowing of a huge train, laden with human and all other kinds of lumber! We dashed along through these forest scenes indifferent as to the sentiment of concord, the 'eternal laws and fitness of things,' and matters of that sort, notwithstanding; intent only upon our mission of progress, though it should oblige us to cut down all the trees in the universe, disturb the repose of Nature in her lair, and quench the lights of heaven by the smoke of our civilizing chimneys."

We complete our short reference to the American lines with the following succinct table—336 lines, 11,565 miles, in operation; the whole being done at a cost of 335,180,848 dollars; which, with all their enormous length, fall infinitely short of the cost of English railroads, hitherto owing, as before, to the favourable nature of the ground over which the former lengths are carried.

The magnificent and astounding project of making a railway from Calais to Calcutta is certainly the "head and front" of every undertaking of modern times. The idea of traversing, by way of Ostend, Cologne, Augsburg, Trieste, the neighbourhood of the great Scanderbeg, the City of the Sultan—(where a tubular bridge joining Europe to Asia Minor will surprisingly change the aspect of the Bosphorus, and where "cruel Sultans"

and "Fatimas" in sacks will vanish before driver and stoker and romance give place to reality)—deserves the admiration it excites. The valley of the Euphrates will soon re-echo to the whistle and the roar of a marvel greater than ever Sindbad saw. Across Persia, Beloochistan, the line reaches the Indus—the land of antique gloom, mystery, and uncouth yet stupendous Paganism; and the traveller in *seven* days, fresh from the streets of London or Paris, descends from the train in Calcutta! Certainly this is an innovation. What, now, is to become of the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, or even to Mecca? "Scrip and Sandal shoon" will be at as low a discount as the black stone of the "Kaaba." Endeavour to realize the fact, if you can, of following in the footsteps of Alexander—of lunching off "pies and porter" on the battle-ground of some of the Seleucidæ—of lighting a cigar at one of King Solomon's ancient sea-ports—and finding a "touter" for a coffee-house in the vicinity of "Babylon the Great!" The commercial traveller, glancing out of the carriage window as he traverses Greece with a glimpse of Olympus or the Egean, will think of Leonidas and lamp-black, of Pericles and dry-saltery, and other such incongruities—his practical habits being sadly jumbled with some reminiscence of his school-boy lore; and thus it is that what we gain in utility we *may* lose in our reverence for the past. Still we shall be infinitely the gainers under even such a disadvantage, which is, however, the supposition of an extreme and exceptional case. Of the enormous traffic thus to be quadrupled there does not remain the shadow of a doubt as to its fulfilment.

If capital and enterprise would but unite themselves in creating iron highways in Australia, what incalculable benefits would accrue therefrom? Quick transit from place to place, while it stimulates exertion, creates a market, forms an agency or medium, which relieves the pastoral districts of their superfluities, either by removing it from a lawless locality or by placing in the hands of the authorities a short and direct communication with delinquents, offenders, and outlaws; and the scenes of violence and wrong, fraud, robbery, and murder, that have taken place at the "diggins" and elsewhere, would speedily be suppressed. With a well established *cordon* and system of railways—with the advance of steam navigation now in its infancy on the coasts—with the wondrous opulence of its interior, superficial and subterraneous—in twenty years time Australia would arrive at a grand and powerful virility, able to compare herself, and cope, with the finest colony in the universe.

While speculating thus upon the enlargement of the system of railways, we fancy that one established along the shores of the

Nile might even find it profitable to skirt the sea to Babel-mandel, and thence to the Mozambique channel and the Cape. That the northern shores of Lybia (on the Mediterranean), Algeria, and the land of the "Muleys" to the Straits of Hercules, and the foot of Mount Atlas, will be lined with railways even before this century is completed, is a fancy by no means impossible to realize. The world wants but roads to bear on its denizens to what height of intellectuality and physical happiness they are capable of reaching or enjoying. The principle of aggregation, if only on periodical occasions, is one that in its attraction smooths away the sharp asperities of our kind ; and, instead of that strange and unaccountable jealousy that the people of one country feel towards those of another, a large hearted and generous accessibility of all classes of men, with all peculiarities, defects, and perfections—(both of which latter being relatively possessed by all in common)—would assuredly be the result.

It is absurd, so far as man is connected with this world, to place a higher actuating element before him than commerce, trade, bread-winning, and money-gathering. All else depends on these. Historians, poets, painters, sculptors—the teachers of the world—require more than bread and salt, herbs and fresh water, to intensify the *afflatus* with which they vivify dead things ; and make them speak as stones do sermons, and the running brooks elegiacs on decay and rejuvenescence ; and for this reason we must rationally hold that all mental creations upon any scale of greatness are bound to thank those who pioneer the way for the sons of industry to arrive at independence, whereby the world is bettered and man made more capable of appreciating the benignities of life and nature. If commerce, trade, barter, what-not, suggest or create a railway, it has been created by its proper agent. Fashion, wealth, aristocracy, and so on, have done none of these things, but have benefitted by them and use them ; but if we depended upon what are called "refined tastes," or ebullitions of the "*cacoethic*" energy, the "*mens divini-*" &c., &c., we should have a very primitive world and a very chaotic Eden. We owe more to the "shopkeeping" spirit of England than we fairly love to acknowledge ; and the enterprize of trade has opened more "fresh fields and pastures new" to the poet than he is, perhaps, aware of. Behold, then, in these struggles and triumphs the Promethean Titan—an incarnate man—conquering the great elemental powers of Nature herself, and by his genius bending them to use and profit, making of the aridities of the desert even, an actual blessing.

Of the electric telegraph, which occupies the concluding

chapter of this book, we need scarcely enter into a disquisition, since our readers by the medium of the journals must necessarily be *au courant* with its beginning, its difficulties, and the ultimate complete success which has attended the daily improvements made in its machinery and manipulation. A message borne at the rate of something like a hundred miles a minute must be a wonderful proof of the subjection to which we have brought this still mysterious and impalpable agent; and to "put a girdle round the world in forty minutes" is not so vague and insane a fancy as the sceptical may imagine. On the stealthy step of the escaping murderer the winged Nemesis follows, and the shuddering wretch finds himself standing within one step of his doom! Congratulations, messages, an order for a dinner, and a command to a fleet to put to sea, go by the same agency. Time and space, matter, and motion are annihilated and rendered nugatory as negations. The birth of an heir, and the reprieve of the condemned, traverse alike the silently eloquent wires, and the new and superb language is perfect.

Of the splendid results of the railways, the last half century is in itself a convincing proof. The arena of labour is extended—pauperism has received notice to quit. The arts flourish: if not quite so correct in taste as might be desired, it is neither from lack of patronage or want of money. We are, in fact, lavish in expenditure, and we feel satisfied that ere long (with the new Schools of Design to aid us) we shall change all this. The world, neither distant from us, nor niggardly in its gifts, pours them prodigally at our feet. Science has soothed the benign genius of plenty, and every land contributes to our wants and our luxurious tastes. If it be an age rapid in its advancement, it is one, after all, that we can keep pace with. Every man has more to learn than any of his predecessors; but we attain knowledge easier, and we test it more severely too; and there are few things that we can refer all this to—and the future opening out with such fair promise—with more right than to the railway.

The assembling of the people of the earth at the Great Exhibition of 1851, like the assemblage of the Amphictyonic Council and the Olympic Games, had the like result. With the men, manners, and productions of strange and foreign nations, we became acquainted—we are less ignorant now than before, and that is a direct benefit. Everything that has tended in any way to gather men together has had a direction for good in the most extended sense of the word.

The cost of travelling commodiously, well-sheltered from sun and rain, being reduced to an average of a penny a mile, the dangerous results of monster excursion trains will doubtless in-

duce a still further reduction ; and, for safety of life and limb (since it is assumed that the proprietors can profitably do so), such is to be recommended. This is a boon to the poor which it is scarcely possible to give an adequate conception of. In it are involved affections, interests, hopes, fears, anxieties, necessities, and other sentiments of more or less import, which, being human, we may comprehend without being able to detail them ; while the merchant who leaves London in the morning for York, Liverpool, Manchester, &c., sleeps the same night under his own roof—his whole business being done, time and money saved, by jumping out of a cab into the “express-train,” which wheels him along at a rate that makes miles and minutes equivalents, and almost convertible terms.

They have bound together sundered kindred, healed enmities, renewed broken ties, and made strong and lasting friendships. They have borne many a blessing on their iron wings, and smoothed away many a difficulty in the path of life. The remote recesses of the country have become known, and the peasant was enabled to behold a world’s wonder during this last year such as no age ever before witnessed. They have cheapened the cost of many necessities, and towards poverty have shown a benignant aspect. By means of the iron highway we know within twenty-four hours what passes daily in every corner of the land. There is no longer mystery and darkness with regard to the distant ; for, in less than twice twenty-four hours, we can read in clear type the whole events of a continental event ; and to what is passing in the kingdom of the Czar, add a few more—in the city of the Sultan. No foe can attack us—no internal commotion can take place—no tyranny of princes or of people—the one being quite as despotically inclined as the other—but we can know the extent of the menace or the mischief in a few minutes where the electric telegraph is placed ; while by the train there come those devoted to the cause of law and order, and peace is restored. Every branch of the arts, every department of science, every phase and condition of existence, owe a debt to this sublime power, which, terrible and destructive as the lightning, can be checked and wielded by the hands of a mere child.

It will be seen, then, that we appreciate and recommend this really excellent work. That Mr. Williams has made himself completely a master of his subject, the whole arrangement, his mass of facts, tables of statistics, his data, his deductions—all, in fact, bear ample testimony to ; and, as it is the history from beginning to end of that which creates an entirely new era in the annals of the world’s progress, it cannot meet with too encouraging a reception or be too carefully perused.

ART. V.—*The Life of Marie de 'Medici, Queen of France, Consort of Henry IV., and Regent of the Kingdom under Louis XIII.* By Miss PARDOE, Author of "Louis XIV. and the Court of France in the 17th Century," "the City of the Sultan," &c. Three Vols. London: Colburn and Co. 1852.

THOSE who have studied the history of France can hardly fail to have noticed the wide difference between the political principles which prevailed during its earlier eras and those on which the Government was carried on in later times. Among ourselves we watch the growth of free institutions; trace their bearings on every branch of society age after age; and note how gradually the obstacles to their free-action and entire development were removed by the advancing intellect of the nation. Nothing appears that does not naturally arise out of the progress of a free people. England now is as much the England of any other period as any man at any period of his life is the same man who existed at any time previously.

When we turn our attention to France, we see a very different spectacle. There the institutions of one age have been again and again removed to make way for those of another: a series of experiments takes the place of a natural development; and the power for the time dominant sweeps away, as far as it can, all that stands in the way of its own operations. We do not mean to assert that *no* progress took place—far from it. The externals of civilization were, indeed, rather in advance of than behind those on this side of the channel; the arts flourished more rapidly; a kind of graceful polish was given to society which was but imperfectly imitated elsewhere; and, if profligacy and licentiousness were rampant, they were at least less gross in France than in the rest of Europe; and we have no reason to believe that any greater proficiency of iniquity prevailed in the Court of Paris than in our own. Recent memoirs have displayed somewhat of the deformity of our social condition, and have shown that, even in the middle of the reign of the Third George, it was but partially amended: we therefore are hardly entitled to throw the first stone at our neighbours, whatever we may think of our greater advantages and the use which we ought to have made of them.

The early history of France displays it as a very limited monarchy, the king being surrounded by a powerful body of all but sovereign princes, each independent within his own dominions, and not unfrequently at war with their suzerain. With

Normandy, Guienné, and a considerable part of Picardy in the hands of the English—with the Dukes of Burgundy and Brittany ever prone to revolt—with Navarre independent and more readily attached to Arragon than to France, the condition of the French Sovereigns was far more brilliant than secure; and we may, perhaps, rightly attribute to the disadvantages of such a position the slow growth of civil rights and municipal institutions in France as compared with that which our own history presents.

At length a happier age began to dawn: our illustrious Henry V. was gathered to his fathers and France was delivered from a foe whose genius was but just culminating. Had that great prince lived to enjoy the fruits of his conquests, it is but too probable that both nations would have had to look back to his memory with regret. His extraordinary abilities were well adapted to consolidate his heterogeneous empire—at least during his own life: the merits of his administration in peace were likely to have rivalled his success in war; and the result would have been the transferring of the Court to Paris. It is not needful that we should speculate on evils which were never permitted to take place. The conquests of Charles VII. broke the power of the English in France, and left to his able but unnatural son, Louis XI., leisure to bring into subjection his overgrown vassals. To this end that astute prince steadily applied himself, and wonderful was the success with which he accomplished his plan. Charles VIII. was able to bring the whole power of France to bear upon Italy; and Louis XII. gave the nation he so wisely ruled the inestimable advantages of a just administration and internal tranquility. Then followed the splendid but profligate reigns of Francis I. and Henry II., and now a new element of disturbance arose in the struggles of the Huguenots. We think that this part of French history has scarcely ever yet received the attention it deserves. The generality of writers view the contest as a religious one, or at most as a contest for religious liberty; but it seems to us that rightly to understand it we must again refer to the period of Louis XI. The nobles of France felt his Government to be a grinding tyranny: the material interests of the country were cared for and prospered: the towns were favoured and commerce was encouraged; but the great vassals, and their vassals in turn, were treated with a view to the entire extinction of their power. To this end did the king systematically thwart them in all their designs—keep up a perpetual jealousy among them—and by *manceuvres*, frequently of the most treacherous and detestable character, prevent, during the latter portion of his reign, those combinations which had so greatly limited the power and fettered

the ambition of his predecessors. But it cannot be supposed that those powerful feudatories, who had for so many centuries held a divided empire with the Sovereign of France, should suddenly rest quiet under so total an eclipse as that to which the Eleventh Louis would willingly have committed them. If they found it impossible to strive with success against their crafty and unscrupulous lord, they would certainly take the first opportunity of re-establishing themselves under his successors. But Louis had not been unmindful of the future. He had raised up the power of law, the influence of commerce, and authority of municipal institutions, in proportion as he had depressed that of the feudal aristocracy. He committed the welfare of his kingdom to mind instead of to brute force, and those who might otherwise have taken "*resurgam*" for their motto were compelled to feel that the old king still lived in the results of his policy.

The feeling of embittered disappointment thus engendered was to a considerable extent softened by the gaiety and splendour maintained by the Princes of the House of Valois, especially Francis I. and Henry II. ; besides which, those kings were decidedly popular, were men of ability, strong in hand and despotic in temper. The representatives of the great feudal vassals could neither outshine their sovereign in magnificence, nor were they in a sufficiently unshackled position to use force in order to regain their early position. They could, with much less ease than of old, combine among themselves, or intrigue with foreign powers; and thus the authority of the Crown went on increasing, and the chances of successful opposition became daily smaller and smaller. At length came the period of the Reformation—that is, in France, the era of the Huguenot struggle; and now appeared the time when a successful effort might be made to depress the Crown in turn and raise up the old families. The Fronde, the Ligue—the ambition which marked the houses of Lorraine, Bourbon, Condé, and hosts of others—the conspiracy of Amboise, the death of that feeble and unhappy prince Francis II., the influence and character of Catherine de Medici, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the depraved and degraded reign of Henry III., the position and acts of Joyeuse and Epemon, the battles of Jarnac and Moncontour, the murder of the king, and the final issue of the war in the accession and perversion of Henry IV., mark one of the most deeply interesting and exciting passages of the world's history. After an unexampled series of calamities, France began to breathe again. A strong hand was on the helm. The national finances, in spite of the king's personal extravagance, were brought to a favourable condition; and Henry found himself

at liberty to pursue the consolidation of the monarchy. It was while thus occupied that he contracted a marriage with Marie de Medici, daughter of Francis Grand Duke of Tuscany, and Jane Archduchess of Austria and Queen of Hungary, the daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand. This is the princess whose chequered career Miss Pardoe has chronicled in the delightful book before us; and, if ever romance and reality were so combined as to make a tale of actual life bear the aspect of the most imaginative fiction, it was in her strange and unexampled history. The glory of Henry IV. has covered a multitude of sins; and, however much we may admire his magnanimity, his wisdom, his courage, the steadiness of his friendship, and the splendour of his abilities, it is quite certain that he was not more desirable as a husband than his illustrious contemporary, our own Elizabeth, would have been as a wife. When the reader has perused the three volumes with which Miss Pardoe has here favoured us, he—or especially *she*—will rise from the pleasing task with the conviction that Marie was a high-spirited but most unmitigatedly selfish woman, of moderate abilities, but wondrous obstinacy: scrupulously correct in her own conduct—very well inclined to love the king, if he would have graciously permitted it—capable of much meanness and having little real nobility; but withal outraged and insulted to the very extreme of woman's endurance. In fine, she was a very common-place character in all but the romance of her adventures and the magnitude of her injuries. Our author gives a very pleasing account of the embassy which went to claim her hand, and of the way in which she was escorted to France from her native Florence. There are two or three misprints in this part of the work—such as *Livourna* and *Iivorna* for *Livorno*: why not *Leghorn*? These slips of the pen will make some literal critics say that Miss Pardoe has forgotten her geography; and then comes a statement which we must own has fairly taken us by surprise—viz., that from Leghorn the fleet sailed to Malta, and from Malta to Marseilles! What in the world could have taken them to Malta, or have made anybody suppose that they did go there, is incomprehensible. Why not to Smyrna or Majorca? However, there the blunder is, and all we can say is that it is no blunder of Miss Pardoe's, though we certainly do wonder that she did not correct it by the light of nature; but the reader shall have the passage entire, and will see with interest the mode in which royal ladies went to sea in those days—very likely contrasting it with the style in which our Sovereign lady Queen Victoria betakes herself to her *Fairy* yacht, accompanied by a Consort much to be preferred in the matri-

monial capacity to the world-renowned Henry the Great, King of France and Navarre :—

“On the 17th of October the royal bride reached Livorna, where she made her entry in great pomp and was received with the most enthusiastic acclamations ; and on the following day she embarked in the state-galley of the grand-duke, one of the most magnificent vessels which had ever floated upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Seventy feet in length, it was impelled by fifty-four oars, and was richly gilded from stem to stern, the edges of the poop being inlaid with a profusion of lapis lazuli, mother-of-pearl, ivory, and ebony. It was, moreover, ornamented by twenty large circles of iron interlaced, and studded with topaz, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones ; while the splendour of the interior perfectly corresponded with this gorgeous frame-work. In the principal cabin, which was hung and carpetted with cloth of gold, a seat of state had been arranged for the queen, opposite to which were suspended the shield of France and that of the house of Medicis side by side ; the fleurs de lys of the former being composed of large diamonds, and the device of the latter represented by five immense rubies and a sapphire, with an enormous pearl above and a fine emerald in the centre. This fairy vessel was followed by five other galleys furnished by the Pope and six appertaining to the Grand-duke ; and thus escorted Marie reached Malta, where she was joined by five other galleys which awaited her off that island ; but, despite all this magnificence, the voyage of the queen was anything rather than propitious ; for after arriving at Esperies, where the authorities of Genoa proffered to her with great respect the attendance of their own flotilla, she had no sooner reached Portofino than she was compelled to anchor for several days from stress of weather. Unaccustomed as she was, however, to this mode of travelling, the high-spirited young queen resisted all the entreaties of those about her, who were anxious that she should not land until the wind had moderated, simply remarking that the king had given no directions to that effect ; and retaining, amid all the dismay and discomfort by which she was surrounded, not only her self-command but even her cheerfulness (vol. i., pp. 97, 98, 99.)

In the meantime the reader will, perhaps, like to know how the king was engaged ; and, unfortunately, the chronicles of the time tell us but too accurately. His mistress, Madame de Verneuil, one of the most false-hearted and contemptible women who have ever sold themselves to splendid infamy, was at that time approaching her confinement ; and the infatuated monarch not only refused to leave her, but actually promised to renounce, if she pleased, the alliance already formed and to make her his wife and Queen of France. This promise was re-obtained from her, not without great difficulty, at a long subsequent period of her life. A few moments pause may be profitable here. False as Madame de Verneuil was in herself, and utterly faithless to her royal paramour, she still had, morally

speaking, claims upon him which could not be denied. The injury was, indeed, the greater to the betrothed queen; but how embarrassing was the position in which the profligate monarch was placed! At length the accouchement of Madame de Verneuil left Henry at liberty to attend to his wife, and accordingly we are told of his meeting with her. It was scarcely possible for Henry IV. to act without a certain graceful courtesy which, sometimes, stood him in stead of better and nobler qualities; and the interesting appearance of his youthful bride seems for a moment to have touched his heart. We shall take Miss Pardoe's description of what she was at this period, and remember that even Gabrielle d'Estreés herself had said of her—"This Florentine is dangerous."

"Without being strictly beautiful, Marie de Medicis possessed a person at once pleasing and dignified. All the pride of her Italian blood flashed from her large dark eyes, while the consciousness of her high position lent a majesty to her deportment which occasionally, however, in moments of annoyance, degenerated into haughtiness. Her intellect was quick and cultivated, but she was deficient alike in depth of judgment and in strength of character. Amiable and even submissive in her intercourse with her favourites, she was vindictive and tyrannical towards those who fell under the ban of her displeasure; and, with all the unscrupulous love of intrigue common to her race, she was, nevertheless, unguarded in her confidences, unstable in her purposes, and short-sighted in her policy. In temper she was hot, impatient, and irritable; in temperament, jealous and exacting; while her vanity and love of power perpetually made her the tool of those who sought to profit by her defects.

"It is probable that throughout the whole of Europe no princess could have been selected less constituted to make the happiness of a sovereign, who had not scrupled to avow to his Minister that he dreaded domestic dissension far more than foreign warfare; but who at the same time did not hesitate, by his own irregularities, to arouse all the worst passions in the bosom of an outraged wife" (vol. i., pp. 96, 97).

But, unfortunately, Henry had been long a student in a bad school: the effect of his late marriage had not been calculated to give him any very high notions of the sanctity of the ordinance. He had lived pretty much as he pleased; and, if Margaret de Valois had not set him the example, at least she had faithfully followed his lead. Remarkable for her beauty, her accomplishments, her talents, and alas! for her profligacy, she had accustomed her husband to consider marriage as divested of all its obligations. Nor does it appear that the king looked to his alliance with Marie with any other view than that of providing an heir for the crown and a centre for court festivities,

There must have been something peculiarly captivating in the gay and chivalrous Sovereign. Heretic as he was, and merely politic as were the motives of his first marriage, there seems to have sprung up spontaneously in the heart of Margaret a deep attachment to him. That it soon faded away is the truth: that his early and repeated infidelities estranged her, and that she too willingly listened to the suggestions of her own sensual and passionate nature, are unhappily matters of history; but it does seem probable that, had Henry fulfilled his duty, Margaret would have fulfilled hers. Marie was a very different person: if she were selfish and exacting, vexatious and unaccommodating, she was at least chaste, and it is no slight glory that the breath of suspicion never sullied her fair fame. Perhaps, the king was no great admirer of virtue of this character—at all events, his preference for Madame de Verneuil seems to have undergone no diminution:—

“But the crowning proof of the inequality of the struggle which was about to exist between the wife and the mistress was the departure of the king from Lyons on the 18th of December, the second day after his marriage, announcing his intention of travelling post to Paris and leaving the queen and her suite to follow at their leisure. That the haughty spirit of Marie was stung by this abrupt abandonment, and her woman-pride revolted, will admit of no doubt; nor is it wonderful that her indignation and jealousy should have been aroused when she discovered that, instead of pursuing his way to the capital, where the public arrangements necessitated by the peace with Savoy which he had just concluded required his presence, the king had embarked at Roanne, and then proceeded from Briaux, where he landed, to Fontainebleau; and thence on the morrow, after dining at Ville-neuve, had travelled at once to Verneuil, remaining there three days before he entered Paris. Nor even after his arrival there was his conduct such as to re-assure her delicacy, Bassompierre having left it upon record that the king took up his abode with M. de Montglas at the priory of St. Nicolas du Louvres, where he always entertained ladies at supper whom he sent to invite, and half-a-dozen princes and courtiers” (vol i. p. 113, 114).

Should the reader be anxious to know who was the lady who thus monopolised the king's attentions and embittered the days of his consort, we shall extract one of those biographical notes which render Miss Pardoe's work so truly valuable:—

“Catherine Henrietta de Balzac d'Entragues, subsequently known as the Marquise de Verneuil, was the elder daughter of the celebrated Marie Touchet, who, after having been the mistress of Charles IX., became the wife of François de Balzac, Seigneur d'Entragues, de Marcoussis, and de Malesherbes, Governor of Orleans, who was in 1573 elected a knight of St. Michael by Henry III. Henrietta, as her name implies, was together with her two sisters the issue of this

marriage; while her half-brother, the Count d'Auvergne, subsequently Duke d'Angouleme, was the son of Charles IX." (vol. i. page 60).

If also he should be desirous to know her price, be it said that the lady sold herself for the sum of one hundred thousand crowns, equal to 50,000*l.* of our money, and the cash was duly paid by no less a person than Sully himself—not, however, without great objections.

This sum seems to have been the value conventionally set upon Madame de Verneuil; for we have a very curious anecdote of another offer made for her at a subsequent period and on the same terms:—

"Bassompierre relates that, during the king's sojourn at Monceaux, Henry standing apart with himself, M. de Sully and the Chancellor, suddenly informed them that the favourite had confided to him a proposal of marriage which she had received from a prince, on condition that she should be enabled to bring with her a dowry of a hundred thousand crowns, and enquired if they would advise him to sacrifice so large a sum for such a purpose. 'Sire (replied M. de Bellievre), I am of opinion that you would do well to give the young lady the hundred thousand crowns in order to secure the match.' And when the more prudent Sully remarked that it was more easy to talk of such an amount than to procure it, the Chancellor continued, heedless of the interruption, 'Nay more, sire, I am also of opinion that you had better give two or even three hundred thousand if less will not suffice. Such is my advice.' It is needless to say that it was not followed" (vol. i. p. 123).

No sooner had the queen made her public entry into Paris than the king made arrangements for the presentation of his mistress to her in form, and commanded the Duchess de Nemours to act as her introducer; although with much unwillingness, the duchess was obliged to comply. The queen treated her, in consequence, with great indignation:—

"But although the high-born and exemplary duchess shrank from the anger of the young sovereign, the *parvenue* marquise was far from feeling equally abashed. With a steady step and a proud carriage she advanced a pace nearer to Marie, and in her turn took up the thread of the discourse; nor did the coldness of the queen's deportment disturb her serenity for a moment. The great fascination of Madame de Verneuil existed, as we have already remarked, in her extraordinary wit and the vivacity of her conversation; while so ably did she on this occasion profit by her advantage that the disgust of Marie was gradually changed into wonder, and when, at the close of one of her most brilliant sallies, the insolent favourite even carried her audacity so far as to address her personally, she was startled into a reply. She soon, however, recovered her self-possession, and, pleading fatigue, broke up the circle by retiring to her own apartments.

"The mortification of Madame de Nemours, whose highest ambi-

tion it had been to secure the affection of her royal mistress, and whose pride had been sorely wounded by the indignified office which she had been compelled to fulfil, had not, however, yet reached its culminating point ; for as, on the approach of the king, who was in his turn preparing to withdraw, she awaited his acknowledgment of the fidelity with which she had obeyed his commands, she was startled to see a frown gather upon his brow as his eye met hers ; and still more so to hear herself rebuked for the ungracious manner in which she had performed her task—a manner to which, as he averred, Madame de Verneuil was solely indebted for the coldness of her reception.

“The duchess curtsied in silence ; and Henry, without any other salutation, slowly pursued his way to the ante-room, followed by the officers of his household.

“On the 22nd of the month the queen changed her residence, and took up her abode in the house of Zamet, where she was to remain until the Louvre was prepared for her reception—a precaution which Henry had utterly neglected ” (vol. i. pp. 117-119).

The nature and consequences of this neglect will be better understood when we learn who M. Zamet was, and in what relation he had stood and continued to stand to the King. One of Miss Pardoe's biographical notes shall supply the requisite information :—

“Sebastian Zamet was a wealthy contractor of Italian origin, but who had caused himself to be naturalised in France in 1581, together with his two brothers Horace and John Anthony. Although he ultimately became the father of an adjutant-general of the king's armies and of a bishop, it was confidently asserted that during the preceding reign he had been a shoe-maker. Be that as it may, it is no less certain that he must have been possessed of considerable talent, as even during the life time of Henry III. he became a rich contractor, and under Henry IV. the richest in the kingdom. On the occasion of the marriage of one of his daughters, the notary who was employed to draw up the marriage contract finding it difficult to define his real rank enquired by what title he desired to be designated, upon which Zamet calmly replied : ‘ You may describe me as *lord of seven-teen hundred thousand crowns.*’ His ready wit first procured for him the favour of Henry IV., which he subsequently retained by a system of complaisance of thoroughly Italian morality. His house was always open to the king even for the most equivocal purposes, and so great was the familiarity with which he was treated by the dissolute monarch that he constantly addressed him by a pet name, and held many of his orgies beneath his roof ” (vol. i., p. 82).

We shall not pursue further the married life of this unfortunate princess : it fully corresponded to its unfortunate commencement. The continual insults to which the queen was exposed, the ever-roving inclinations of the king, the honour and wealth heaped unsparingly upon his mistresses and their chil-

dren, form a picture on which the Christian mind would not willingly dwell, were it not for the deep importance attached to the moral. One fatal mistake seems to have marked the whole career of Marie. She had her Italian favourites, and she gave heed to their advice and took up their quarrels when she should have remembered only that she was Queen of France and Consort of Henry IV. It is lamentable to trace the career of the Concinis—lamentable, both because of its melancholy termination and of the exhibition which it makes of the heartlessness of Marie herself. She could uphold them against her husband—against the princes of the blood—against the evident interests of the kingdom; but she could fling them from her with scorn and forget them at once when she found her own interests compromised. Leonora Galigai, the favourite attendant of the queen who had followed her from Florence, and who with all her faults seems to have been ever faithful to her mistress, married Concino Concini, a gentleman of the queen's household, a man whose extreme beauty had first captivated her, but in whose ambitious but yet facile character she saw the elements calculated, combined with her own higher intellect and indomitable energy, to lead her on to the loftiest fortune.

The Italian favourites of the queen, like those from France in the court of her unhappy daughter Henrietta Maria of England, were fated to embitter the alliance between herself and her husband, and to exasperate the feelings of the nation. Step by step we see them advancing up the glittering ladder, till the baton of a marshal of France is grasped by the unwearlike son of the Florentine notary; and the bed-chamber woman, as Marechale and Marquise d'Ancre, disposes of honours and preferments in the Court of Louis XIII. Making them occasionally the instruments of the pettiest intrigues, condescending even to negociate with Madame de Verneuil, through their intervention we find Marie losing at once our respect and our sympathy; and, if we are unable to palliate the excesses of the king, we at least feel how impossible it was for such a woman to maintain a hold upon his esteem, not to say his affections. In the mean time the hopes of France were receiving their accomplishment, and a dauphin, afterwards Louis XIII., was born.

Henry was, as most men of his age were, a believer in judicial astrology, and he did not neglect to ascertain the aspect of the stars towards his infant heir. He had seen many changes of fortune himself and many revolutions for France; and now that society, politically speaking, seemed settling

down upon a more solid basis—now that the great feudatories of the crown appeared displaced from their position of rivals to their sovereign and that a middle class was arising—the king appears to have been anxious to know what would be the state of affairs under the government of his son. That, independently of this, the king was of a superstitious character, is clear from an interesting anecdote of a previous part of his history :—

“De Bassompierre relates an extraordinary speech made by the king at the Louvre in 1599, on the occasion of the promulgation of the edict of Nantes, to the deputies of the Parliament of Paris, in the course of which he declared that twenty-six years previously, when he was residing at the court of Charles IX., he was about to cast the dice with Henry of Lorraine, Duke de Guise, his relative, amid a large circle of nobles, when at the instant in which they were prepared to commence their game drops of blood appeared upon the table, which were renewed without any apparent agency as fast as they were wiped away. Each party carefully ascertained that it could not proceed from any of the individuals present; and the phenomenon was so frequently repeated that Henry, at once amazed and disturbed, declined to persevere in the pastime, considering the circumstance as an evil omen! Whatever may be the opinion of the reader as to the actual cause of this apparent prodigy, it is at least certain that it was verified by subsequent events, as well as the extraordinary and multiplied prophecy that he would meet his death in a coach.

“Under these circumstances, combined with the almost universal credulity of the age and nation which he governed, it is scarcely matter of surprise that the king, on so momentous an occasion as the birth of his son, should have sought, even while he feigned to disregard the result, to learn the after-destiny of the royal infant; and accordingly, a few days subsequently, he commanded La Riviere, who publicly professed the science of judicial astrology, to draw the horoscope of the dauphin with all the accuracy of which the operation was susceptible. The command was answered by an assurance from La Riviere that the work was already in progress; but, as another week passed by without any communication from the seer, Henry became impatient and again summoned him to his presence, when he enquired the cause of the delay.

“‘Sire (replied La Riviere), I have abandoned the undertaking, as I am reluctant to sport with a science whose secrets I have partially forgotten, and which I have, moreover, frequently found defective.’

“‘I am not to be deceived by so idle a pretext (said the king, who readily detected that the alleged excuse was a mere subterfuge): you have no such scruples; but you have resolved not to reveal to me what you have ascertained, lest I should discover the fallacy of

your pretended knowledge, or be angered by your prediction. Whatever may be the cause of your hesitation, however, I am resolved that you shall speak; and I command you, upon pain of my displeasure, to do so truthfully.'

"Still La Riviere excused himself, until, perceiving that it would be dangerous to persevere in his pertinacity, he at length reluctantly replied, 'Sire, your son will live to manhood, and will reign longer than yourself; but he will resemble you in no one particular. He will indulge his own opinions and caprices, and sometimes those of others. During his rule, it will be safer to think than to speak: ruin threatens your ancient institutions—all your measures will be overthrown. He will accomplish great deeds, will be fortunate in his undertakings, and will become the theme of all Christendom. He will have issue, and after his death more heavy troubles will ensue. This is all that you shall know from me, and is more than I had purposed to tell you.'

"The king remained for a time silent and thoughtful, after which he said coldly, 'You allude to the Huguenots, I see that well; but you only talk thus because you have their interests at heart.' 'Explain my meaning as you please (was the abrupt retort); but you shall learn nothing more from me.' And, so saying, the uncompromising astrologer made a hurried salutation to the monarch and withdrew" (vol. i. pp. 140-142).

A fortnight after this extraordinary scene another event took place at the Louvre, sufficiently interesting to Henry to wean his thoughts for a time even from the overshadowed future of his successor. In an apartment immediately contiguous to that of the still convalescent queen, Madame de Verneuil became in her turn the mother of a son, who was baptised with great ceremony and received the names of Gaston Henry.

This birth, which should have covered the king with shame and roused the nation to indignation when the circumstances already detailed are considered, was but the pretext for new rejoicings; and thus affairs continued year after year. The king finding from time to time some new object of attraction among the beauties of his court, and the queen expressing her discontent in a way far more peevish than dignified, other children claimed her care, but her conduct as a mother was far from being irreproachable. She exhibited little or no care for the intellectual culture of her offspring, provided they were obedient to her: she required no more, but this she enforced with a discipline pushed beyond the verge of tyranny. But an event was approaching which was to call forth what power she possessed, and to confide to her care not only a wayward boy, but an important nation. If we overlook his moral irregularities we shall see much to admire in the conduct of Henry IV.

Wise and politic, he enlarged the power and sustained the dignity of France abroad, while he diligently watched over her prosperity at home. He was pre-eminently a working man; and, while we sigh over his follies and lament his vices, we must do him the justice to acknowledge that he neglected none of the interests of which, as King of France, he was bound to take care. He encouraged commerce by wise laws: he repressed persecution: he duly watched over the administration of justice: he studied the art of war, and he made his studies available for the benefit of his army; nor did he forget that the advance of art and science and literature were among the duties of a monarch. His diplomacy was liberal and sagacious, and under his strong hand France made rapid progress. Nor must it be forgotten that his errors were such as his age looked lightly on. Compared with his immediate predecessor, he was a virtuous man; and his conduct, bad as in some respects it was, may be favourably contrasted with that of the idol of French history, Francis I. His humanity, his affable manners, his undoubted magnanimity, his valour and military skill, his magnificence and liberality—all attracted to him the admiration of his age; and, when to these are added his solid merits as a ruler, we shall not be surprised at learning that no monarch of France had succeeded in making himself so universally beloved at home and so universally respected abroad. The day was approaching when this great man was to be taken from his people. He had always a presentiment that the coronation of his queen would be fatal to himself, and the pertinacity with which Marie pressed upon him the performance of this ceremony hardly places her in a very favourable point of view. He had been warned about it again and again: he had communicated his apprehensions to her: she, we know from many sources, was far from being above the prejudices of her age; yet she persisted, and the king (as was unhappily his custom when women entreated) gave way. The ill-starred ceremony was fixed to take place on the 13th of May 1610, and the king appears to have discarded for a time his apprehensions. On the 11th, he said to those around him, "I shall sleep at St. Denis to-morrow night and return to Paris on Thursday. I shall arrange all my private affairs on Friday. On Saturday I shall drive about the city. Sunday will be the state entry of the queen. On Monday my daughter de Vendome will be married. On Tuesday the banquet will take place, and on Wednesday I mount for Germany." We shall pass over the description of the coronation given in Miss Pardoe's happiest style, and proceed to the melancholy event which took place

the next day. La Brosse, a famous astrologer of the time, had declared that the stars threatened the king with particular danger on that day, and the Duke de Vendome came to entreat him not to go out until its close:—

“‘Pahaw! (exclaimed the king gaily), La Brosse is an old sharper, who is anxious to obtain some of your money, and you are a young fool to believe him. My days are numbered before God.’

“When he had dined, Henry threw himself upon the bed, but he tried in vain to sleep: he then rose and paced gloomily about the room for a considerable time, after which he once more lay down; but the result proving the same he again sprang to his feet, and turning abruptly towards the exempt of the guard he demanded to know the time.

“‘It is just four o’clock, sire (replied the officer), and I would venture to suggest to your majesty to try the effect of the open air, as you appear harassed and out of spirits.’

“‘You are right (said Henry), cause my coach to be prepared, and I will go to the arsenal and visit the Duke de Sully who is unwell, and takes a bath to-day.’ When the carriage was announced the king stepped into it, followed by the Dukes of Montbazon and Epernon; the Marshals Lavardin and Requelaure; the Marquise de Mirabeau and La Foire; and M. de Liancourt, his first equerry.

“Being anxious to obtain a good view of the preparations which were making for the entry of the queen, Henry desired that the leathern curtains, which were at that period the clumsy substitutes for windows, should be looped back; and, during this operation, M. de Vitry presented himself with the intention of escorting the royal equipage with his company of the body-guard” (vol. ii., p. 72).

Whether the king thought that the acceptance of this duty would imply a renewed belief in the dangers which he had professed to scorn, or whether for the moment his apprehensions had been really lulled to rest, certain it is that he refused the escort which De Vitry offered. There is something very peculiar in this concatenation of events. No one advised him to set at naught superstitious terrors—no faithless member of the royal household was in league with the assassin. Henry was surrounded by loving subjects and attached friends. All advised him alike, and evidently from the same motives: the very direction in which he drove when he was murdered seems to have sprung from momentary caprice—from a similar feeling he rejected the attendance of his guard; and he who cannot see the hand of God in inflicting this great and terrible blow upon France must be singularly blind to the teachings of history:—

“‘No, no (said Henry impatiently); remain in the palace, and see that everything goes on as I have ordered, and with as much speed as possible.’

“‘At least, sire, suffer my guards to attend you,’ urged de Vitry.

“‘I will neither take you nor your guards (replied the king); I want no one near me.’

“And upon this command the disappointed courtier was compelled to withdraw.

“‘Drive from the palace (shouted the monarch in a tone of excitement) in the direction of the Hotel de Longueville.’ The carriage started at a rapid pace, and had no sooner reached the spot indicated than he again exclaimed—‘And now to the cross of Trahoir.’ Arrived at this wretched nook, he desired to be next driven to the cemetery of the Innocents, for which purpose it was necessary to pass from the Rue St. Honoré into that of la Ferronnerie, which was at that period extremely narrow, and rendered still more so by the numerous shops built against the cemetery wall. On reaching this point the progress of the royal carriage was impeded by two heavily-laden waggons, and the footmen who had hitherto ran beside it pressed forward towards the end of the thoroughfare in order to rejoin it at the other extremity of the street. Two attendants only remained at their station, one of whom was employed in hastening the movements of the embarrassed waggons, while the other was engaged in arranging some portion of his dress which had become displaced. At this moment a man advanced towards the king’s equipage wrapped in a wide mantle; and, carefully making his way between the trading-booths and the carriage, which he had no sooner reached than, placing one of his feet on a spoke of the wheel and the other on a door-step, he plunged a knife into the side of the king, who was at that moment engaged in reading a letter. As he felt the blow Henry exclaimed—‘I am stabbed!’ As he uttered the words, he flung up his arms—an action by which the assassin profitted to take a surer and more fatal aim; and before the horror-struck companions of the unfortunate monarch could make a movement to prevent it, a second thrust pierced the lobe of his heart. The blood gushed in torrents from his mouth and from the wound itself when again the remorseless knife descended, but only to become entangled in the sleeve of the Duke d’Epernon; and with one thick and choking sob Henry IV. fell back a corpse.

“No one had seen by what hand the king had fallen; and, had the regicide flung away his weapon, he might have stood unquestioned among the crowd, which instantly collected upon seeing the six nobles who had accompanied the king spring to the ground with loud exclamations of dismay; but Ravailiac stood firm, with his reeking and two-edged knife still in his hand, and avowed his crime with a boldness which in a better cause would have savoured of heroism.”

Thus perished in the full vigour of his powers the greatest prince that ever reigned in France; and it was stated by the surgeons who were afterwards summoned to embalm the body that so great was the appearance of strength in the deceased king, and so free was the body from any traces of disease, that he would in all probability have reached the extreme limits of

human life. We continue the deeply interesting narrative in the words of our author :—

“Meanwhile one of the royal party, perceiving that Henry remained perfectly motionless while the carriage was inundated with his blood, incautiously exclaimed—‘The King is dead!’ upon which a loud wail arose among the assembled spectators, and the agitation of the crowd became so excessive that the Duke d’Epernon called loudly for a draught of wine, asserting that his Majesty was faint from a wound and required refreshment. A number of the inhabitants of the adjacent houses thereupon hastened to procure the desired beverage; while the attendants of the monarch, profiting by the movement, let fall the leathern curtains of the coach, and informed the populace that they must immediately convey his majesty to the Louvre in order to secure proper assistance. This was done with all speed; and, as they passed through the city, the attendants replied to the enquiries which were made on every side that the king was merely wounded; and on arriving at the palace the body was deposited upon a bed without having been cleansed or clothed, and in this state it remained for several hours exposed to the gaze of all who thought proper to visit the chamber of death!

“Meanwhile the queen, fatigued by her previous exertions, was lying upon a sofa in her private cabinet in order to recruit her strength against the evening, which was, as we have shown, to have been one of gaiety and gala, when her affrighted attendants hastened to convey to her the fatal tidings of her widowhood. In a paroxysm of uncontrollable anguish she rushed towards the door of the apartment, and was about to make her way to the chamber in which the royal body had been deposited when she was met by the chancellor, who had been hastily summoned to the Louvre, and who obstructed her passage,

“‘Let me pass, sir (she faltered out): the king is dead.’

“‘Pardon me, Madam (said Sillery, still impeding her purpose); the Kings of France never die. Return, I implore of you, to your apartment. Restrain your tears until you have insured your own safety and that of your children; and, instead of indulging in a grief which can avail you nothing, exert all your energies to counteract the possible effects of this disastrous and lamentable event” (vol. i., pp. 74-77).

From what we have already seen of the character of Marie, it will be evident that the reign of Louis XIII. commenced under singularly inauspicious circumstances. The powerful hand of the great Henry, which had put forth all its strength to bind together the elements of prosperity for France, was suddenly withdrawn. A host of mighty nobles, many of them as remarkable for ability as for ambition, suddenly uprose, each claiming to be consulted and rewarded, if not absolutely permitted to rule. By the will of the late king, Marie was ap-

pointed regent, and, as though he had some presentiment of the kind of government which she would exercise, he observed to her very shortly before his assassination—"Madam, you are now an uncrowned queen: you will speedily be a powerless regent;" and, on noticing the sullen and apathetic disposition of the dauphin, he said that he foresaw the evils which would arise to France from the morose sullenness of his son and the invincible obstinacy of his wife.

Too well were those mournful anticipations realized. Scarcely were the remains of Henry IV. entombed at St. Denis when the widowed regent began to consider how she might best enjoy the splendours of her position. Court festivities, balls, hunting parties, and other amusements, followed so closely upon the funeral solemnities as to disgust at once the court and the people. Neither could bear to see their idolized Sovereign so soon forgotten; and de Rambure, an old servant of the late king, had the praiseworthy hardihood to tell the queen what was the universal opinion of her proceedings. Indeed, the same author ventures to say that she was not entirely free from suspicion of complicity in the king's death; for, speaking of a visit paid by Sully to the queen the day after the assassination, in which he accompanied the great minister, he observes that "the queen received us with great affability, mingling her sobs with ours, though we were both aware of the satisfaction she felt at being thus delivered from the king, *of whose death she was not considered wholly guiltless*, and in becoming her own mistress." That the same notion was not without prevalence among the common people is evidenced by an anecdote preserved by d'Etoile. Returning from a magnificent entertainment given by the ex-Queen Marguerite, the regent, surrounded by her guards and followed by a brilliant suite, was thus accosted by a poor woman:—"Ah! madam, would to God as much care had been taken of our poor king! We should not then have been where we are!" The regent turned pale and bowed affably to the multitude, but she was coldly received. These dire suspicions seem to have had but little foundation: the very circumstances of the king's death, and the warnings which Marie herself among others gave to him, must exonerate her from this horrible charge. She had not many of the faults of her family, and her forgetfulness of her illustrious husband may be partly excused by his many faults towards her, and partly accounted for by the natural heartlessness of her character, of which we shall soon be called upon to notice new proofs.

The finances of the kingdom were left in a prosperous state and Sully was still Minister; but so great were the demands

upon the treasury that in six years the Prince of Condé received 3,660,000 livres, which might be valued now at, to say the least, 250,000*l*; the Prince and Princess of Conti about one quarter of that sum; the Dukes of Guise, Nevers and Longueville, the two Mayennes, each rather more; and a long list follows by which it appears that, in the space of seven years from the death of Henry IV., the finances of the kingdom were hopelessly embarrassed, and upwards of thirty millions sterling had been dissipated without any really valuable services having been rendered in return. When it became necessary (to avoid a national bankruptcy) that this state of things should receive some check, it may easily be understood how the attempt was received:—

“It was not long ere the parties most interested in these donations became aware of the attempt made to limit the liberality of the queen, and they did not affect to disguise their indignation at what they designated as an interference with their just claims. It appeared to have grown into an admitted opinion that all who had not revolted against her authority should be recompensed for their forbearance as though it had been some signal service rendered to the State, and immediate deliberations were held as to the best measures to be adopted to silence the prudent counsels to which she could not finally fail to yield. As regarded the Duke de Mayenne, he was beyond the reach of the cabal; while Jeannin and Villeroy could oppose nothing save words. With Sully, however, the case was widely different: he was not only finance-minister, but also keeper of the royal treasury; and his fearless and sturdy nature was so well understood and appreciated that none who knew him doubted for an instant that, should the regent persevere in her generosity in opposition to his advice, he would not hesitate to adopt more effectual means.”

For one cause of these excesses Henry IV. is to be blamed. The habit of high play, which had long prevailed at the court of France, had been greatly encouraged by his example. Miss Pardoe states that—

“The only amusement in which Henry indulged freely and earnestly was play; and he was so reckless a gamester that at no period was the court of France so thoroughly demoralized by that frightful vice as throughout his reign. Not only did the example of Henry corrupt those immediately about him, but the rage for play gradually pervaded all classes. The nobility staked their estates where money failed: the citizens trafficked in cards and dice when they should have been employed in commerce or in science: the very valets gambled in the halls and the pages in the ante-chambers. Play became the one great business of life throughout the capital, and enormous sums were won and lost which changed the destinies of families. One or two traits will suffice and we will then dismiss the subject. In the

year 1607, M. de Bassompierre relates in his memoirs that, being unable from want of funds to purchase a new and befitting costume in which to appear at the christening of the dauphin, he nevertheless gave an order to his tailor to prepare him a dress upon which the outlay was to be fourteen thousand crowns, his actual resources amounting at that moment only to some hundreds; and that he had no sooner done so than he proceeded with this trifling sum to the hotel of the Duke de Epernon, where he won five thousand; and, before the completion of the costume, had not only gained a sufficient amount to discharge the debt thus wantonly incurred; but, as he adds with a self gratulation worthy of a better cause, 'also a diamond-hilted sword of five thousand crowns value, and five or six thousand more with which to amuse myself.'

"In 1609, only two years later, l'Etoile has left on record a still more astounding and degrading fact:—'In this month, March (he says), several academies of play have been established, where citizens of all ages risk considerable sums, which proves not only abundance but also the corruption of morals. The son of a merchant has been seen at one sitting to lose sixty thousand crowns, although he had only inherited twenty thousand from his father. A man named Jonas has hired a house in the Faubourg Saint Germain in order to hold one of these academies for a fortnight during the fair, and for this house he has given fourteen hundred francs."

We shall now be able to understand the difficulties of the regent's position. Unfitted by nature to rule, she was called upon to preside over a nation which required the highest powers, and at a period which demanded the loftiest order of statesmanship. Where Henry IV. and Sully had found their hands full, we can hardly blame Marie de Medici that her failure was entire and unmistakable; but we have hitherto seen little of the boy-king, whose character was destined to exercise an influence upon his country so altogether out of proportion to its own force and energy. Sullen, resentful, and jealous—of small ability and still smaller attainments—this unamiable prince was singularly free from the predominant faults of his race. He kept no mistresses—he swore no oaths—he indulged in no extravagance—he set up no favourites; and yet he was all his life the tool and creature of others.

His childhood was most unfortunate: to his sullenness his mother opposed her passionate obstinacy. She took little care of his education, and ordered such frequent corporeal punishments that on one occasion, when she approached him with the respect due to his exalted rank, the young king told her "that he should prefer fewer courtesies and fewer floggings." He was left to the care of improper attendants: his pleasures were principally hawking and shooting small birds; so that at a sub-

sequent period of his life, when some strangely misjudging people had called him "Louis the Just," and the very rational enquiry was made how he came by such an appellation, the celebrated reply was given—"Parc-qu'il est juste à tirer de l'arquebuse." Among those who insulted him by their neglect and by their magnificence, displaying their splendour before the young king while he was left almost without attendants, were the Concini; and the marshal added to his offences the outrage of offering to his Sovereign small sums of money as an act of charity and "his influence with the Queen-regent!"

We shall not now relate how M. de Luynes, afterwards duke and marshal, was the means of rescuing him from this depressed condition; nor the particulars of that act of vengeance whereby the Marshal d'Ancre became the first victim of the reign of Louis XIII. :—

"Alarmed by the report of fire-arms within the bounds of the palace, Marie de Medici, who had not yet completed her toilette, desired Caterina Salveggia to throw open one of the windows, and to demand the cause of so singular and unpardonable an infraction of the law. She was obeyed, and the Italian waiting-woman no sooner perceived de Vitry advancing beneath the apartments of her royal mistress than she enquired of him what had occurred.

" 'The Maréchal d'Ancre has been shot,' was his abrupt reply.

" 'Shot! (echoed Caterina)—and by whom.'

" 'By myself (said de Vitry composedly), and by the command of the king.'

" 'Madam (exclaimed the terrified attendant as she rushed to the side of the queen-mother), M. le Maréchal has been killed by order of his majesty.'

" Marie de Medicis started from her seat: her cheeks were blanched, her lips quivered, and she wrung her hands convulsively as she gasped out—'I have reigned seven years. I must now think only of a crown in heaven.'

" Her attendants, stupified with terror, rapidly gathered around her; and ere long she learnt that her guards had been disarmed and replaced by those of the king. She listened vaguely to each successive report and paced the room with rapid but uncertain steps: at length she exclaimed vehemently—'I do not regret that my son should have taken the life of Concini if he believed it necessary to the safety of his kingdom; but his distrust of myself in concealing such a project from my knowledge is more than I can bear.'

" When the first violence of her emotion had subsided she sank into a seat, and with clasped hands and drooping head appeared to be absorbed in deep and bitter thought, for at intervals the blood mounted to her brow and burned there for a time, after which she again became as pale as ashes and as motionless as a corpse. She was still in this attitude when one of her confidential servants imprudently

approached her, and enquired how the melancholy event was to be communicated to the Maréchale d'Ancre? 'Perhaps (he incautiously suggested) your majesty will condescend to acquaint her with it yourself.'

" Marie de Medici suddenly raised her head, swept back her dishevelled hair from her face, and fixing her flashing eyes upon the officious gentleman passionately replied—'I have other things to attend to at this moment. If no one can tell the maréchale that her husband has been killed, *let them sing it to her*. Let me never again hear the name of those people. I told them long ago that they would do right to return to Italy.' " (iii. 42-43).

Louis XIII. had now commenced his reign, and from this time may be dated the commencement of those greater sorrows which ultimately brought the proud daughter of the Medici to her grave; but in the meantime France required a ruler, and Providence was preparing in the younger son of a country gentleman the man who was to complete the work which Louis XI. had begun, and which Henry IV. had expected to terminate. Armand Jean au Plessis, Bishop of Luçon, had been introduced to the Queen-regent by Concini, under the idea that he would be a creature of his own, and owing his advancement to the Italian adventurer would work with him and for his ends. He had faithfully served both the queen and the favourite so long as he found that there was any hopes of success for their cause, and then without hesitation he ranged himself on the winning side. It is not in a few sentences that so great a man as Cardinal de Richelieu can be judged, nor can we attempt here to delineate his character; but, thus much may be said, that in the midst of his selfishness and his vengeance, his intrigues and his profligacies, he never lost sight of the real interests of France. He treated courtiers like so many butterflies concerning whom it mattered not whether they lived or died—whether they were free or bound; but he repressed and destroyed nothing that was really valuable, *save the spirit of liberty!* To his own age he was the greatest benefactor; and it may be doubted whether his policy was not the best possible even for the future of France. His first introduction to the *reigning* monarch is thus graphically given by Miss Pardoe:—

" Shortly afterwards the king encountered the Bishop of Luçon (Richelieu), whose confident deportment betokened his conviction of a gracious reception, as he prepared to pay his court in his turn; but his compliments were abruptly broken in upon by an imperative command to quit the palace, and the commencement of his discontinuance in office. No wonder that the astute prelate murmured in his heart's core at this unlooked-for severity; for he had, in truth, that very

morning striven to merit the royal smile—striven against conscience, honour, and all the holiest and most sacred feelings of humanity. One of the friends of Concini, alarmed by the ominous proceedings at the Louvre, and instinctively persuaded that the life of the Italian was threatened, had hurriedly dispatched a letter to Richelieu in which he stated his reasons for the apprehensions he expressed; and urged the prelate, in memory of the many services for which he was indebted to the intended victim, to interpose his influence in his behalf and to endeavour to avert the blow. The bishop, who had not yet left his bed, glanced over the missive, thrust it beneath his pillow, desired the messenger to withdraw, and remained quietly in his chamber until he was apprised by the tumult without that all was over. Then, and not till then, he hastened to the Louvre, where we have already stated the nature of his reception (iii. 40, 41).

It is scarcely to be brought as an accusation against Richelieu that, knowing the unspeakable weakness of the king, he continued to keep so dangerous a person as Marie at a distance. More than once had she been on the point of undermining the cardinal's power and re-establishing the anarchy which had existed before his administration; yet it is impossible to read the narrative before us without feeling deep sympathy with the queen, and being sensible that, however our judgment may go with Richelieu, our sentiments are arrayed against him. Driven from place to place, now a prisoner and now an exile, with her son on the throne of France and sons-in-law on those of England and Spain, she was at last reduced to take refuge in the Low Countries, and there would have absolutely perished for want had it not been for the liberality of Rubens, whom she was wont justly to call "the painter prince." Her residence in England was short and unhappy. Henrietta Maria could offer no prolonged asylum. Charles I. was too occupied with his own increasing troubles to be able to interfere on her behalf; and all seem to have felt that to brave the vengeance of the mighty cardinal, on behalf of the exiled queen, would have been an act of mere quixotism. All this while Richelieu was treating Marie with hollow courtesy, even in the midst of his bitterest persecutions. Once when she was supposed to be near death, and it was thought only decent that the king should send a messenger to bear to her his expressions of empty respect and simulated affection, the cardinal refused permission for her to enter France :—

"But, at the same time as he refused to gratify the wishes of the apparently dying queen, he was profuse in his expressions of respect and affection towards her. 'His majesty is about to despatch you to Ghent,' he had said to the envoy when he went to receive his parting instructions. 'Assure the queen-mother from me that, although I

am aware my name is odious to her, and conscious of the whole extent of the ill-will which she bears towards me, those circumstances do not prevent my feeling the most profound attachment to her person and the deepest grief at her indisposition. Do not fail to assure her that I told you this with tears in my eyes. God grant that I may never impute to so good a princess all the injury which I have suffered from her friends, nor the calumnies which those about her incessantly propagate against me; although it is certain that, so long as she listens to these envenomed tongues, I cannot hope that she will be undeceived, nor that she will recognise the uprightness of my intentions.'

"It appears marvellous that a man, gifted with surpassing genius and holding in his hand the destinies of Europe, should condescend to such pitiful and puerile hypocrisy; but, throughout the whole of the memoirs attributed to Richelieu himself, the reader is startled by the mass of petty manoeuvres upon which he dilates, as though the dispersion of an insignificant cabal, or the destruction of some obscure individual who had become obnoxious to him, were the most important occupations of his existence.

"Not contented with insulting his royal victim by words which belied the whole tenour of his conduct, the cardinal, before he dismissed the envoy, seized the opportunity of adding one more affront to those of which he had already been so lavish by instructing the royal messenger not to hold the slightest intercourse with any member of her household, and even to turn his back upon them whenever they should address him—a command which he so punctually obeyed that when, in the very chamber of Marie de Medicis, one of her gentlemen offered him the usual courtesies of welcome, he retorted by the most contemptuous silence, to the extreme indignation of the queen, who, in reply to the message of Richelieu, haughtily replied, 'Tell the cardinal that I prefer his persecution to his civility.'

"Silenced by this unanswerable assurance, the envoy next proceeded to deliver the dispatch with which he had been entrusted by the king. 'I am consoled for my sufferings (said the unhappy mother as she extended her trembling and withered hand to receive it), since I am indebted to them for this remembrance on the part of his majesty. I will return my acknowledgments by a person who will not be unpleasant to him.'

"Such, however, was far from her intention, as, convinced that the insult offered to her attendants had been suggested by the cardinal, she selected as her messenger the same individual who had formerly delivered to the Parliament of Paris her petition against Richelieu, in order to convince him that, should she effect her reconciliation with the king, her authority would be used to his prejudice, as it ever had been before" (iii. 445-447).

The vengeance of Richelieu continued to pursue her. Sismondi states that he interfered to prevent the payment of the pensions granted to her by Charles of England and Philip of Spain; and that, at last deprived of all resources, she was obliged to break up her furniture for fuel. On the 2nd of

July, 1642, she executed her will, in which she expressed her confidence that Louis XIII. would cause her obsequies to be celebrated in a fitting manner; submitted at the entreaties of her attendants to undergo a painful and dangerous operation; and then, finding herself sinking, she received the consolations of the Church, and closed her eyes on the world in which she had filled so high a station and suffered such unexampled misery:—

“Thus perished in a squalid chamber, between four bare walls, on a wretched bed which one of her own lacqueys would, in her period of power, have disdained to occupy—childless or worse than childless—homeless, hopeless, and heart-wrung, the haughty daughter of the Medici—the brilliant Regent of France—the patroness of art—the dispenser of honours, and the mother of a long line of princes. Surely history presents but few such catastrophes as this. The soul sickens as it traces to its close the career of this unhappy and persecuted princess. Whatever were her faults, they were, indeed, bitterly expiated: as a wife she was outraged and neglected—as a queen she was subjected to the insults of the arrogant favourites of a dissolute court—as a regent she was trammelled and betrayed; the whole of her public life was one long chain of disappointment, heart-burning, and unrest; while, as a woman, she was fated to endure such misery as can fall to the lot of few in this world” (iii., pp. 567, 577).

It will be evident from the attention which we have bestowed on Miss Pardoe's work that we consider it a very valuable addition to the historical stores of our time; and, before we proceed further to investigate the sources of information to which she has had recourse, we must be permitted to congratulate her on the manifest improvement in her style. In *all* respects, this is the best of many *good* books which we owe to her; but there is a straightforwardness of manner, if we may use such a word, in this work, which we do not perceive to the same extent in any of her former productions—far more simple and far more Saxon. We do not here meet with those ornate and ambitious periods which were far from embellishing her early style. Eminently pleasing, because eminently pictorial, the “*Life of Marie de Medici*” is a book difficult to lay down, and we are pleased to observe that the veracity and accuracy of the narrative—(two different things by-the-bye)—are attested by a more than usual array of well-selected authorities.

In her preface Miss Pardoe complains of the criticisms which have been published against her “*Lives of Louis XIV. and Francis I.*,” and more especially of the charge of taking her incidents from the romances, rather than the histories, of the

periods of which she treats. To those who *really believe* such charges to be just, we would merely recommend the perusal of a few volumes of French Memoirs, beginning with those of the wise Sully and the gallant and generous Bassompierre. There would they see conversations far more minute, and narratives at far greater length, than those which have brought on Miss Pardoe the imputation of romancing. When a French gentleman sat down to his diary, he seems to have regarded it much as Pepys regarded his: he was to set down everything he saw and heard—all the gossip of the court—all the information of the diplomatic circle—all the intrigues of his friends—all the scandal of his acquaintances; so that there is scarcely a person of note at the court of France, from the time of Francis I. to the present day, whose daily sayings and doings have not been thus carefully and minutely chronicled. "*Les Chroniques de l'œil de Bœuf*," for example, present us with the most valuable history and the most execrable scandal—with events which no writer on the times could avoid noticing and conversations which *ought not* to be neglected—and yet for which very little shadow of authority is given.

Miss Pardoe has been peculiarly fortunate in obtaining access to unpublished documents, and to one of these we must now briefly allude. In the first volume will be found a fac-simile page of MS. Memoirs. The work from which it is taken was placed at her disposal by M. de la Plane, a gentleman of great learning and peculiarly well acquainted with the history of our country and his own. His works, and the manner in which he has employed his fortune in the "restitution of decayed intelligences," and in the restoration of monuments of Anglo-Gallic antiquity, ought to be more known and better appreciated on this side the channel than they are; and it is no glory to our Society of Antiquaries, and those off-shoots from it which profess so much zeal for archæological science, that the name of M. de la Plane does not grace their lists of members. Speaking of certain letters of Bassompierre, Marie de Medici herself, and Richelieu, Miss Pardoe observes:—

"The *fac-simile* page of Memoirs will require a more detailed explanation. At the time when he (M. de la Plane) entrusted to me the letters above-named, the same obliging friend also confided to my care, with full permission to make whatever use of it I should see fit, an unpublished MS., consisting of nearly twelve thousand pages closely written, and divided into twenty-four volumes, small quarto, all undeniably the work of one hand. This elaborate MS. was entitled, 'Memoirs of M. le Commandeur de Rambure, Captain of the Regiment of French Guards, Gentleman of the Bed-chamber under Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV., surnamed the Great.'"

The author of this voluminous MS., who, at the age of eighty-one, inscribes his work to his *uncle*, Monseigneur de Rambure, Bishop of Vannes, and who professes to have ventured thus tardily upon his Herculean undertaking at the request and for the instruction of his nephew the Marquis de Rambure, lays strict injunctions upon his successors to keep the record of his life to themselves, alleging as his reason a dread of injuring by his revelations the interests of the young courtier who had succeeded to his own post of gentleman of the bed-chamber; "and that (as he proceeds to say) to the greatest king in the world, by whom he has the honour to be loved and esteemed: therefore, I pray you that this writing may never be printed, in order not to make him enemies, who are too ready to come without being sought by our imprudence, and because I have only composed these 'Memoirs' for myself and my kindred."

The author states that the work is not in his own autograph, but in that of his secretary, to whom he dictated during eleven years, four hours each day, two in the morning and two in the afternoon; and that he commenced his formidable task in the year 1664, when he was living in retirement in his commanderie of St. Eugène in Limousin; and, despite his advanced age, "in possession of all his faculties as perfectly as when he had only reached his twenty-fifth year."

It is but very recently that the present proprietor of the "Memoirs," rightly judging that the time has long elapsed in which the disclosures of the chronicler in question could conduce to the injury of any one connected with him—(should such individuals, indeed, exist)—has consented to permit of their perusal; and that only by a limited number of literary friends, all of whom have been astonished by their extraordinary variety of information.

We would gladly have extracted some anecdotes of that beau-ideal of a French gentleman, the Marshal de Bassompierre; but we have already extended this review to more than our usual length. We would gladly have recited the queen's speech on the occasion of the arrest of the Prince of Condé; have narrated the curious transformation of a French nobleman into a beggar, lying on a dung-hill, to act as a spy of the mighty cardinal; but we are inclined to think that few who read this review will deny themselves the pleasure of perusing those fascinating volumes which have given occasion for it.

And thus we take leave of Miss Pardoe, hoping soon to meet with her again, and recommending to her notice Maria Theresa the *King* of the Hungarians.

- ART. VI.—1. *The Revelation of St. John, Expounded for those who Search the Scriptures.* By E. W. HENGSTENBERG, Doctor and Professor of Theology in Berlin. Translated by the Rev. P. FAIRBAIRN. Vol. I. 1851: Vol. II. 1852. Edinburgh: Clark.
2. *Rationale Apocalypticum; or Systematic Exposition of the Apocalypse; with Historical Proofs and Illustrations.* By the Rev. ALFRED JENOUR. Two Vols. Hatchard. 1852.

THE foreign interpreters of the Apocalypse appear to have made less way towards arriving at a true and satisfactory exposition of the visions of St. John than the English students of prophecy. We infer this from observing that their discussions turn so often on mere introductory matter or elementary points; and very rarely go into the real depths and difficulties of this most mysterious but most spiritual of the books of the sacred canon. Moreover, they seem to have nothing like a general understanding or *consensus* to fall back upon—nothing which they may take for granted; but every man must either begin *de novo* and from the beginning for himself, or must fall back upon some old though obsolete writer, such as Bengel, whom Dr. Hengstenberg professes chiefly to follow.

By foreign interpreters we, of course, mean those of the orthodox and Protestant faith, and principally those of Germany; but we mean to include such American writers as Moses Stuart, and such of the writers amongst ourselves of the Independent and other Dissenting communities as have derived their knowledge chiefly from the German publications. Their mind and habit of thinking scarcely differs from that of those who are natives of Germany; and it seems to us that this unsettled habit extends further than the interpretation of the Apocalypse and affects the fundamental doctrines of Christianity: in which, for want of some symbol of the faith in which they can all agree, they are often as much to seek as in the symbols of the Revelation of St. John.

These remarks are extorted from us by Mr. Fairbairn's advertisement to the second volume of Hengstenberg—"The translator has throughout confined himself to the task of endeavouring to convey the meaning of the original without essential alteration or abridgement, and without note or comment of his own. He is satisfied with having thus made accessible to students in this country a work on many accounts of great value, and one of the most important contributions of any age to Apocalyptic literature. He trusts, however, that his simply

having done the part of a translator will not be held as committing him to all the views it unfolds, either in respect to the general structure of the book or to the precise import of particular symbols. He would certainly at times have been inclined to indicate a doubt, or to express a dissent, had he not deemed it better to allow the sentiments of the learned author to go forth in unimpaired freedom, that they may be considered entirely on their own merits. Occasionally, he is obliged to acknowledge, sentences have passed from him with a regret that the thoughts contained in them should either have been expressed at all, or expressed in a form so capable of being turned to an improper use. The last sentence of the comment on xix. 21, may be pointed to as an example of this description." It is:—"Only as a preliminary punishment does bodily death fall upon them. They shalt be sent into hell at the final judgment, if they have not meanwhile *in the intermediate state* attained to salvation, as those who have only sinned against the Son of Man, and not against the Holy Spirit" (ii. 271).

Well might Mr. Fairbairn protest against being supposed to participate in such doctrines as these; or against supposing that the followers of the beast and false prophet could come to any other end than that of those they had followed during lifetime. Does Hengstenberg suppose that we are not living under a dispensation of the Holy Spirit, by asserting that those who had committed the most aggravated sins which it is possible to conceive had not sinned against the Holy Ghost? For these are obviously the same men who are spoken of in the preceding verse, who had received the mark of the beast and worshipped his image; and they are consequently the same company upon whom the seven vials had been poured out, which are the seven last plagues, for in them is filled up the wrath of God (xv. i). And these judgments had no other effect upon them than to make them blaspheme the name of God the more (xvi. 9), and wrought not the least degree of repentance; and as to their becoming converted in the intermediate state, it is one of the wildest of the German fancies; to which it is quite sufficient to oppose the fact that *spirits* in the intermediate state are *not men*, and that the very *first act* of the judgment-day is *re-uniting the body and soul* of those who are brought up for judgment. Christ saith the hour is coming in which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth: they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation (John v. 29); and all the parables of our Lord, especially those of Matt. xxv., teach the same truth—that it is in this life only

salvation is to be attained. St. Paul, too, expressly declares—
“ We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ that every one may receive the things done *in his body*, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad ” (2 Cor. v. 10.).

We confess that we are unable to understand how any man can believe the Gospel who passes by such plain declarations as these, or who expects another chance of salvation, and by other means than the Gospel, or expects salvation by any other name than that of Christ when it is so plainly declared—
“ Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved ” (Acts iv. 12).

And the want of judgment, not to say spiritual apprehension, in such a matter as this would lead us to doubt the competency of the individual for a task requiring so large a degree both of judgment and spirituality as the interpretation of the Apocalypse. Accordingly, we are not surprised at finding some very wild and absurd attempts at explaining away things which most other men have no difficulty in understanding literally, such as the Millennium, or literal reign of Christ at his literal advent. Of this period and of this reign, Dr. Hengstenberg writes as follows:—

“ The *thousand years* are mentioned not less than *six* times. This intentional emphatic repetition shows that a real importance is attached to the number, although, since the beginning and end of the space indicated by it bear from the nature of things a floating character, we are not to imagine that we can historically point out with precision the thousand years, and we must satisfy ourselves with being able to fix on a period that somewhat nearly corresponds to it. If a definite era were fixed on for the commencement, scarcely any other would be so suitable as the first Christmas eve of the year 800—the day of the inauguration of the Western Empire, when the Pope placed the crown on the head of Charlemagne, and the joyful proclamation sounds forth—‘ To Charles Augustus, crowned by God, the great and peaceful Roman Emperor, life and victory ’ ” (ii. 275).

If it were not too grave a subject to admit of bantering, we might treat this passage as a burlesque. What!—a real importance attached to a number by its emphatic repetition, and yet the beginning and the end of a floating character! If this be so, we know not how to attach any fixed meaning to words. And then the idea of making Charlemagne the bringer-in of the Millennium would never have entered into any head but that of an egotistical German, who looks upon Germany as the world, and would fain be the light of Germany. The idea broached by some others, that the Millennium began with Constantine, has more plausibility than this; for he was at least

master of the whole Roman empire; but Charlemagne was not even in name emperor of more than the West, and in many portions even of this half was only the nominal ruler. Besides, to date the Millennium from any man, whether Constantine or Charlemagne, is to put that man in the place of Christ, and to make the reign of Christ convertible with the reign of an emperor, which is not only chargeable with the absurdity of making that kingdom equivalent to the kingdom of heaven, but it ought in consistency to become terminable at the death of that individual, and no man in our times lives to "a period that *somewhat nearly corresponds to*" a thousand years. And what a Millennium it would be if reckoned from Charlemagne! Why, it includes some of the darkest and most calamitous times in the history of the Church—certainly far more so than our own times when on this hypothesis Satan is supposed to be no longer bound; for it included times of the most barbarous ignorance and of the most violent persecution: it included those crusades of three centuries, which, like an epidemic insanity, possessed the whole population of the West, and drove them in frantic hordes Eastward, they knew not whither; so that myriads of them perished by the way without ever reaching that land, the call to deliver which had first produced the phrenzy; and it included the times of the Inquisition and those horrible persecutions of the Albigenses, and Jews, and Moors, which desolated many parts of the south of France, and made Spain and Portugal like a charnel-house of mutual slaughter.

Yet, notwithstanding this want of sound principles of interpretation, there is a good deal of instructive matter in the work before us; and the circumstances under which it was begun and carried on are very interesting. The preface to the first volume tells us:—

"The Revelation of St. John was for a long time a shut book to me. That it was necessary here to lay open a new path—that neither the course pursued in the older ecclesiastical nor that of the modern rationalistic exposition was to be followed—I never entertained a doubt. The constantly renewed attempts at fresh investigations resulted only in a better understanding of particular points, but accomplished nothing as to the main theme. I was not the less persuaded, however, that the blame of this obscurity lay not in the book itself, with the divine character of which I was deeply impressed, but in its exposition; and I did not cease to long for the time when an insight might be granted to me into its wonderful depths. Several years ago I was visited with what was, in other respects, a heavy season of affliction, which obliged me to discontinue for some months my official duties. I looked about for a rod and a staff that might comfort me, and soon lighted on the Revelation. Day and night I pondered on it, and one difficulty vanished

after another. At the period of my recovery, there was scarcely a point of any moment respecting which I did not think I had obtained light. I had still, however, after becoming well, to finish my commentary on the Psalms: Then I went to my task with the greatest eagerness: the sad times of March, 1848, did not interrupt, but rather expedited, my labours."

Such instances as this frequently occur; and they are sufficient to refute the idea, which some are tempted to entertain, that the Apocalypse is a speculative and not a practical book; whereas, John opens it by calling himself our brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ—not only intimating thereby that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom (Acts xiv. 22)—but also implying that, as the sufferings abound in us, so also our consolations in Christ will abound (2 Cor. i. 7); and that this book, given for the comfort of the apostle in his tribulation, will prove the strength and support of the faithful in every age, under all their trials and temptations. They are called the sufferings of Christ in us, and our consolation by Christ (2 Cor. i. 5), to denote the intimate fellowship between Christ the head, and the members of his body, the Church. And Hengstenberg assumes the necessity of such a fellowship to enable us fully to enter into and comprehend the things contained in this book; for, as no one but Christ was found worthy to take the sealed book and open the things contained therein, so union with Christ constitutes our worthiness to receive the things which he hath revealed; and the closer this union becomes the larger will be our capacity to comprehend the Revelation.

"The book contains the decrees of God. To know these oneself, and with perfect certainty and clearness, presupposes the closest intimacy with the being of God from whom these decrees proceed—such as can belong to no created being, but only to Christ, the Word, who was in the beginning with the Father. In perfect agreement with the mode of representation here adopted, in the conviction that all essential knowledge of a religious kind can only be attained through fellowship with Christ, who in this respect also is the One Mediator, John says in his Gospel (i. 18)—'No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.' And that this conviction has grown out of the doctrine of Christ is clear from what the Lord says to Nicodemus in John iii. 11-13: he alone could give certain intelligence concerning heavenly things, because he sprang from heaven and is in heaven; and even in his state of humiliation was still, as to his divine nature, in the closest fellowship with God. Likewise (Matt. xi. 27), where the Lord says, 'All things are committed to me of my Father, and no man knows the Father but the Son and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him,'

is one of those numerous declarations in the first Gospel which were quite suited to John's profound vein of thought" (i. 230).

There is a valuable introduction showing that the Apocalypse could not have been written before the fall of Jerusalem, and that the time of John's banishment was the reign of Domitian, and not that of Nero; for the persecutions of the latter were limited to Rome or its vicinity, and were always to the death, and not by deportation or banishment. Just as men could not separate between the first and second advents, until Christ had come, and the first had been taken out of the region of prophecy, and had been rendered matter of fact by its accomplishment: so the destruction of Jerusalem and the end of the world were so blended together in the prophecies of our Lord, that, until the former event had taken place, we could not determine with certainty how much of the prophecy related exclusively to the second coming and the end of the world.

"So long as this event had not taken place it must have been very difficult to determine what in our Lord's discourses referred to it, and what to the end of the world. The asseveration of our Lord—'Verily I say to you, this generation shall not pass away till all is fulfilled' (Matt. xxiv. 34), must have rendered doubtful the indication of a more distant future by the end of all things, until history had entered as an expositor—until the destruction of Jerusalem as an isolated fact not connected with a general catastrophe, for the world, had shown that there was not an absolute and final, but only a preparatory, fulfilment in that event. It presented, so to speak, a microscopic view of the judgment, where everything was to be seen on a small scale, which at the actual end of the world was to appear in its proper magnitude. Hence, all that our Lord in Matthew prophecies regarding his coming refers immediately both to the destruction of Jerusalem and to the end of the world, with all its manifold and recurring signs, preludes, preparations, and warnings; and it is a vain undertaking, which has been latterly attempted again by Dörner, to endeavour to distinguish mechanically and externally what should be referred to the one event and what to the other. There is a pervading reference as we have said to both events, the destruction of Jerusalem being contemplated as the nearer, and that also which was to be the exact image of the other, the final judgment of the world; but, as to the period of the latter, no definite marks occur in our Lord's prediction. Till this historical commentary was given the matter must needs have been allowed to hang in suspense after the example of our Lord, and as appears to have been actually the case with the apostles. It was only when such a commentary had been given that the ground was laid for imparting the new explanations which are unfolded in the Apocalypse; just as of old, when the seventy years of Jeremiah were on the point of expiring, Daniel came forth with his prophecy of the seventy weeks of years" (i. 35).

The remarks made on the separate, complete, and inde-

pendent character of the several visions, appear also to us very important and judicious, and carry with them great weight: as do also the cautions against taking *too material a view* of any of these visions. Each vision should be regarded as a separate subject; and the sealed book, trumpets, &c., are not to be taken grossly, as if we could not understand the vision without first picturing to ourselves the material form of the book and the mode in which it was sealed and written. The book, the trumpets, &c., are only symbols to assist us in the classing the several visions and the ordering the events of each vision. The horsemen of the first four seals are no more painted or written in the book than the horsemen of the fifth and sixth trumpets are blown out of them. The succession of events is all that is meant to be indicated by the opening of seals and the blowing of trumpets.

Still less should it be inferred that all the following visions are contained in the seven-sealed book. The visions manifestly relate to different classes of subjects. The visions of the sealed book are seen in heaven and relate to the heavenlies: they are opened by Christ himself and concern those that are Christ's, and they conduct our thoughts to the throne of God and the Lamb, both in their commencement and their conclusion, and in the opposite results to those who apostatise from Christ, and those who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth; for the former call on the mountains to hide them from the face of him that sitteth on the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of his wrath is come (vi. 17); and of the latter it is said—"The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" (vii. 17).

On all these points the following observations appear to us of great weight:—

"The question now arises whether this book is the archetype of the whole of the Revelation from chap. vi., or only of the section of the seven seals (vi.-viii., 1). The former opinion is that most commonly embraced, but the latter is the only correct one. It becomes perfectly established whenever it is understood, as is elsewhere to be proved, that the seven seals, with which alone the book has to do, come entirely to an end at viii. 1; and that the Revelation is composed of a series of independent portions, and that an entirely new series begins at viii. 2. If this book were to be regarded as the archetype of the whole Apocalypse, we should have nothing new to begin that second book with at chap. x. Its being written within and without, pointing to the rich and varied contents of the book, cannot be pressed against the limitation to chap. vi. 1; viii. 1. We have only the sketch in what the prophet communicates to us of the contents of the book" (i. 225).

"The seven seals are, so to speak, not the material but the *theological* cause of the inaccessible character of the book. Whenever a seal was taken away, a portion of the contents became known. It is to be observed that it is not the reading (in the book) which is spoken of in regard to particular seals; but merely that by opening each seal a new part of the book-roll was disclosed to view; another and another portion of God's decrees or his judgments upon the world were made manifest. A too material view here has involved interpreters in great difficulties, and has led them into untenable propositions. A book sealed with seven seals appears to have become accessible only when the whole of the seven seals were removed; but here a portion of the contents is disclosed with the removal of each particular seal" (i. 227).

"The book had, without doubt, the common form—a roll, on the outside of which seven seals were impressed.....As certainly as this series stands by itself, so certainly must what was seen at the opening of each seal indicate the contents of it. According to chap. i. 1, God gives to Jesus Christ the revelation of the future, that he might show to his servants what should come to pass. Nor can we perceive what relation the things reported at the opening of each particular seal stand in to the book, if they do not constitute its contents. And for any other contents we shall search elsewhere in vain for the least trace. That the book alone contained the final consummation is but an arbitrary supposition.....The fundamental passages in the Old Testament respecting a shut or sealed book or prophecy refer only to its darkness or the difficulty of understanding it. The opening of the book is brought into notice merely as the condition of the seeing; and merely the insight into the future, not the actual accomplishment of the things belonging to it, could possibly have been represented in the manner here employed. The whole book of the Apocalypse is the revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave him to show to his servants what must shortly come to pass. In it, therefore, what we have to expect is, not the executing, but only the making known, of God's decrees" (i. 229).

If this last remark were duly pondered it would save a great deal of discussion, and give a much clearer apprehension of the general tenor of the Apocalypse. For the Revelation was not primarily given to St. John, but to Jesus Christ; and it is of very little consequence when St. John received it, since this cannot be made the starting point: the question is when Christ received it, for this must be the true starting point for the Revelation of Jesus Christ. And such a Revelation must have the things which affect Christ and the Church for its subject; and worldly matters can have no place in it, except as far as they are connected with the Church and bear upon its condition. We must, therefore, look to the history of the Church, rather than to the history of the world, for our interpretations; and may safely disregard all political occurrences

which have not some direct or indirect connection with the Church, however important those occurrences may seem to be in the eyes of men.

The Revelation was given to Christ on his ascension into heaven after he had glorified the Father upon the earth by finishing the work which had been given him to do (John xvii). Therefore, it necessarily contains the whole history of the Church from the time of Christ's departure till his return. But this does not at all affect the question concerning the time of its being made known to St. John, for which we are content to receive the testimony of the great majority of Christian writers, who say he received it late in life in the time of Domitian, and consequently after the destruction of Jerusalem.

And even if this were not a known historical fact, we ought not to expect a notice of this obliteration of the last remnant of the Jewish dispensation in a revelation of Jesus Christ. The knell of Jerusalem was rung when Jesus wept over it and said, "If thou hadst known, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes" (Luke xix. 42). Christ was the end of the law in every sense, for it was only a shadow of good things to come; and by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified. For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us (Heb. ix. x).

It is altogether wrong to suppose that literal Jews are meant in the epistles to the two Churches of Smyrna and Philadelphia; or that the literal tribes of Israel are intended at the sealing in the seventh chapter. Hengstenberg says, "There were no other real Jews than such as possessed the true and internal marks of fellowship in the kingdom of God, and these were no other than true Christians" (i. 138). "They prostrate themselves before the Church, because they acknowledge that the Lord is in the midst of her; that in her is the only source of salvation, and in connection with her the only true blessing" (i. 180). And, speaking of the sealing he says, "The seer spake of the tribes of Israel, not in a Jewish, but in an Israelitish-Christian sense" (i. 297).

But Mr. Jenour, while allowing that Jews denote Christians in the epistles, most inconsistently supposes that the sealed tribes, in the seventh chapter, are of the literal Israel. "I should have been inclined to think that, as the word *Jews* in the epistles to the Churches is put figuratively for believers, so the expression, the tribes of Israel, might be employed figuratively here. But the specification by name of the several tribes, in

conjunction with other circumstances, appears to me to be an intimation that the account of this sealing is to be viewed almost in the light of an historical record" (i. 267). To us it appears that this specification is a conclusive argument against understanding the sealing literally. For all are agreed that the sealing is conversion to Christianity, and there can be no conversion without the preaching of the Gospel; but ten of the tribes are lost: no one even knows where they are—much less can we assume that they have ever heard the Gospel. If Christian missionaries had ever reached them, we should certainly know something of their whereabouts.

And Mr. Jenour has either overlooked the fact that Judah, Benjamin, and Levi, are included in this specification; or has forgotten the fact that, since the revolt of the ten tribes from the house of David, Judah or the Jews, and the ten tribes or Israel, always are spoken of as distinct bodies in Scripture: the judgments they incurred were very different, and their final restoration, though coincident in time, is altogether different in its circumstances. The ten tribes were carried away by Shalmaneser two hundred and fifty-four years after their revolt from the kingdom of Judah, and all trace of them has been lost; but whensoever they are found it will be with some records of their past history and some kind of family pedigrees. Judah was carried to Babylon one hundred and thirty-four years later, and after seventy years captivity the Jews were restored to their own land. And these were they who rejected Christ, and on that account were for the most part destroyed by the Romans, and the remnant scattered into all lands. It was for rejecting David's house and forsaking the law of Moses that the ten tribes were cast out of their land—a very different sin from that of rejecting Christ; and the process by which they shall be restored must be very different.

Mr. Jenour everywhere manifests a tendency to regard the symbols in too literal and material a manner. It is by *the use made* of the symbols—it is by *their action upon other things*—and not merely by their material forms, that the purposes of the Revelation are answered. And the most important feature of the book is its spiritual characteristics, which are necessarily invisible and cannot become the subjects of pictorial representations:—

"It was my original intention that the work should be accompanied with a series of pictorial illustrations of all the principal visions, and I had engaged an artist accustomed to such matters for the purpose; but, after several unsuccessful attempts to convey my ideas of the things seen upon paper, he gave up the task in despair, nor could I

meet with any one duly qualified who would undertake it. In fact, I have been driven to the conclusion that the idea I originally entertained is impracticable" (Preface xiii.)

The impracticability should be set down, not to a want of skill in the artist, but to the fallacy involved in the idea; and if Mr. Jenour has seen the grotesque engravings of Brightman's commentary, or some of the old pictorial Bibles, he might have perceived from these attempts the inherent impracticability of the idea. To say nothing of these monstrous combinations of incongruous forms, how, we may ask, would it be possible to represent "a lamb as it had been slain?"—or a woman "clothed with the sun?"—or an angel "clothed with a cloud, and a rainbow upon his head, and his face as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire?" For the only way of representing an angel clothed with a cloud would be to draw nothing but the cloud: like the artist who was employed to paint Pharaoh and his host drowned in the sea, and painted nothing but the sea. Should the two witnesses be represented as two men, or two olive trees, or two candlesticks? And how can we represent fire coming out of their mouths, or the waters turned to blood, or the earth smitten with plagues? And how could the great dragon be represented drawing down the third part of the stars of heaven with his tail? And all the other visions would involve absurdities such as these in attempting to make pictures of them.

These difficulties have been perceived by Mr. Jenour in regard to the visions of the sealed book; for he combats the idea so generally assumed by the interpreters that St. John was called to look upon something written or depicted in the book. A crown is given to the first horseman, a sword to the second, and they are seen going forth. "Now all these things are acts which must have taken place during the time the apostle was *looking on*.....Consequently, what the apostle saw could not have been anything painted in the book, much less anything written; but neither was it anything in the sky.....If St. John was not called to look directly at the book, nor upwards to the sky, it must have been *downwards upon the earth*" (i. 215).

But many critics, on the authority of good manuscripts, omit the word *see* from all the four seals; and then the voice of the living creatures would not be addressed to the apostle, but would be the voice of Christ, through one of these his ministers calling the vision itself to come into manifestation. And however this may be, we are expressly told that St. John was *in the spirit*, and this being the case we ought not to trammel these visions with laws derived from matter and the senses. When

St. Paul was caught up to the third heavens he knew not whether it was in the body or out of the body; and so it is enough for us to apprehend the spirit of these visions of St. John without caring to define their geographical or material adjustment or the exact forms of the symbols.

Mr. Jenour maintains, and we think successfully, that the whole book of the Revelation is prophetic—that is, he believes the epistles addressed primarily to the seven Churches in Asia are foreshadowings of successive phases in the history of the Universal Church corresponding to the state of these Asiatic Churches. We also agree with him in thinking that the Revelation covers the whole time from the ascension of our Lord till his second advent; and we entirely agree with him in his application of the first three of these epistles; and substantially, though not so entirely, with the remainder. The Ephesian Church symbolized the primitive apostolic Church: that of Smyrna, the Church during the ten persecutions from Nero, A.D. 64, to Diocletian, A.D. 313; Pergamos, the Christianised empire, which should rather be called the Church heathenized, for then began to appear that mystery of iniquity which consisted in the amalgamation of Heathenism with Christianity; and we would date this era from A.D. 313 to 395, the death of Theodosius. Then we agree with Mr. Jenour in regarding Thyatira as symbolizing the introduction of image worship, and saints, and relics; but we date its commencement earlier than he does—viz., A.D. 396 to A.D. 533. Sardis symbolizes the Papal period of 1260 years, and therefore includes the Reformation; while Philadelphia symbolizes that remarkable revival of brotherly love and missionary zeal which has characterised the opening of the nineteenth century, leading to the establishment of the Bible Society, and other similar institutions, not only in England, but in other lands; and, “if the Laodicean Church state has not already commenced, it is certainly near at hand. The deeply interesting circumstances connected with this fact, as pointed out in considering the details of this epistle, will be found deserving of the reader’s especial attention” (i. 97).

After the epistles to the Churches it may almost be said that we part company with Mr. Jenour; for, while he interprets the remainder of the book consecutively and makes the trumpets follow the seals, we believe that each vision is complete in itself, and that the seals and trumpets are to a great extent parallel. And yet, by some process of reasoning which we are unable to comprehend, Mr. Jenour will not allow the sealed book to be a book of prophecy or a register of future events; but regards it as a COVENANT DEED, the book in which were registered the

terms of man's redemption and his restoration to the dominion of the earth, and all those privileges which he had forfeited by transgression. "It must be borne in mind (says Mr. Jenour), that the opening of each seal was not a separate and independent opening of a *part* of the book. *No part* of the book could be opened: not a line of it could be read until *all* the seven seals were loosed. It is therefore manifest that the opening of each seal did *not* reveal anything written or depicted in the book" (i. 212).

If Mr. Jenour insist upon being thus literal as to the seals of the book, we have a right to insist upon his being as literal in connecting the visions with the opening of the seals. But we have not the most distant idea how this connection is brought about, nor why the seals must be loosed that the visions may appear. Mr. Jenour says that "the successive opening of the seals implies that the act of taking possession would be gradual;" but we know of no analogy for this successive opening of the seals of a "title-deed" or this gradual taking possession of an inheritance. Nor does the interpretation given to the seals—as slaughter, famine, pestilence, and martyrdom—seem very like acts of taking possession: we should rather call them acts of resistance, instigated by Satan.

In some places we find our author strongly protesting against the idea of the sealed book being either a record of God's decrees or a book of prophecy. "All the difficulties, inconsistencies, and contradictions, and I might almost say puerilities, connected with the interpretation of this chapter, have arisen from regarding the sealed book as a book of prophecy—a register of future events" (i. 202). Yet, when interpreting the seals, he is obliged to fall back upon this very principle which he professes to repudiate. "This sealed book, although not primarily a book of prophecy, partakes of a prophetic character; and the loosing of its seals is made to mark *eras*, and to show the gradual steps by which the world is at length once again brought under obedience to its Lord, and also to make known some of the leading events in the corresponding periods of its secular history" (i. 213). We cannot for the life of us discover in what this differs from "regarding it as a book of prophecy."

We think that Mr. Jenour here concedes all that we require; for we have held it the most safe course to understand this book in the ordinary sense in which books are spoken of throughout (xx. 12; xxi. 27; Dan. vii. 10); and not in any singular or far-fetched sense. We believe it is meant to denote that all things are foreseen and provided for as precisely as if they had been recorded in a book: just as the Psalmist says—"In thy book all

my members were written when as yet there was none of them" (cxxxix. 10). And this foreknowledge, in the case before us, has a special reference to the spiritual condition of the Church, and to the judgments which would ensue in consequence of its several spiritual declensions: which judgments become more and more severe until they issue in the great day of wrath, which closes the present dispensation, to be immediately succeeded by the new heavens and new earth, or the reign of Christ and his saints.

Thus, we regard the opening of the seals, not as a gradual taking possession of the inheritance, but on the contrary as revealing further and further stages of apostasy in the Church, till at last the patience of the Lord being exhausted the sinners are all destroyed, and the earth itself is purified, to become the scite of the new Jerusalem which cometh down out of heaven with the Lord. The present dispensation does not slide by imperceptible degrees into the Millennium, but it ends in a catastrophe by which all the consequences of the fall are obliterated.

We regard the opening of the seals as marking *eras*, but *eras which succeed each other*; while Mr. Jenour regards the first four seals as co-existent, and for the most part contemporaneous, but affecting different parts of the earth; and while we hold it to be an indisputable and fundamental canon that all similar symbols in the same series ought to be interpreted in the same manner, and consequently that the four horsemen of the seals must be explained on one principle, Mr. Jenour gives a *personal* signification to the *first* horseman, making him to symbolize Christ, but gives an *abstract* meaning to the *other three*, making them to signify persecution, famine, and pestilence; and he understands the wild beasts to be "those heathen emperors who, with the fury of wild beasts, raged against the Christians."

"So that whilst the sword and the famine, &c., are to be understood literally, the *wild beasts* are to be taken in a figurative sense; but if so, then they will not be the attendants of any particular horseman, but accompany them all, committing slaughter and havoc in the Church during the whole period that war, pestilence, and famine, are desolating the empire" (i. 231).

Most of our readers will think this to be a very loose and random way of interpreting prophecy, and savouring rather of the Irish manner of taking possession of an inheritance. The truer method we believe to be that which we have mentioned on former occasions—namely, regarding the seals as the counterpart in the invisible or heavenly, to the things which are represented in the visible or earthly, condition of the Church by the seven epistles to the Churches of Asia; and as these epistles, in

their prophetic character, point to seven successive *eras* in the universal Church on the last of which we are about to enter, so the seven seals refer to *successive eras* exactly corresponding with those referred to in the epistles. The union subsisting between Christ and the Church is the point to be apprehended in both visions: in the first vision he is shown to be spiritually present with the Church on earth: in the second the Church is to be understood as spiritually risen with him and so capable of receiving those spiritual mysteries which he alone is worthy to impart, and which form the subject of the seven-sealed book.

Christ became head over all things to the Church, which is his body, at the ascension; for then he was made both Lord and Christ; and then the Father said to him—"Sit thou at my right hand until I make thy foes thy footstool" (Psal. cx). The work of subduing the enemies of Christ is attributed to the Father, and the work of Christ does not commence, in its proper and personal sense, until the second advent. This indisputable fact, if rightly pondered, is sufficient to refute the idea that there is any personal appearance of Christ in the visions of the Apocalypse until we come to that in the nineteenth chapter which represents the second advent.

But Christ at his ascension became participant of the counsels of the Father, and this is what is shown in the Lamb slain taking the book, and in that book the spiritual declensions are recorded which come to light in the visions of the seals, and which are the real causes of the overt acts which are reprov'd in the epistles to the Churches. And the difference between the actings of the Father and the Son is this—that all the secret and inscrutable operations of Providence are attributed to the Father, which the Son by incarnation being personally limited to one place, and that the right hand of God in the heavens, is not himself the agent in anything wrought in the Church, but effects it by the Holy Spirit. Yet while we thus postpone the *personal* presence of the Son till the time of the second advent, we may not deny his *spiritual* presence, for where two or three are met together in his name he is in the midst of them; and in all the operations both of the Father and of the Holy Ghost the Son is spiritually present, for the divine essence is incapable of division, and all spiritually partake in every act of each.

Yet as, to the idea of crucifixion, the incarnation is pre-supposed, and the Son alone became incarnate, though the Father and the Holy Spirit were consenting and co-operating in that mystery; so, in the formation of the mystical body of Christ, the Holy Spirit alone is the agent, properly speaking, though the Father and the Son are consenting and co-operating therein;

because the Spirit proceeds from the Father and the Son; and as the Holy Spirit has the Church for his sphere of action and not the world, so that providence by which the world is secretly governed during Christ's absence is to be attributed to the Father, in whom we live and move and have our being; for Christ hath not taken his own throne as yet (Rev. iii. 21). And when he cometh it is as King of kings and Lord of lords (xix. 16).

As there is no contradiction to St. Paul in the epistle of St. James, where he maintains the necessity of showing in outward conduct that the faith which we profess to hold is not mere profession, but is a ruling principle influencing the whole life, so in the seven epistles to the Churches in Asia external witness borne by the Church to the world is the subject brought before us; while the spiritual condition of the Church upon which its external witness depends—its standing in the sight of God who searcheth the heart—is the subject of the sealed book. The book is sealed to show that it is a mystery known only to God: it is opened by Christ not only as head of the Church, but because the Father loveth the Son and sheweth him all things that himself doeth (John v. 20); and hath given him authority to execute judgment also, because he is the Son of Man (27). And God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things—yea, the deep things of God (1 Cor. ii. 10). So that St. John, who was in the spirit on the Lord's day, is a type and representative of the Church; and the condition of the Church, both external and internal, being shown in these two visions, both of which are in the hands of Christ himself who is the head of the Church, the following visions foreshow the judgments which follow upon these several declensions in the Church, and these visions therefore are not in the hands of Christ, but are committed to angels or other inferior ministers, and St. John himself sometimes takes part, as in measuring the temple (xi.)

The disagreement among commentators on the Apocalypse arises chiefly from their not having fixed principles of interpretation to begin with, and so settled in their minds as to be adhered to consistently throughout the whole book. We should lay it down as a principle that the Revelation, being given to Christ in the first instance, relates primarily to him and the Church: consequently, it is not of any importance for the interpretation to ascertain at what time St. John received it from Christ. Christ no doubt received it from the Father at his ascension—the Revelation no doubt contained the whole of the Christian dispensation, and Christ made known the whole of this Revelation to St. John.

The visions, by means of which this Revelation is imparted to us, are but the machinery whereby the things to be done are made known to our limited capacities; and as the occurrences were many of them simultaneous—some relating to the Church alone, some to the world in its bearing on the Church—so things thus complicated could only be rendered intelligible to us by each class of subjects being made the matter for a separate vision. The Church itself has three aspects: it may be regarded as the temple of God in which Christ dwells by his Spirit fulfilling the promise—Lo, I am with you always; or it may be regarded as spiritually risen with him and seated in heavenly places; or it may be his witness to the world and so preparing the way of his second coming. And the powers of the world have three aspects towards the Church: either being heathen and persecuting, or being Christian and secularizing it; or as being used by a worldly and apostate Church for oppressing the saints under pretence of doing God service.

The class of subjects to which each vision belongs is shown in two ways—first, by the place in which the vision is seen; secondly, by the parties who are actors in it. Christ's presence with the Church is shown to be the subject of the first vision by the scene being laid on earth, where Christ is represented as walking in the midst of the golden candlesticks. Our spiritual communion with the risen and glorified head of the Church is shown in the second vision where the scene is laid in heaven, and the book is taken in hand by Christ and he opens the seals. The holy place outside of the veil was the place where the golden altar stood and where the daily worship was conducted by the priests; and this is the scene of the next vision, and the trumpets are in the hands of angels—showing that this vision has public worship and the ritual for its subject, and that the sins which bring on these judgments are setting aside the intercession and sanctioning idolatry; and at the eleventh chapter St. John is introduced as the actor, prophecy before kings and people: therefore this is a republication of the Gospel in the midst of an unbelieving world ripening fast for the final judgment.

These two criteria, of the place where the vision is seen and the agents who take part in it, serve to classify the visions of the Apocalypse under seven distinct heads, each of these classes being distinguished from the rest either by its different locality or by the different parties who act in it and are affected by it. The first class is that of the seven epistles: its place is consequently the earth, and they are dictated by Christ himself, who is represented as if walking in the midst of them and holding

the angels or bishops in his right hand. The second class is that of the sealed book opened in heaven by Christ : therefore having reference to heavenly or spiritual things, and to such as having the name of Christ upon them should be spiritually risen with him (Col. iii. 1), should have their conversation in heaven (Phil. iii. 20). The third class consists of the trumpets and they are blown by angels, and not in the holy of holies where the ark and mercy-seat stood, and which was the symbol of heaven ; but they are blown outside the veil, in front of the golden altar of incense, in the place where the daily worship was conducted : therefore they denote judgments upon the priesthood for sins against the altar of intercession and in matters of external worship. These sins answer very nearly in character to the sin of the golden calf which was committed by Aaron in the absence of Moses, who had been taken up into the mount of God, as St. John was taken up into heaven to behold the visions of the seals ; and historically it refers to the time when apostles having been removed the Church declined greatly from the primitive faith. The fourth class has for its scene the outer court, trodden down of the Gentiles (xi. 2) ; and it therefore applies to the Church as being set for a witness to the world, and experiencing tribulation as its consequence (John xvi. 33). St. John now is brought into action as the representative of vitality and power, in the Church as a body, apart from its organization ; and this is shown in his receiving, as it were, a fresh commission, and being told that he must prophesy *again* before many peoples, and nations, and tongues, and kings (x. ii). Yet it is only a republication of that which had been preached at the beginning, but had either been forgotten or corrupted ; and that it is not new is shown by the little book which he eats being an open book ; and as the chief characteristic of the Reformation was an open Bible, and an appeal to primitive doctrine against an ignorant and corrupt generation, the application is very striking ; while the abuse of private judgment, which has led some into heresy and others into the breach of charity, may be signified by the bitterness that followed the sweetness which had been first experienced. But an open Bible will lead to retrospection, and point the Church back to the primitive ages, and to the early history of the Church, as the only true basis of reform. There is no new religion to be brought out—it is a revival of primitive Christianity ; for the Church from first to last is one ; and, therefore, both in the history of the Church in the twelfth chapter, and of the beast in the thirteenth, there is a return to the foundation of the Church and of the Roman power, although these chapters belong to the visions of the Reformation class.

With the fourteenth chapter a very distinct class of visions is brought in, which are so complicated, by being made up of former visions and referring to past events, as to require the most careful consideration; for the Lamb, which in the vision of the sealed book was seen in *heaven*, is now seen on Mount Zion; and the hundred and forty-four thousand who were sealed on *earth* in the seventh chapter are now seen together with the Lamb on Mount Zion, as if heaven and earth were now brought together; and the everlasting Gospel, which formed the chief subject of the Reformation vision, is preached again; and Babylon, the great city where the witnesses were slain, is denounced; and the beast from the bottomless pit, by which they were slain, is judged; and the great day of wrath of the seventh seal and seventh trumpet arrives.

The only true solution of all these difficulties is to be found in regarding this series of visions (xiv.-xviii.) as having reference to the first resurrection, and the translation of the saints who are caught up to meet the Lord in the air (1 Thess. iv. 17), as the first act of the day of the Lord (1 Cor. xv. 23); a deliverance of which that of Lot was the type, as the destruction of Sodom was the type of the destruction which shall fall on Babylon (2 Pet. ii. 6, Jude 7, Rev. xi. 8); and in this day of the Lord the harvest and vintage of the prophet (Joel iii. 13) are both included; but our Lord, in his parables, mentions only the harvest, because his parables are meant for the instruction of the Church; and after the harvest there will be no Church left on the earth; for our Lord tells us, "the harvest is the end of the world" (Matt. xiii. 39), when he shall sever the wicked from among the just; and then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. The harvest is thus the gathering of the good seed or the wheat into the heavenly garner; when the tares, which represent the followers of Antichrist, are gathered by the dragon and beast and false prophet (Rev. xvi. 13) to be destroyed at the coming of the Lord, which is the subject of the next vision.

The Christian dispensation, or the dispensation of the Spirit, began at Christ's departure; for he said, If I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you (John xvi. 7); and in the translation of the saints the dispensation of the Spirit terminates; for all those in whom the Spirit dwelt are then taken to their Lord; and this is the preparation of the bride, the Lamb's wife, or the heavenly Jerusalem; for before the wine-press is trodden—before Christ comes to destroy his enemies (Rev. xix. 11)—it is written (ver. 7) the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. All that are Christ's are taken to

himself before the vintage of wrath. In the time of trouble he shall hide them in his pavilion, in the secret of his tabernacle, until the calamity be overpast (Psalms xxvii. lvii.).

Our Lord's coming to judgment bringing his saints with him forms the subject of the sixth class of visions, occupying only the nineteenth chapter; and the seventh class is the judgment itself, and the new heavens and new earth, and the coming down of the heavenly Jerusalem and the Millennium, which is also the commencement of the eternal state to all those who have part in the first resurrection; for they are for ever with the Lord (1 Thess. iv. 17).

For interpreting the separate visions of the Apocalypse, the first principle which we must lay down and settle in our minds is this—that it is a symbolical book from first to last, and that the true meaning can only be apprehended by taking everything symbolically and nothing literally. Christ does not literally walk in the midst of the Churches: he is seated at the right hand of the Father until the second advent. As the candlesticks are symbols, so his appearance in the midst of them is symbolical, and denotes his presence by the Holy Spirit, the other Comforter; yet it is his Spirit, who takes of the things of Christ and showing them to us. Much less may any of the other angelic appearances be regarded as the personal presence of Christ: they are only so many representations of the stages of development in the mystery of the kingdom. When opening the sealed book in heaven, where, if anywhere, he would most unquestionably appear in his personal form, there he appears under the symbol of a Lamb slain. We are, therefore, sure that on all minor occasions the appearances are symbolical; and when he shall come again at the second advent it will not be riding on a white horse, as represented in the nineteenth chapter; but it will be in the clouds of heaven, in power, and great glory—in his own glory and the Father's glory and with the holy angels.

Consequently, the book in the right hand of him who sat on the throne is not literally a sealed book; and it is idle to waste time in enquiring what was its form, or how it was sealed and opened, or to ask how much of the following visions it contained. The rational way of looking at it is to bear in mind that the future is as fully known to God as if it had already become historic fact and were already written in a book; and that this future is known only to God, and is sealed up from human apprehension, but has been made known to Christ and is by him imparted through these symbols to the Church. It is only the representation in vision of that which is declared in

the first words of the book; that God has given the Revelation to Jesus Christ, and that he has sent his angel to signify or make known by signs this Revelation to his servant John.

Much less need we enquire whether the visions of the seals were either written in words or painted in pictures in the book; for it is manifest neither the one nor the other was the case. The visions are outstanding apparitions, and have no other connection with the book than that of following in succession the opening of the several seals; and the first four, which are the most striking as being impersonations in living forms who have acts to do, seem to be called up by the voices of the four living creatures, each one of whom says "Come," as if to the vision—not "Come and see," as if addressing St. John.

And it is very important not to confound symbols which have different names in Greek when they happen to have the same name in English. *Stephanos* and *Diadema*, for instance, are both translated *crown*; but the first is the laurel garland given to the victor in the public games—the last is the royal crown worn by the eastern kings. The *stephanos* occurs times without number in the New Testament, as 1 Cor. ix. 25, Rev. ii. 10, iii. 11, xii. 1. The *diadema* only occurs three times—first, as applied to Satan the prince of this world (Rev. xii. 3); secondly, to the Roman beast, to whom Satan delegated his own power (xiii. 1-2); thirdly, to Christ (xix. 12), when he wrests this power out of the hands of the kings of the earth, and takes his own throne as King of kings and Lord of lords.

Some have even carried the confusion of symbols still further by not distinguishing between those which belong to very different subjects, having been misled by perceiving that they have some features in common. Thus the dragon (xii.), which is so expressly declared to be a symbol of Satan, has been by some confounded with the Roman beast of xiii. or xvii. on no other ground than that they all have seven heads and ten horns. They are distinguished from each other in many respects. The dragon is seen in heaven: the beast of xiii. rises from the sea: that of xvii. from the bottomless pit: therefore, their origin is different. Then the dragon has its heads crowned; the first beast has crowns on its horns; the last neither on the heads nor horns. The bodily form of the dragon is exchanged for the composite form of a leopard, bear, and lion, in the second beast; which, instead of crowns, has upon its heads the name of blasphemy (xiii. 1, 2); but the last beast has a scarlet-coloured body full of names of blasphemy (xvii. 3). The dragon gives his own power and seat and great authority to the Roman beast (xiii. 2); and the giver and receiver can-

not be the same. And the last beast is cast into the lake of fire a thousand years before Satan (xix. 20, xx. 10): therefore, they cannot be the same. And their principles are shown to be different by the three unclean spirits which come out of the mouth of the dragon, and beast, and false prophet, which are spirits of devils, working miracles (xvi. 14): they are all evil, but their methods of delusion are of three different kinds, though all diabolical; and, therefore, all traceable ultimately to Satan, the father of lies.

Some of our readers may think it superfluous to point out distinctions which appear so obvious and palpable as these, but it is quite necessary; for Mr. Jenour begins his remarks on the beast of the seventeenth chapter by saying—"The generality of modern commentators, and Mr. Elliott in particular, identify this beast with that of the thirteenth chapter" (ii. 261); and he makes Mr. Faber and Mr. Frere almost the only exceptions. He says also that he was "once disposed to acquiesce in the opinion of the absolute identity of these beasts;" but that further consideration has convinced him that they do not symbolise one and the same thing. Yet it would seem that too much of this former opinion still cleaves to Mr. Jenour; for he thus proceeds:—

"I am inclined, then, to think that the seven-headed dragon, the triple formed beast from the sea, and this scarlet-coloured beast, all represent, as to its *primary origin* and the seat of its power, one and the same empire—that is to say, that mighty fabric of secular dominion which was founded by Romulus seven hundred years before our Lord's advent; and which, by the appointment of God, was to exercise so powerful an influence over the destinies of mankind to the end of time" (ii. 262).

This shows that the different localities of the visions—heaven, the sea, and the bottomless pit—have been disregarded. For the visions in heaven relate to things viewed in the abstract, or things which are spiritual, whether good or evil. But the sea denotes the tumultuous agitations of the people out of which the Roman empire arose at that time *when it appears on the scene in the visions of the Apocalypse*. And the bottomless pit denotes that baseless or infidel state of society out of which the last Antichrist shall arise—a condition of things which gave rise to the French Revolution at the beginning of this century, it being only a type or foreshadowing of the things which are about to come into manifestation we know not how soon.

And since the visions of the Apocalypse are clearly a resumption of those in Daniel, and the Roman empire is unquestionably the fourth of Daniel's beasts, and has these same

characteristics of seven heads and ten horns in both cases, we may not carry the Roman empire in the Apocalypse further back than the place which it occupies in the visions of Daniel—that is, it must be treated as *the fourth* of the monarchies, or as succeeding to the Grecian, which was the third. It cannot possibly be carried back to an earlier period than B.C. 168, when Perseus, the last of the Macedonian kings, was conquered by the Romans; and, as we think, ought to be dated from B.C. 133, when Pergamos, which was “Satan’s seat” (Rev. ii. 13), was taken possession of by the Romans. The seat of Satan’s power was certainly in those preceding monarchies until that time, but Satan himself is given, as it were, by anticipation, the heads and horns of the Roman beast, by way of showing the continuity of his power and influence; since it is under the fourth beast that it finds the principal means of displaying itself and is also brought to an end.

Nor can it be too often repeated, for it is necessary continually to bear it in mind, that the beast is the secular power of Rome, and not Rome ecclesiastical: it is, however, the Papacy so far as the secular power has been usurped or intruded on by the Pope. But Rome ecclesiastical is represented—first, by the blaspheming mouth of the beast (Rev. xiii. 6); secondly, by the woman riding the beast (xvii. 5); thirdly, by the false prophet doing miracles before him (xix. 20); who, together with the beast, is cast into the lake of fire at the coming of the Lord. And the beast, or Rome secular, undergoes four forms during the time we speak of. It was imperial in St. John’s day, and continued in this form till the deposition of Augustulus A.D. 476, when the imperial head was wounded to death. It was recovered by Justinian only to be put in abeyance under the Pope, which was its second form. It rose from the earth at the French Revolution in the third form, represented as the Lamb with two horns (xiii. 11); and its fourth form is as the beast from the bottomless pit, who both destroys Babylon or the Papacy and slays the witnesses; and who is called *the fourth*, as well as the beast from the bottomless pit, in destroying the witnesses (Rev. xi. 7), in the Alexandrian manuscript.

Mr. Jenour says “that these three beasts represent the same secular dominion only under different aspects and phases. All three are a persecuting power opposed to Christ and his people. The dragon is that power in Pagan Rome: the beast from the sea is that power in the nominally Christian Roman empire established by the Kings of France and the Popes;

and the beast from the abyss is still essentially that same power, only different in form and circumstances."

We think that this ought to be put in just the contrary way; for they are three beasts of different origin and surrounded by different classes of symbols, although they have some features in common. Their origin is as different as are the heaven, the sea, and the abyss: they appear in three distinct chapters which treat of different subjects; and between the beast from the sea and the beast from the abyss two other beasts intervene, as well as the pouring out of the vials, which events work such great changes in the materials to be wrought upon as would render the former agencies impracticable or ineffectual: the men of the first century and of the nineteenth are so unlike that their symbolical representations must differ.

We believe that the twelfth chapter is meant to intimate the various spiritual agencies which were at work previous to the Christian dispensation; and we take it as an admitted fact that the power of Satan was far greater before Christ came than after that epoch; for our Lord says, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven" (Luke x. 18). "Now is the judgment of this world: now is the prince of this world cast out" (John xii. 31). And this abridgement of the power of Satan shown in the silencing of the oracles, and the less frequent demoniacal possessions and various other ways, is symbolically represented by the war in heaven (Rev. xii. 7); and the casting down of Satan to the earth where he makes war with the remnant of faithful ones who keep the commandments of God and have the testimony of Jesus Christ. Then, in the thirteenth chapter, we are shown by what instruments it is that this warfare of Satan is conducted, the very same words being used of these beasts; for, of the first it is said that they worshipped both the beast and the dragon that gave power to the beast, saying, "Who is able to make war with him?" (xiii. 4). Of the second it is said, "It was given unto him to make war with the saints" (7); therefore, given by the dragon. Of the third it is said, "He exerciseth all the power of the first beast before him" (12); deriving it consequently from the dragon. And of the fourth beast it is said that he shall make war with the Lamb (xvii. 14); and his kindred with Satan is shown by his rising from the bottomless pit, into which Satan is cast to be shut up during the Millennium" (xx. 3).

Satan had been the instigator of the oppression of the Jewish people, under the four Gentile monarchies, before the coming of Christ; and it is shown that this was the case with the fourth of these by the dragon of the twelfth chapter

giving his power to the Roman beast of the thirteenth chapter; and the number of the beast in this its first and most characteristic form is 666; which is as much as to say that the Roman power supplanted the Grecian or third Gentile monarchy 666 years before the rise of the Papal power, the continuance of which Papal oppression is declared in so many forms to endure for 1260 years. This oppression manifestly begins (xiii. 5), where the mouth of the beast has power given unto him to continue forty-two months of thirty days each. The third form of the Roman beast differs from both of the preceding in rising from the earth, and in having two horns like a lamb (xiii. 11); but he exerciseth all the power of the first beast. And the fourth is mysteriously associated with the first and the third as an object of wonder to mankind, "when they behold the beast that was, and is not, and yet is" (xvii. 8). And of these two last forms we can only say that it is probable they will come to an end in 1868; for we think that Mr. Frere is right in maintaining that the 1335 years of Dan. xii. 12, have the same commencement with the 1260 years of xii. 7; vii. 25; and Rev. xiii. 5.

Mr. Jenour regards the beast from the earth (xiii. 11) as the false prophet, which appears to us an idea quite untenable; for this beast is declared to be in possession of the same power as the first beast, which Mr. Jenour allows to be secular dominion; and the false prophet must symbolise an apostate Church. The last beast becomes the destroyer of Babylon, or the Papacy, which, when he first appears, he makes a sort of pageant with, as a woman clothed in scarlet, borne about in state (xvii. 3). And the false prophet is one of the instruments in gathering the Antichristian hosts to the last great day of God Almighty (xvi. 13-14). But from this separate work of the three, as well as from the prophet being found associated with the beast at last, and being cast together with him into the lake of fire, they are co-existent (xix. 20). On all these accounts it seems to us quite evident that the false prophet symbolizes that priesthood of Antichrist which will assist him in endeavouring to set up the new species of idolatry spoken of (Dan. xi. 36; 2 Thess. ii.) after Popery is destroyed.

For the coming of this last son of perdition is declared to be "after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders." Therefore, Satan will be assistant to the beast in giving secular power to him, and assistant to the false prophet in lying wonders. And the cause of the strong delusion to which men shall be given up to believe these lies is assigned: they "believed not

the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." They are spoken of also as "them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ" (2 Thess. i. 8), showing that it is through the circulation of the Scriptures and the knowledge of the truths which they impart that men shall be delivered; and, accordingly, before the destruction of Babylon, an angel is sent forth, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people—saying, with a loud voice, "Fear God and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come" (Rev. xiv. 7).

On the importance of the present epoch—on the necessity of making immediate preparation for the coming of the Lord—Mr. Jenour is in agreement with Mr. Elliott, and with nearly all the best interpreters of the Apocalypse. This is, in fact, the great practical question; and, if we are agreed on this, it matters but little by what steps we have been brought to this agreement; and, having thought it our duty to express dissent from several of the propositions held by our author in the course of our examination, we have pleasure in extracting his concluding paragraph, in which we can cordially agree:—

"He that testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Three times is this testimony repeated within the compass of a few verses. Surely, then, there must be something more in this coming than is commonly supposed. Why, I again ask, this frequent repetition? Why are we so constantly reminded that the time of the Lord's coming is at hand if that coming be only figurative—if it be a coming only in the enlargement of the Church and the increase of true religion? No; it cannot be thus. The spirit of truth would never have employed language which, in its plain and obvious meaning, would lead us to look upon the day of Christ's coming as ushering in an event at once the most momentous, most glorious, and most joyful that has ever taken place since the foundation of the world, if that coming were nothing more than a gradual extension of Gospel light. Every Christian, indeed, must rejoice in the progress of truth, and it is delightful to contemplate the probability of a general diffusion of the knowledge of God amongst all nations of the earth; but this is not an event which seems in any sense or degree to correspond with the solemn announcement—'Surely I come quickly.' Centuries, it is true, have elapsed since this announcement was first made, nor is it yet fulfilled; and the scoffer may begin to say, 'Where are the signs of his coming?' But we should always remember that words of time have a very different import in the mouth of the

infinite Jehovah from what they have when used by us, his finite creatures. To him, with whom a thousand years are as one day, centuries are as minutes. He looks on the future as we look on the past. To his infinite mind, grasping eternity and all events and things belonging to it, a thousand or ten thousand years are but as a short parenthesis in that boundless duration which has neither beginning nor end. And even as addressed to us short-lived creatures, who measure our age by years and days, the declaration—‘Behold I come *quickly*,’ is still true; for *quick* will that coming be in comparison of the eternal duration which shall succeed it—*quick* also will it be as compared with the four thousand years, or more, which preceded the first coming: and, which is perhaps the true sense, *quickly* will it follow upon the accomplishment of the other prophecies contained in this book. To attempt to fix the precise point beyond which the second advent cannot be delayed is, indeed, unwarrantable presumption; but to treat the subject with supercilious indifference is little less than avowed Infidelity. Does not that disposition so generally prevalent, to regard the coming of Christ to judge the world as indefinitely distant, argue an unwillingness to think of his coming at all? Do we thus usually put off in thought to as distant a period as possible those events the arrival of which we earnestly desire and long for? Reader—examine the state of your own feelings on this subject. Are *you* waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ (1 Cor. i. 7)? Do you love his appearing (2 Tim. iv. 8)? Are you looking for it as that blessed hope (Tit. ii. 13), the fulfilment of which shall be the beginning of eternal glory, the consummation of your joy? Remember the solemn prophetic enquiry of your Divine Master—‘When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?’ Whatever may be your opinions on those points of theory and speculation in regard to which even the best and wisest men are not agreed, see at least that your feelings in respect to the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ accord with those of the beloved apostle, and that in reply to the announcement, ‘BEHOLD, I COME QUICKLY,’ you may be able to respond with heartfelt earnestness, ‘AMEN; EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS!’ (ii. 376).

ART VII.—*A History of the Romans under the Empire.* By CHARLES MERIVALE, B.D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Two Vols. London: Longmans.

THE history of all nations in all periods presents a somewhat similar and in many points an almost identical aspect, for the plain reason that the individual components in the social organization, men, resemble one another in their passions and character all over the globe and in all times. The most absorbing affection of the human soul is a selfish desire of superiority and domination; and hence, in every state, the one party which from conquest or other circumstances has obtained the upper hand is prone to tyranny, and strives to maintain and even to extend its sway; whilst, on the other hand, the depressed section of the community as instinctively labours to rise to an equality of rights; and, if it succeed in the attempt, becomes in its turn the aggressor and strains after the ascendancy. But, at the same time that this must be acknowledged to be the result of man's mental constitution, it is equally certain that his happiness depends on these native tendencies being kept under due check and control; and just in proportion as selfishness yields to philanthropy, and the seeking individual or class advantages is merged in higher and more beneficent aims, the community is blessed both with stability and expansive progress—in other words, the spirit of Christianity is necessary to moderate and to direct human passions and energies. Under all the different modifications of social elements and of government it is this truth which is most distinctly to be recognized as the grand lesson impressed on the mind by the diversified records of political movements and their effects.

The history of ancient Rome abundantly exemplifies this momentous doctrine. On perusing it the contest is found for a long time to be confined to the city—Rome itself: and the patricians and plebeians—the *populus* and the *plebs*—continue the violent and protracted struggle of opposing interests until at length the narrow pale of aristocratic privileges, after gradual enlargement, is done away, and the previously depressed class elevated to a level with the old burghers in law, religion, and political rights. This consolidation of two peoples into one opens an era of rapid military successes by which the empire of the city on the seven hills is extended throughout Italy. Hence spring new external relations, which after a time compel an internal development adapted to the change; and, as the outer circle of dominion has been greatly widened, the inner

circle of those possessing the rights of citizenship receives a qualified extension by the Latins being annexed to the Roman republic in subordinate communion. What had before been a battle between those holding a different political *status* now shifts into the antagonism of the rich and the poor. The contested point is supplied by the *ager publicus* or common lands of the State, which the wealthy with the strong hand of power have succeeded in monopolizing; although their equal partition among both patricians and plebeians—the old terms being retained in reminiscence of the ancient feud after a cessation of the civil distinction—had been enacted by the Licinian rogations. The peculiarities of the *Jus Latii*, according to which those who have discharged certain local magistracies are enrolled in a plebeian tribe and admitted to plenary privileges as Roman citizens, together with indulgencies which the patricians found it to their own advantage to connive at, have had the effect of forming an aristocratic, or, as we may say, *Tory* nucleus in the Latin municipal towns; and from this source more fuel is flung on the glowing embers of contention. The Gracchi head the popular movement, propose and carry fresh agrarian laws, and thus win the day, although themselves perish in the strife. But the agitation does not subside—the inefficiency of the agrarian enactments continues to be complained of; and the poor citizens strengthen their cause by linking it with that of the Italians, who are beginning to clamour for admission to civic rights. The social war ensues—the fortune of Rome triumphs; but each nation, as it successively submits, is presented with the required boon and adopted into the Roman State. Thus the shadow of the seven hills of Rome and of the city walls ceases to be the limit of civil immunities; and about the year 88, B.C., the sea-line of the entire peninsula is substituted as the geographical boundary of the franchise.*

After such a political consummation had been effected under the auspices of Marius a re-action supervenes by the triumph of the antagonist and aristocratical party headed by Sylla. In fact the recent changes have not been unaccompanied with some startling ill results; among which the most prominent is that Rome has been converted into the vortex to which the dirt and fæculence of Italy are collected from all quarters in hurried and overflowing tide, the natural consequence of representative

* It must not be forgotten, however, that "the acquisition of the metropolitan involved the relinquishment of the local franchise;" and was, therefore, declined by some States.

government being unknown. Sylla's sword falls with keen edge on his foes, decimates the Italians, and sweeps away the popular chieftains. He prosecutes his political measures with great vigour: he enfranchises a multitude of soldiers and slaves who are intended to act as a counterpoise against the Italian nations: he sensibly abridges the tribunician power which had grown excessive, and re-establishes the senate in place of the equites on the judicial benches; but with much practical skill does not venture to tamper farther with the Marian constitution. On Sylla's abdication of the dictatorship the national difficulties very shortly prove to have been greatly augmented by the spirit of exclusiveness and adherence to old abuses which mark his retrograde policy. Injustice and cruelty towards the tributary States are the characteristics of Roman dominion as well as the prolific source of social degeneracy; and the oppressed provinces are left to groan under the extortionate avarice of successive proconsuls who have to repair dilapidated fortunes by the plunder of Syria or Spain; and whose single object in the administration is to accomplish the greatest possible rapine in the smallest possible period of time. Sylla's reforms have clipt the wings of the democracy; but left the patricians, like so many falcons, to pounce on what prey they may. The humbled Marian party does not succumb without a renewal of the struggle; and the flame of war communicates itself extensively. Spain rises to arms under the leadership of Sertorius; whilst in the East the King of Pontus, the most potent and bitter enemy of Rome, makes common cause with the races of Asia Minor, as well as with the Marian hero of Iberia. In addition to these causes of commotion the Cilician corsairs infest the Mediterranean; and in Italy itself a handful of fugitive gladiators, whose numbers accumulate by the turbulent and desperate flocking from all sides to their standard, carry terror to the gates of Rome. There is one man who in each of these emergencies proves the deliverer of his country, or at least is applauded as such by the voice of fame—this is Cn. Pompey, who had been styled the "Great" in anticipation by the dictator Sylla, and by such a title would seem to have been designated as his successor in guiding the destinies of the patrician oligarchy and maintaining their oppressive ascendancy.

A brief sketch such as the preceding is necessary in order to understand the state of parties and the subjects of dispute at the point of time when the grand drama of the Roman revolution, by which the imperial displaced the republican form of government, is opened. But, before entering into the narrative, it is important to present the reader with a hasty picture

of the social and moral condition of the conquerors of the world at the crisis under review.

In the first place, Rome at this critical conjuncture offers to our survey two sides or phases as different as two extremes must always be, and yet, regarded in another light, materially similar. Whilst luxury and destitution—colossal fortunes and abject beggary—palaces and hovels, range side by side, vice is the common attribute of the aggrandised and impoverished classes alike. In the year of Sylla's death the most magnificent private edifice up to that date ever beheld in Rome was erected; but within so short a space as thirty-five years its splendour is related to have been eclipsed by no fewer than a hundred mansions. Not only at Rome, but by the sea-side in places of fashionable resort, superb villas were every day rising in glittering groups with a rapidity that seemed marvellous. All the appliances of luxury and refinement—baths, xysta, handsome porticos of such a length as to be measured by ten-foot rods, and situated so as to catch the cool breezes in the summer or collect the rays of the sun in the winter—rendered these dwellings acceptable to their delicate and fastidious owners. Inside their walls, what might be regarded as the trophies of the subject provinces, but were really the fruits of plunder and extortion—marbles, vases, paintings, statues—were displayed in exhaustless profusion, and implied that the collected wealth of the possessors exceeded all bounds. Without the area of the dwelling, extensive gardens, adorned with grottoes and hallowed with temples, spread over a considerable space of the hills of Rome, or fringed the myrtle shores of Baiæ or Naples. In some of the meadows, on which the apartments looked out, sheep might be seen feeding, with their wool dyed various colours to please the taste of the day, which, as is usual in a vicious community, had a predilection for the artificial and was less able to relish nature. The remains of vast aqueducts, which excite the astonishment of modern travellers, intersecting the soil of ancient Latium, attest the solicitude with which the Romans provided for the capital of the world an abundant water supply; and from huge reservoirs the stream was often conducted at great expense to suburban fish-ponds, where the indolent nobles consumed much of their time in watching the bearded mullets rise at the sound of the voice or the pipe and swim towards the extended hand. One of those, the applause of whose eloquence had often been echoed in the forum, Hortensius, received from Pompey the nickname of Xerxes Togatus, because he had cut through a mountain in order to introduce salt water into his fish-preserves. To obtain the

amusement of fishing without the labour which commonly attends sports, the marine villas were frequently built on a shelving sea beach ; and the luxurious owners reclined on their sofas, with some of the effeminate and wanton verses of the period at their elbows, and cast the fishing-line from the windows of their chamber. At high-tide these elegant mansions, decorated with marble columns, and which for their magnificence might have passed for temples enshrining pleasure, appeared to be floating on the surface of the sea.

The lives of the inmates was in true keeping with the sumptuous exterior of their residences. Delicate fastidiousness in viands seemed to have reached its climax. One Roman attained celebrity by being the first to serve up a peacock at his table : another by having commended the sturgeon to the appreciation of connoisseurs. And as meal followed soon upon meal, and the preceding repast had been ample and long protracted, it was a general custom, which even statesmen and generals were not unwilling to imitate, to unload the stomach and procure a fresh appetite by recourse to an emetic. The effeminate aristocratic youth were attentive to their personal appearance ; and, as if the beauty of manhood consisted in a resemblance to the fair sex, not only tinged their eye-lids with paint, but carefully eradicated every vestige of hair from the cheeks. Wealth had been poured into the one great city of the world in almost incredible exuberance : fortunes were rapidly acquired ; and, as a necessary consequence, a turn for speculation and gambling became widely diffused, and a fling of the dice transferred immense landed possessions or a whole storehouse of treasures. Such an impetus had been given to commerce, and the influx of riches from the provinces was so accumulated, that the value of money is stated to have become depreciated by one-half.* The appendages of a monied epoch were not slow in making their appearance ; and some even of the nobles played the part of the most unscrupulous usurers, and amassed immense sums by lending out money to spend-thrifts at sixty per cent., or even upwards. Everything ere long became venal. Money was found to purchase the verdict of the judges and the suffrages of the mob, to command the services of a host of clients, and to enlist armies ; and hence it became the engrossing object of quest and the chief title to distinction and favour. Birth, rank, and virtue, sank before the fascination of a more tangible standard ; and, as to be poor was to be infamous, so opulence at once attracted notice with-

* See "*Dio Cassius*," ii. p. 459 ; and "*Orosius*," vi. 19.

out any regard being directed to the means, however sordid or iniquitous, by which the universal desideratum had been attained. As the key to every dignity and honour in Rome was golden, only pettiness in crime fell under contempt and suffered punishment, because its profits were too scanty to conciliate dislike and buy off justice. Thus, the Roman patrician was eager to pass through the civic gradations of quæstor, ædile, prætor, and finally consul, in order to fly at length with fell swoop on the proconsular prey of an opulent province to defray his debts and build his fortunes. If such schemes failed, and home was destined to be the scene of his vices, the glittering prize money was attempted to be won by paying court to a richly dowered widow; or what, at an epoch when matrimony was loathed, had even stronger charms, by flattering and caressing a wealthy and sickly old bachelor. A bishop of our own Church, in a brief review of the vices of Rome at this period of its grandeur, can only feebly parallel them by the false standards and luxurious excesses of our own country in the nineteenth century.*

On the other hand, if the nobles luxuriated in the dissipation of Rome, or practised similar vices, and gathered plunder on an enormous scale in their miniature court in one of the provinces, the mob of the forum, although destitute, was not less debauched. The free trade in corn has been represented by the eminent historian Alison as the cause of the decline of agriculture among the Romans, and in consequence of their degeneracy from those hardy virtues and manly habits which are in close association with rural life. But the evil, universally allowed, had its origin in the structure and framework of Roman society. The slaves alone tilled the fields, working in gangs, loaded with chains, and with the brand of their condition on their foreheads. A drove of slaves would continually pass along the streets with their naked feet, in order to be exposed for sale by the "*mango*," who slapped their breasts with his hand, to prove that they were sound in health, with as little compunction as the Yankee slave-dealer would do the same now-a-days in one of the Carolinas. A multitude of slaves was the invariable adjunct of wealth: the institution of slavery was defended on principle by the greatest philosophers; and the total number of the slave population preponderated above that of the free-born in a startling ratio. It was a familiar image with classical writers to represent the State as a ship ploughing its way on the uncertain ocean; but such was

* Horsley's Sermon XII., on "the New Commandment."

the social condition both of the Greek and Roman republics that the vessel of the State would have been most fitly described as rocked on the billows and never safe from the tempests of servile fury. Hence, since to toil in the fields or engage in any honest handicraft was the badge of servitude, the free-born citizen deemed any employment of these kinds degrading in the extreme. The routine in the life of the city mob was the halfpenny bath, a lounge in the forum or porticoes of the temples, scrambling for the patron's dole, waiting with the ticket for the public gift of bread, abetting the cause of some popular candidate for a magistracy, and, what gave a zest to existence, the excitement of the circus and amphitheatre. It is quite plain that the political crisis which we are considering demanded very strongly, among other remedial measures, some scheme for bringing the votes of the provinces to countervail the revolutionary feelings and demoralized tendencies of this needy and indolent mob of the forum.

It thus appears that rich and poor alike, distant as they were from one another in external circumstances, were closely assimilated in all those vices which a total absence of moral principle and a long course of indolence necessarily produce. But, whilst virtuous energy was precluded and honest industry only attracted ridicule, the ferocious passions were kept in full exercise by a long series of civil wars and the gladiatorial shows with which the aspirants for office amused the populace. Both when Marius and when Sylla triumphed, the streets of Rome ran with the blood of the most eminent citizens. The amphitheatre contained in its vast expanse no fewer than 150,000 spectators, who from the ascending tiers of seats gazed on horrid conflicts—at one time between brute animals and yet more brutal men—at another time of man against man; and, whilst they clamoured their admiration of skill and courage, or doomed by raising the thumb a fallen gladiator who had shown less daring and alacrity to die, learnt to sport with human life and contracted an eager relish for scenes of bloodshed. The taste which the sights of the amphitheatre inflamed was naturally extended to the arena of every day life; and, whilst burglars abounded, assassins were equally numerous. In the neighbourhood of Rome no one of rank or wealth, who had any value for his life, would venture to journey without a guard of servants or a sufficient retinue; and many travellers less cautious fell a prey to roving banditti, were robbed, shut up in slave-houses, or murdered. Such facts attest the distracted condition of the country; but within Rome itself open violence was not unfrequently perpetrated, and various secret societies existed

which had for their object some scheme of outrage, sedition, or lust; and, whilst the dagger was frequently employed, the poison bowl was far from being unused.

But the softer vices flourished in rank profusion by the side of the cruel and ferocious. Unnatural vices were generally allowed; incontinence was widely spread; and considerable laxity prevailed in regard to the observance of the marriage bond. The facility of divorce tended to heighten the pervading licentiousness. The stern and correct Cato yielded his wife Marcia to his friend Hortensius: Cicero put away Terentia after he had lived with her thirty years, and wedded in her stead a young heiress whom he shortly repudiated: Julius Cæsar suspected his wife of an intrigue with Clodius and immediately divorced her, saying—"The wife of Cæsar must be above suspicion." Whilst the laws afforded such immoral facility for divorce, the female education in fashion had a direct tendency to promote licentiousness. The maiden was fashioned in body by the posture-mistress, was taught lascivious dances, and, as a part of her accomplishments, grew an adept in the art of love even before she had reached the marriageable age, which was as early as twelve years. Indeed, so excessive and almost universal was the disgusting profligacy of the times that, under its influence, population itself was rapidly melting away; the face of the country in many districts was changed to a desert; and, although the arms of Rome were everywhere victorious, an incurable disease, the Nemesis of the plundered provinces, seemed to prey on the vitals of the conquering race. The depravity of morals stimulated an obscene literature; and even those few who judged it a duty to live chastely argued that greater indulgence ought to be allowed the pen; and some of the most decorous Romans, belonging to the antique school in morals, were guilty of licentious sallies in verse.

In this brief outline of the depraved state of Roman manners, various subordinate causes have been mentioned as contributing towards a degeneracy so fatal; but the chief cause of all must not be overlooked—viz., the absence of any religious faith to stay the torrent of evil by exercising a restraint on the violence of the passions. The old Romans had borrowed many of their religious ideas and ceremonies from the Etruscans, and a depth of religious feeling gave a systematic vigour to the early Roman character; and, by investing every relation and act of life with an idea of sanctity, consecrated the fabric of civil society, and made the most bold and aspiring bow to the claims of duty. But the Etruscan influence waned as Greek literature came into vogue, and with it Greek manners and the scepticism of a

speculative philosophy. The free-thinking literary importations completely undermined the national faith, and substituted in the minds of the educated flickering notions about abstract good and evil: at the same time that they eradicated from the hearts of the poor every vestige of belief in a superintending Providence and the accountability of man for his moral behaviour.

Of all the schools of Greek philosophy the Stoic alone placed the supreme good of man in virtue without the addition of external advantages: it taught the existence of a God and a Providence; but confounded the Deity with the material creation. It inculcated a belief in the existence of the human soul in a future state for a limited period—at least of the soul of the *wise man*—for of the common herd and their destiny it affirmed little or nothing. It insisted on the paramount obligation of suppressing the passions; and enforced a rigid obedience to the requirements of virtue, but separated the law of right from an Eternal Lawgiver—or, in other words, the code, to which obedience should be rendered, from its only sufficient sanction. Its principles may be roughly defined as virtue materialized.

The sect of the Academicians asserted the being of an all-wise God, but affirmed the co-eternity of matter; and thus virtually dethroned the Deity by stripping him of his essential attribute of omnipotence. Although this sect enunciated with more or less plainness the moral code, they discarded all notion of certainty and demonstration, affirming that no evidence the mind could collect would prove more than the probability of any doctrine; and thus, as Mr. Merivale states, “confusing right and wrong, truth and falsehood, they held up expediency as the only unchangeable pole-star of human wisdom.” Some carried this opinion of the uncertainty of human knowledge to its utmost verge; and, not satisfied with universal scepticism, decided dogmatically that there is no such thing as truth or falsehood.

The school of the Peripatetics, whilst it taught the obligations of virtue, was silent altogether in regard to the soul’s immortality—which the Academics believed to be highly probable—and declared not simply the eternity of matter, but of the universe itself in the existing beautiful arrangement of its various parts. Thus Aristotle, the founder of this school, reared the ample basis of Materialism, and in fact expunged God from the world of nature.

But of all the philosophical sects the most fashionable was that of the Epicureans, who explained the origin of all natural phenomena—such as the universe, this earth, the organization of the human body, the structure of the bodies of the inferior

animals—by linking together a vast chain of natural causes, which in some way or other was imagined to have produced the effects palpable to the senses. Since no being earthly or heavenly but had been generated from matter by a fortuitous concord of atoms, or some such mode, there was, of course, nothing that was not corruptible. The supreme good of man was accordingly to gratify the senses, propensities, and tastes, and drink the overbrimming cup of pleasure. These atheistic principles demoralized not only the nobles who, in their cool grottoes or sumptuous villas, followed out to the full bent of their inclination the maxims of the “Garden ;” but spread like a contagion among the lower ranks, and were largely influential in converting society to that scene of debauchery which Rome presented in stupendous dimensions, and the other cities in more or less exact miniature reflection.

In the general demoralization of the age consequent on a well-nigh universal scepticism, it is just what might be expected that the virtue which in a peculiar manner may be said to distinguish the ancient republics, and was, as it were, the special product of their institutions—patriotism—should have fallen into decay, and the love of country have been superseded by absorbing selfishness. And even the degeneracy in this respect, traceable as it is to deeply rooted causes, was accelerated by changes in the military system which deserve notice. In the early times of the Republic those who served in the legions belonged to the wealthier class of citizens, who, after a campaign of a few weeks or a few days, returned to their homes, and quickly lost the associations of war in the quiet of domestic life. But the rapid decline of the middle class of citizens rendered this constitutional mode of levying soldiers no longer feasible; and Marius, disregarding the pecuniary qualification anciently required in those who were called to defend their country, enlisted his troops from the proletarii and capite censi. Thus, soldiership became a distinct profession: the soldier and the citizen, hitherto identical, were now divided into two separate and even antagonist classes; and, as the old soldier fondly clung to his hearth, so the proletarian recruit, without possessions and without a house, quickly found his whole interests concentrated in the camp and his commander. Thus, as one class of changes had divided the citizens into two ranks sundered by a fearful chasm—those of the very wealthy and the abjectly poor—so another class of changes, connected with the former, had effected the scarcely less formidable division of the two ranks of citizen and soldier. Many of the veterans were, indeed, often rewarded with the gift of a few acres in one of the provinces;

but the military habits of a life-time of course remained; and, if there was a chance of plunder and conquest, the standard of a favourite general at once lured his old associates in arms from their retreat. If a commander of renown were stimulated with ambitious aspirations, what could he desire more than an army composed of such materials, alike unscrupulous and devoted? And if a veteran army found a commander of consummate talents at its head, what desire would be more naturally excited than to raise the military hero into the civil chief; and, by so doing, elevate his veterans to a station only second to their general?

But if the distinction between rich and poor presents some slight difference to the advantage of the former class in point of moral impressions, that between soldier and citizen is not found to have extended to any divergency in respect to religious creed or moral principles. The mob of the forum, and the recruits of Pompey or Cæsar, were much upon a par in belief and practice—speculative atheists and consistent debauchees. A traditional superstition was all that had been bequeathed to them from the religion of their ancestors. The soldier still placed confidence in omens and prognostications, the mode of a bird's flight, and the mystic characters read by gifted eyes in a victim's entrails; and the crowd of paupers with fond credulity clustered round "the conjurors, soothsayers, astrologers, and fortune-tellers," scattered about the circus, or to be met with at their stands in the forum in the evening. The legionary was known by his swagger, uncouth gestures, and dialect, in the Suburra; but he followed the mob to the same haunts of dissipation, and placed as implicit credence in the arts of magic. Even the wealthy patricians who studied the Greek philosophers, or Cicero's luminous and more attractive treatises, were as grossly superstitious as the vulgar. The Bacchanalia, the Thracian, or Orphic mysteries, had numerous votaries; and the spawn of Greece who served the denationalized nobles as barbers, valets, pimps, rope-dancers, and physicians, inspired them with a heap of superstitious fancies, as well as untaught the belief in a Supreme Being and a heaven and a hell. Julius Cæsar, infidel as he was, was far from being exempt from the superstition of the age; and Augustus, the emperor, was well known to be in the habit of carrying about with him the skin of a sea-calf as a preservative against lightning!

We have thus taken a glimpse of the social and moral condition of Rome in order the better to appreciate the peculiarities of the crisis immediately preceding the important change in the government of the world from a republic to a despotism.

In the social state of Rome is the real key of the revolution. There were, doubtless, privileges in the hands of a few which required to be lopped away; and the exclusiveness which the patriciate endeavoured to defend with senseless bigotry to the last was, perhaps, ill adapted to a dominion stretching from Spain to the Euphrates; but the disorder was yet more deeply seated and more vital in its nature. The social degeneracy had rather preceded than followed—had caused, rather than resulted from, political abuses—and a very slight examination of the pages of history will show that it was, not a mistaken form of government, but the total inefficiency of a corrupt executive and legislative to control a similarly corrupt population, which overthrew a republic that had conquered the world, and necessitated the arbitrary management of affairs by a single hand. The Gabinian and Manilian laws, which lodged autocratic powers in one person, may serve as proofs that this paramount necessity of a central individual authority, to allay the fever of animosities and compose jarring interests, was felt and admitted. Wherever the evils are only political and not social, the vigour of the moral energies will work out the needed deliverance: where, on the other hand, the social life is tainted with poison, the springs of the national peace and weal are polluted; and to recast the very model of government is the only feasible remedy, though never an effectual and complete one against the anarchy and ruin caused by demoralization. There have been instances of an oligarchic body directing the affairs of vast and widely scattered dominions with the utmost success; but a vitiated oligarchy would be incompetent to suppress the feuds and curb the malignant partisanship of a vitiated populace in a single city. In such emergencies society seems resolved into its component elements; and, as in the infancy, so in the decrepitude of a State, the appeal must always be to the only agency then recognised—force. It is the iron will of one supreme ruler and the strong purpose of a despot which can alone bind in union antagonist parties which seem ready to split the social body into a thousand sections. In many dissertations on the great revolution of Rome, at the zenith of its splendour, this true secret of the change which transpired has not been sufficiently developed; and, in Mr. Merivale's able work, we question whether the immense influence of the social condition of Rome and Italy, in causing and definitely shaping the revolutionary events, has been exhibited in such prominence as it ought fairly to occupy.

To give an epitome of historical events:—The year 63 B.C. is the date of Catiline's conspiracy, by suppressing which, with

promptness and severity, Cicero, the illustrious orator of the period, earned the appellation of "Father of his Country." It was strongly suspected that Julius Cæsar was concerned in this conspiracy: he spoke in the senate against the sentence of death without success, but baffled the designs of his enemies against himself, and prevailed in his canvass for that coveted step to further honours—the prætorship. The government of the further Spain fell to his lot as pro-prætor; whither, since it was evident that as yet matters were not ripe for his ambitious innovations, he gladly repaired, after sowing distrust in the breast of the senators towards Pompey, and borrowing in his necessitous and bankrupt plight 830 talents from Crassus. A military reputation and an army were both requisite in the path he had chalked out for himself; and his campaigns in Spain laid the primary foundation of one, and served to form the nucleus of the other. In the January of the same year in which Cæsar assumed the government of this province—61 B.C.—Pompey had arrived in Italy from his Mithridatic victories, and, pursuing a very different line of conduct from that which his alert and less scrupulous rival would have adopted under identical circumstances, had disbanded his army to the admiration of some of his countrymen and the ridicule and contempt of others. On the 23rd and 24th of September his triumph was celebrated. He refused the addition of a title from the locality of his conquests; but accepted the permission to wear a laurel chaplet and the triumphal insignia at the spectacles of the circus, and was gratified by a sculptured exhibition of his handsome person in naked figure—a fashion previously used only in the representation of gods or demigods. At this period news arrived of an anticipated commotion in Gaul in consequence of the projected migration of the Helveti, who were not likely to respect the welfare of the province or the repose of the allies of Rome. Cæsar hastily left his province ere his successor had appeared—waved his pretensions to an empty triumph—pressed his suit for the consulship and was elevated to that dignity. At this juncture, in the year 60 B.C., the secret compact was knit between the triumvirs, Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus: the first, the greatest general and in repute the most potent individual of the epoch; the second, "the mainspring of everything original and active," exerting the felt rather than the acknowledged influence of genius over all with whom he came in contact; the third, the cautious representative of the material agency of wealth. Pompey and Crassus were but ill agreed; and Cæsar's ductile faculties and long-sighted sagacity furnished the link which kept the utilitarian combination from premature

disruption. It is from this point of time that Asinius Pollio began to write his histories as the true commencement of the civil wars.

The colleague of Cæsar in the consulship, in the year 59 B.C. was Bibulus, a partizan of the aristocracy; and M. Porcius Cato was one of the tribunes of the same year. The hopes of the oligarchy were cheered by little promise. Cæsalus, "the best and wisest of its champions," the most respected of his party, and the most trusted by his adherents for the thorough incorporation of his own wishes and views with theirs, had just sunk under the stroke of death when his services were more than ever requisite; and Cato, with all his strength of purpose, courage, and real good humour, though not without that bold dexterity which often wins the applause even of a mob, was rather the ideal of a school of philosophy not very dissimilar from the modern Society of Friends—in short, a kind of Joshua Geddes—than a practical statesman with qualities adapted to the shifting emergency. The conduct of Cæsar in office tended to humble the aristocrats and conciliate Pompey; and by a conspiracy which was either discovered or pretended, by which the lives of Pompey and himself seemed menaced, he was enabled to throw his colleague quite into the shade, and transact the public business as if he had been sole consul. His position was strengthened by the marriage of his daughter Julia to Pompey, who had divorced his former wife; and he succeeded in having the charge of the two Gauls together with Illyricum conferred upon him as pro-consul by the vote of the people for the term of five years. The next year, 58 B.C., was marked by the tribunate of Clodius, who had with Cæsar's aid contrived to be adopted into a plebeian house in order to be capable of the tribunitial post; in the discharge of which office he carried a vote for the gratuitous distribution of corn to the populace, limited the power of the censors, and overthrew one of the outworks of the oligarchic constitution by annulling the ancient right of the consuls to interrupt and dissolve the comitia on a pretence of unfavourable auspices. But the act which has given its chief notoriety to his tribunate was the resolution which at his instigation the people passed against Cicero as guilty of having put to death Lentulus, the Catilinarian conspirator, without legal warrant, and which drove the accomplished orator to seek a refuge in voluntary banishment. Cæsar lingered near Rome until this desirable step in his political manœuvres had been secured, and attended the deliberations on the subject which were held outside the walls in the Flaminian Circus, in order that the real originator of the proceedings, who, being at the head of an army, could not

enter the city, might be present. Cicero departed into exile and Cæsar to his provinces almost on the same day in the month of April.

We shall not attempt to furnish any approximation to an abstract of Cæsar's campaigns in Gaul. He levied his troops chiefly in the Cisalpine Province where he was accustomed to winter; and thus, at a spot less remote from Rome, was able to watch the movements of the city and direct the conduct of his own tools and agents. In the year 55 B.C. he conquered the Usipetes and Teuttheri near the Moselle, which ran red with the blood of about 180,000 men of these German tribes; but his conduct was stained by treachery; and, although a supplicatio, or national thanksgiving, was decreed by the senate on receiving the tidings, Cato stood forth and proposed that Cæsar should be delivered up to the enemy to mark the detestation with which Romans regarded duplicity and falsehood. In the same year, towards the close of August, he invaded Britain for the first time, sailing from Portus Itius or Witsand, and landing at Deal, and in the following year he invaded our island a second time; and, during an exceedingly hot summer, carried his arms into the interior and took Verulamium or St. Albans, the metropolis of the Trinobantes. In 53 B.C. he annihilated the entire tribe of the Eburones beyond the Rhine by proscribing them as outlaws, and thus devoting their goods and persons to plunder and the sword—a scarcely less reckless and atrocious piece of cruelty than Napoleon's massacre of his Turkish captives on the sand-hills near Jaffa. In 52 B.C. he had the brave Vercingetorix, the champion of Gallic independence, thrown into chains, to be reserved with other prisoners to grace his triumph; and another page of history informs us that, when these unhappy victims had served this object, they were butchered in the state-dungeon of the Capitoline hill. In his eighth and final campaign, 51 B.C., he reduced the last Gaulish stronghold, Uxellodunum; and had the right hands of the captured rabble amputated. After this Gaul was in the language of Rome finally pacified—in plain words, changed into a solitude. Eight hundred cities had been taken; three hundred tribes defeated; as many as three millions of men encountered in different engagements, of whom as many as one-third fell in battle and an equal proportion surrendered themselves prisoners. It is the opinion of most military critics that Cæsar was by no means so consummate a General as Pompey; although, in conflicting with barbarous tribes, the untiring vigour which characterized him and the sinews of his devoted soldiery rendered him invincible. It is certainly impossible to award to

a conqueror who ranged his province with something of the oriental fury of Tamerlane the praise of compassion and clemency which is generally attributed to him. The best that can be said of him is that he was a tiger who did not love to prey on the tigers of his own particular species; but spared none of the animal kingdom besides. There is an inclination in every historian to metamorphose a history into a romance; and for this purpose it is essential to select a hero. Now, in Mr. Macaulay's pages of English history William III. fills this elevated niche, and is the artificially adorned idol to whom the writer tenders his homage. A Whig likes the Whig monarch. In Mbrivale's less graphic delineations, the attempt to canonize is equally discernible, and Cæsar is the personage chosen for the encomiastic tribute. There is something German-like and scholar-like in striking out a new route; but the time will yet come when German reveries will have many holes found in their texture. A less worthy object could surely with difficulty have been culled even from the figures in Roman pageantry at this era—a monster in his treatment of his barbarian enemies; and in private life a bankrupt, gamester, and debauchee, polluted with every vice (except habitual drunkenness), and that to an excess beyond the average in an infamous age.

Meanwhile, matters at Rome had verged to the crisis. In the year 57, B.C., the resentment of Pompey towards Clodius opened a way for Cicero's recall from exile. Clodius had fraudulently got into his power a son of Tigranes, King of Armenia, whom Pompey had brought with him from Asia as a security for the good faith of his father; and the corrupt tribune had been moved by a bribe to send the young prince home. Flavius, the prætor, to whose custody the youth had been legally assigned, hastened out of the city with an armed band to intercept the escape of the hostage; but was met by Clodius, accompanied also by an armed retinue, and in the combat Papius, a friend of Pompey, was slain. The new consuls also were friendly to Cicero and proposed his recall. The proposal inflamed the rage of Clodius to overboiling, and at the head of the urban mob he committed every species of outrage in the public streets and forum, set fire to the temple of the nymphs, assaulted the houses of many of the nobles, and imbrued his hands in the blood of citizens. His excesses were only stayed by the intervention of Milo, who with a body of gladiators traversed the city, paraded the forum, and restored an appearance of order. The Senate, alarmed at the unscrupulous violence of their opponents, called on the provincial burghers to overawe the mob of the forum by their

presence in Rome. And by the succour of these Italian citizens, who revered the patron of so many municipia and the defender of so many accused, and quickly obeyed the summons, the endeavours of the patricians to procure the return of Cicero from banishment were at length crowned with complete success. He passed amidst congratulations and acclamations of friends and admirers who thronged the Appian-road; was received at the Capitol as if he had been a conqueror; and was once more lodged in his idolized city, away from which everything was gloom to him, after an absence of sixteen months.

Pompey and Crassus were candidates for the consulship for the year 55 B.C.; and under the daring guidance of Marcellinus, the consul of the preceding year, the Senate welcomed every obstructive means that could be used to postpone or preclude their election; but they at length carried their point by force. Many were the lures which Pompey threw out to ingratiate himself with the populace. In his theatre, a noble edifice capable of containing forty thousand spectators, built at the cost of Demetrius a freed man of Pompey and given by him to his patron, for five successive days five hundred lions were hunted and eighteen elephants were goaded to rage and thus stimulated to fight with trained bands of gladiators. The amount of slaughter which strewed and crimsoned the arena was on so prodigious a scale as to glut with surfeit the morbid appetite of a mob of Rome. The most important public measure of the year was the Trebonian enactment, by which the proconsulship of Spain was conferred on Pompey—that of Syria on Crassus for the space of five years—and, in addition, notwithstanding the resistance of the senate persevered in even till bloodshed, the command of Cæsar in Gaul received an extension for an equal time. At the expiration of the term of office Crassus prepared to depart to his province; whilst Pompey provided for the administration of Spain by lieutenants. The beginning of the following year was rendered memorable by the trial of Gabinius, who, although in the eye of the law no more than proconsul of Syria, had been induced by an enormous bribe to restore Ptolemy Auletes to the throne of Egypt, which his daughter Berenice, whom on his restoration the father put to death, had usurped by the favour of the Alexandrian populace. Gabinius was a friend of Pompey: his daughter was wedded to the triumvir's son, and Cicero demeaned himself to play the double and timorous part of first inveighing against him with acrimony in the senate-house in deference to the sentiments of the nobles; and then, defending him from the accusation of extortion before the tribunal of

judgment on the express solicitation of the great general. But the tide of popular indignation ran high, and Gabinius was condemned and banished. In the summer died Julia, Cæsar's beautiful daughter and Pompey's devoted wife, the pledge of harmony between the rivals. She died in child-bed, and by vote of the people was publicly interred in the field of Mars. As her infant did not survive her, the hope of amity and peace seemed too surely buried in her grave.

The year 53, B.C., was marked by an interregnum which, by producing a stagnation and increasing the confusion of affairs, caused the cry for a dictatorship to be more clear and audible; until in the seventh month, at the instance of Pompey, the obstinate tribunes at length consented to the election of consuls. The death of Crassus on the 8th of June, by Parthian treachery, after he had sullied the warlike fame of Rome in a fatal engagement beyond Charrhæ, was a circumstance which, following so closely on Julia's death, had the effect of hastening the crisis, and clearing the arena for the final struggle of the two formidable antagonists. The succeeding January brought the career of the turbulent Clodius to a period. Milo, who was a candidate for the consulship, was travelling along the Appian way, accompanied by his wife in a carriage, and attended, according to his wont, by a troop of gladiators. At a few miles distance from the city he encountered Clodius, a suitor for the prætorship on the opposite interest, whose retinue consisted of dependants also armed. A quarrel arose between those in the escort of such violent adversaries which speedily warmed to blows; and in the scuffle Clodius was wounded and conveyed into a tavern by the road-side. Milo's anger, always easily excited, had become heated in the conflict; and, at the head of his gladiators, he stormed the house—had his foe dragged from his concealment and instantaneously despatched—and then left the corpse lying in the highway. Cæsar was at Lucca when the intelligence of this outrage was communicated to him; and Pompey also was absent from the city; but the deep sensation it occasioned led to the latter being immediately elevated—not to the dictatorship, by which Cæsar whom it was not safe to irritate, might have been offended—but to the sole consulship. The trial of Milo concentrated the interest of both the factions in the State and it ended in his condemnation. The eloquence of Cicero his defender faltered at the spectacle of the files of soldiers who, by Pompey's orders, lined the avenues to the forum, and were stationed on the steps and porticoes of the public edifices. The orator afterwards committed to writing, not the broken and incoherent speech which he had deli-

vered, but the master-piece which it was his intention to have delivered, and sent it to his condemned client in his banishment at Marseilles, who, being fond of the pleasures of the table, congratulated himself on perusing it that it had not been spoken before his judges; for, "if it had (said he) I should not be enjoying the exquisite mullets of this place."

In the year of his sole consulship, 52 B.C., Pompey seemed desirous of reconnecting himself with the patrician party, from which he had been somewhat estranged by his supposed ambitious projects and Caesar's intrigues; and with this view he espoused Cornelia, and associated her father, Metellus Scipio, for the last half of the year, with himself in the consulship. The riddance of two such disorderly spirits as Milo and Clodius seemed auspicious for the reform of abuses; and Pompey applied himself to the Augustan task. He forbade the use of arms within the city—limited the number of advocates as well as the time which the accuser and the defender might occupy in their speeches—and in other respects applied some corrections to the judicial system which had arrived at the acme of corruption; but his reformatory measures in comparison with the multiplicity and magnitude of abuses were, after all, but trifling, and he was guilty himself of an infraction of one of his regulations almost as soon as it had been issued. He confirmed an enactment passed in the previous year, by which the curule magistrates were interdicted from the charge of a province until five years had elapsed from the termination of their office; and in this proceeding he evidently had an eye to his rival, who was anxious to be elected consul without laying down his command in Gaul, and then, without losing his vantage-ground, trusted from the curule chair by an easy vault to leap back to the prætorium of the general. At the same time, with an unfairness which inflicted on his cause no little damage, Pompey retained his own proconsular appointment, and even procured its prolongation for another quinquennial period. The position of Caesar was manifestly critical; but he was too vigilant to be ever off his guard. He made a counter-move, and incited his friends among the tribunes to claim for him the privilege of being a candidate for the consulship during his absence; and in this crafty measure he succeeded, notwithstanding Pompey attempted to cross his purpose, if we may believe his enemies, by an act of flagrant dishonesty. The intentions of Caesar were covered with a very thin veil; and Pompey and the patricians were not over-scrupulous in the expedients they resorted to for counteracting his ambitious designs. The consuls for the year 51 B.C. were two partizans of the oligarchy.

The weapon of attack was now to be levelled with full aim against Cæsar. M. Marcellus, one of the consuls, with a precipitancy which was displeasing to the moderate members even of his own section, came forward and proposed on the last day of September that, on the 1st of March next ensuing, the consuls who would then have entered on office should proceed to an allotment of the provinces of the republic. This motion, though couched in general terms, was simply tantamount to the proposition that Cæsar should be removed from the government of Gaul and a successor substituted in his room; and was, therefore, in fact, a contrivance to get the act repealed by a side-wind which had prolonged his pro-consulship for the term of five years, of which only half had expired. Pompey abetted Marcellus, but masked the meditated blow against the dangerous democrat under the pretence of absolute submission to the will of the senate. When the news reached Cæsar, that the motion had been carried to deprive him of his government, he clapped his hand on his sword and exclaimed, "This, then, shall keep it." In addition to the enactment which, considering the peculiarity of the circumstances, cannot be deemed unjust, a gross and senseless indignity was offered by Marcellus, who had a free man of Novum Comum, a colony planted by Cæsar, seized and beaten with rods, and then dismissed with the injunction to go and show his scars to his patron. Everything portended a speedy contest, not merely for ascendancy, but for existence. But just when the crisis in the fate of Pompey the Great seemed approaching, and his fortune appeared culminating to its zenith, the stroke of a fever, from the attack of which he periodically suffered, stretched him on his bed at Naples, and brought him within an inch of the grave. Happy had it been for him, it was afterwards said, if his life, which was for a time despaired of, had then closed! Supplications for his recovery were offered in the neighbouring cities; and when he was restored to health festivals, dances, garlands, and salutations, expressed the enthusiasm of Italy for the moment.

One of the tribunes in the momentous year 50, B.C., was C. Scribonius Curio, who had reached that dignity by the favour of the Senate. He was by his shining talents a favourite of Cicero, who was at the time absent as proconsul of Cilicia—an appointment bestowed upon him the previous year, when by the recent enactment a gap was made in the succession to the provinces, and in the government of which the timid orator displayed the conscientiousness, good sense, and even firmness of a practical lover of virtue and mankind. Apart from the guiding discretion of his friend, Curio was likely to vacillate

with the instability of his character; and he had been actually bribed over to Cæsar's interest by some of the Gallic gold, which, says Merivale, "flowed like a stream of molten metal into every crevice of the State," and was only too tempting a prize in barter for political support to a man in the impoverished condition of the profligate tribune. Curio proposed that the rival generals should both lay down their arms simultaneously; and when C. Claudius Marcellus, one of the new consuls, moved on the 1st of March, in conformity with the enactment of his brother, the consul of the foregoing year, that Cæsar should be supplanted in his government by a successor, Curio interposed his amendment and actually over-ruled the consular motion by a majority of three hundred and seventy to twenty-two. Pompey was absent at the time; and when he appeared in the Senate-house, and employed such influence as he possessed for a different decision, the Senate, conscious of its defenceless state, issued a decree that Pompey and Cæsar should both surrender one legion for the service of the republic in Syria. This act was virtually detracting so many soldiers from Cæsar's army; for Pompey had granted his father-in-law the loan of one legion and now demanded it back. The two legions, surrendered by Cæsar with the alacrity of superior sagacity, were quartered by the Senate at Capua. An attempt was now made by Appius Claudius, one of the censors, to expel Curio from the Senate; but the tribune defended himself with address, and in return for the contumely offered to his sacrosanct dignity tore the censor's robes. The judgment of the senatorial body now became more decidedly fixed in reliance upon Pompey, to whose suburban villa the consuls and other principal patricians proceeded to commit the guardianship of the city, which was supposed in jeopardy, to his care, and entrust him with the command of the legions at Capua. In answer to their adulatory language, and affirmations of the imminent peril in which the commonwealth was placed, he is related to have assured them that "one stamp of his foot would call up legions from the soil of Italy." Cæsar was at Ravenna with one legion, and the persecuted Curio betook himself from the oppressors of his legal rights and privileges to the asylum of his camp. Just at this juncture Cicero returned from Cilicia, was favoured by an interview with Pompey at his Alban villa, and would seem to have been prevailed upon not to intermeddle with public affairs or endeavour to prevent a rupture which, from the selfish ambition of Cæsar, was sooner or later inevitable. From the camp at Ravenna, Curio was the bearer of an offer of accommodation, by which Cæsar consented to resign

the Transalpine Province, and claimed only to retain the Cisalpine and Illyricum. But the reply of the Senate by an almost unanimous vote was that Cæsar must resign his command on a day to be specified, return to Rome, and as a candidate for the consulship sue, like any other private citizen, for the suffrages of the tribes. M. Anthony and Cassius Longinus were among the tribunes and interposed their veto; but the constitutional party were resolved to enforce their decrees with a high hand, and, on an intimation that they would be expelled from the council-hall, the outraged tribunes hastily wrapped themselves in a disguise; and on the night of the 6th of January, 49 B.C., fled together with Curio, as if their lives were in peril, to the camp of Cæsar. Nine days later Cæsar crossed the Rubicon.

It may appear remarkable that Italy should have surrendered itself to the invader with such rapid compliance; for within sixty days the whole Peninsula was submissive to his controul. But, in fact, Cæsar, having resolved to act the assailant, had formed his calculations and matured his preparations for conflict with far greater skill than his opponents; and, with the promptitude that never forsook him, did not lose the golden opportunity by an instant's delay or hesitation. Corfinium alone was vigorously defended by Domitius Ahenobarbus; but the result of the siege only afforded the victor an occasion of demonstrating his clemency; and he entered Brundisium, March the 17th, the very day after it had been abandoned by his antagonist, who had embarked with him the consuls, the senate, and his troops, to sail for the coast of Epirus. The most important of the western provinces fell before the prestige of the conqueror with comparatively as speedy a fate as the capital itself and Italy. It was to Spain that Cæsar directed his movements after he had rifled the treasures of the temple of Saturn; for Spain was in the hands of Pompey's lieutenants—Afranius, Petreius, and Varro—who were at the head of considerable forces. In his route Cæsar left part of his troops to beleaguer Marseilles, where the pardoned Domitius had again appeared on the scene to support the rights of the Senate, and pushed across the Pyrennees, and formed his encampment near Ilerda, the modern Lerida; which, after some reverses, sustained and repaired with his usual fortitude and dexterity, he compelled Afranius and Petreius to evacuate, and soon afterwards forced them finally to accept terms of capitulation. The entire campaign was of no longer duration than forty days. Cæsar then marched to Corduba where he received the submission of Varro, a man signalized by his literary endowments rather than any eminent

patriotic virtues ; and Spain being thus pacified he sailed in the ships, provided to convey Pompey's troops, from Gades to Marseilles, which, having twice made overtures of surrender already to his lieutenants, now submitted definitively to himself in person.

Elsewhere his affairs wore an aspect partially clouded ; but the balance of occurrences was decidedly propitious. Valerius had obtained for him the mastery of Sardinia. Curio had driven Cato from Sicily, after which he set sail for Africa ; but here the impetuous tribune had been entrapped by a feint of Juba, the Numidian king, into a rash engagement with superior forces, and had fallen a victim to his imprudence with the greater part of his men. A sea-fight off the coast of Illyricum likewise chequered the fortunes of the democratic champion with another disaster ; but these were exceptions to the prevailing ascendancy of Cæsar. In Italy and at Rome, Antony and Lepidus had been administering the government ; and, through the instrumentality of the latter—the præfect of the city as well as prætor—he had, however irregularly and illegally, been proclaimed dictator. His eagerness to return to the centre of affairs from his train of rapid successes in Spain and Gaul was a little retarded by a mutiny among his troops stationed at Placentia, which, however, with characteristic decision, he quelled by the instantaneous sensation communicated even to their rude minds by addressing them with the title Quirites or citizens, instead of Romani or soldiers. On his re-appearance in the metropolis he held the comitia in his capacity of dictator, was himself elected consul with Servilius for his colleague, and having thus grasped the guerdon, to earn which he had flung wide the barriers of civil commotion, he resigned the dictatorship. He was now invested with what his faction might construe into legalized power, and no further impediment remaining, at the commencement of the year 48 B.C. he hastened to the command of the troops he had left at Brundisium, and with them and other drafts which he had summoned to that rendezvous, in all twelve legions, but without their entire complement of men, prepared to effect his passage to Epirus.

The opening scene of the last act in the tragedy of the revolutionary war is laid on the coast of Illyria. Pompey's army is found occupying the right bank of the Apsus in order to cover Dyrrhachium, and Cæsar's forces are encamped on the left side of the river. The landing of Anthony with the second division of the Cæsarion forces at Nymphæum, to the north of Dyrrhachium, caused Pompey to quit his entrenchments by the Apsus with the design of surprising him ; but Cæsar, passing by a ford higher up the stream, speedily followed and assisted in disap-

pointing his expectations; and, having done this, suddenly threw himself between his rival and Dyrrhachium. In this dilemma Pompey took up a position on the sea-coast at Petra, where his troops could easily be supplied with provisions, as his ships rode masters of the sea, and at so short an interval his attention might be directed to the movements of the enemy before Dyrrhachium, which was his store city and arsenal. His forces were more numerous but far less efficiently trained than his rival's veterans, and it was therefore his obvious policy to starve them from their position by declining an encounter and keeping steadily within his fortified lines. Meanwhile, Cæsar's flotilla, laid up at Oricum, was entirely cut off by a dashing onset of Cnæus, the gallant son of Pompey. Scipio, too, was advancing, although at a lingering pace, with his legions from Syria to join his son-in-law; and Cæsar was thus induced to send a detachment of two legions under Cn. Domitius Calvinus across the Candavian mountains into Macedonia to intercept his march and also to fraternize with a Cæsarian party in that region. At this conjuncture Pompey landed some troops between the first and second line of entrenchments which his opponent had begun but not completed, and gained a victory by his military skill which served to inflate the minds of the young nobles who surrounded him with more than their customary arrogance and presumption. Cæsar's post was now no longer tenable. He moved away and effected a junction with Calvinus; and then, after storming Gomphi and by his prompt success intimidating all the towns of Thessaly into a surrender, excepting Larissa, he took his station in the south of the pleasant vale of the Enipeus. Pompey, on the other hand, united his army with that of Scipio at Larissa, and then moved southward towards Pharsalus, on a gentle declivity to the east of which he fortified his camp, whilst his adversary had pitched his about four Roman miles distant from him to the west. On the 9th of August, which corresponds with June the 6th in the amended calendar, Pompey, at length overborne by the impetuosity of his giddy and braggadoccio followers, deployed his columns on the level plain and offered battle. His army consisted of about forty-five thousand infantry and seven thousand cavalry, in which latter arm he was considerably superior, besides the subsidiary forces of the allied kings and states. Cæsar's army numbered about twenty-two thousand foot soldiers and two thousand horsemen, and his subsidiary troops were also less numerous than his rivals; but then his infantry was composed of veteran soldiers attached to a commander who had often led them to victory: it was, moreover, in a plain that the

engagement was to take place, where agility in the use of weapons and the advantage of discipline and tried hardihood were sure to make themselves felt, and even against the Pompeian horse he had in some measure defended his own by interspersing picked men of the infantry in their squadrons and supporting them by a reserve of six cohorts. Pompey's cavalry, the flower of the patrician youth, with the impetuosity of high blood, began the attack whilst his infantry remained stationary and awaited the spirited onset of their wary foe. It soon, however, became apparent that the hasty valour of the flower of the Roman youth was no match for the nimbleness and cool dexterity of the legionary, who, without striking the rider's mail, pointed his thrust full at his face. The proud chivalry of Pompey were effectually routed, and by their overthrow exposed his army to assault in flank and in rear as well as in front. Cæsar's eagle eye perceived the important moment. He called up his third line and made his whole army move forward; and, pressing with the irresistible weight of his serried battalions on the enemy's denuded infantry, determined irretrievably the fortune of the day and the final issue of the long pending contest. He issued orders that Roman blood should not be spilt; but allowed his soldiers to revel at their discretion in the slaughter of the barbarian auxiliaries.

We will not pursue the outline of the narrative any further; for on the decisive field of Pharsalia the conflict between the two great antagonists, the son and father-in-law—the one the representative of conservatism, the other of revolutionary innovation—is brought to its virtual termination. It is, however, instructive to mark the retributive justice of Providence in the mode in which the foremost actors in the drama, after the example of most men of strife and bloodshed, made their exit from the sphere of their animosities. Clodius, as we have seen, fell in a fray on the Appian road. Curio, as has been related, was slain in Africa. Milo, just about the period of Cæsar's landing in Epirus, attempted to revive the Pompeian cause on the mountains of Lucania, and exerted all the ardour of a Claverhouse; but was killed by a stone hurled from the walls of Cosa. The implacable Domitius, pardoned at Corfinium and escaped from Marseilles, was at length cut down in the flight at Pharsalia by Cæsar's cavalry. Pompey fled from the fatal field to Larissa—thence to the defiles of Tempe—got on board a merchant vessel, and, having embarked his wife Cornelia and his younger son Sextus from Lesbos, sailed for Egypt, of which country the senate had constituted him guardian; and, as he was stepping out of the boat on the beach at Alexandria, met his deathstroke.

from the sword of Septimius, an old comrade in arms, a minion of the youthful Ptolemy. And Cæsar, although triumphant in the struggle against a decaying oligarchy, was only reserved to be immolated in the senate-house on the ides of March, 44 B.C., and to yield his last breath at the base of his rival's statue.

It is needless for us to say that Mr. Merivale brings to the task of historian the accomplishments of a scholar, and an extensive erudition in the literature of the stirring period of which he has indited the narrative. But, whilst allowing him the large praise he deserves, we must be permitted to differ from his judgment in the estimate to be formed of the characters of many of the most marked men of the era. We have already spoken of Cæsar, and we may add a few words about his rival. It is presumed throughout that Pompey aimed at establishing that absolute sway to which his antagonist attained by his destruction; but is there any adequate proof to warrant such an aspersion? Had he really desired a perpetual dictatorship in name or in reality, what was the motive which withheld him from possessing himself of such autocratic power when it was palpably within his reach? He was entrusted with unlimited authority in doubtful emergencies by the Gabinian and Manilian laws, and had the extraordinary commission assigned him of provisioning the city; but, in discharging the functions of unfettered jurisdiction, he served the State without coercing it under his absolute will. He returned from the East laden with spoils and with glory; but one of his first acts on reaching the free Italian soil was to disband his army, after which he entered Rome a private man. He was elevated to the sole consulship; but he resigned the supreme honour into the hands that had delegated it to him at the close of the year, and for the latter half of it associated another with him in office. He was at an envied pinnacle of grandeur, and of course various surmises and suspicions to his detriment floated in the gossiping air of the forum and in the saloons of the nobility; but suspicions are not real evidence. He clung to his proconsular command, it is true; but so would any one have done under similar circumstances, with a rival plotting the double overthrow of himself and his country. Finally; if he really meditated despotic rule, how came it that his resources and armies were not in better preparation when the crisis arrived? Why did he himself sail with his troops, the fasces, and the senate, to Epirus, when in Spain he had an army which, under such a general, would in all probability have proved an overmatch for his rival's forces? A man intent on striking a blow is not generally so off his guard

or so inconsiderate. It seems to be with reluctance that even Mr. Merivale is compelled to relate that the conqueror of Mithridates was distinguished by affections which threw a glow and charm over the intercourse of private life; and that, besides his amiable qualities, he was unstained by the abominable vices of the period. Mr. Merivale offers many ingenious speculations to make his case good; but he evidently has found it difficult to strain facts to the requirements of an arbitrary theory. On the other hand, Cæsar is placed on the historical pedestal; and posterity is called upon to bow in silent admiration before the finished idol and libidinous impersonation of the popular taste and vices. We are told that he was "the man of the epoch;" but so also was Napoleon Buonaparte the man of France at the beginning of the present century; as Louis Napoleon, the despotic President of a Republic, is the man of his country now. Such characters, if they succeed in their projects, are of course suited to the national necessities of their times; but only in the same sense in which a strait-waistcoat is suited to confine the limbs of a dangerous madman, and manacles are suited as a clog on the ferocious instincts of an assassin. When a nation becomes so depraved and criminal that it loudly requires the bolts and bars of a prison house, a jailer springs up who is immediately hailed as a deliverer—"the man of his epoch"—and is intuitively perceived to comprise in his untoward idiosyncrasy the grand political desideratum.

The reader will be gratified with the historian's portraiture of his hero's person:—

"The accounts we have received of Cæsar's person describe him as pale in complexion, of a tall and spare figure, with dark piercing eyes and an aquiline nose, with scanty hair, and without a beard. His appearance, at least in youth, was remarkably handsome, and of a delicate and almost feminine character. He continued, even in late years, to be vain of his person, and was wont to hint that he inherited his beauty from his divine ancestress. His baldness, which he strove to conceal by combing his locks over the crown of his head, was regarded by the ancients as a deformity; and a slight puffing of the under lip, which may be traced in some of his best busts, must undoubtedly have detracted from the admirable contour of his countenance. We can only infer indistinctly his appearance in early life from the busts and medals which remain of him; for all these belong to the period of his greatness and more advanced age. In the traits which these monuments have preserved to us there is also great diversity. Indeed, it may be said that there is a marked discrepancy between the expression of the busts and that of the medals. The former, which are assuredly the most life-like of the two, represent a long thin face, with a forehead rather high than capacious, furrowed with strong

lines, giving to it an expression of patient endurance and even suffering, such as might be expected from frequent illness, and from a life of toil, not unmingled with dissipation. It is from the more dubious evidence of the latter that we derive our common notions of the vivid animation and heroic majesty of Cæsar's lineaments."

Notwithstanding his intellectual excellencies, and the negative service he rendered in breaking down the pale of aristocratic narrowness, we cannot in the least degree assent that Julius Cæsar was the "great prophet of the age." He could make laws and repress the ferocity of the times by a system of external checks; but he could not implant the germ of truth and honesty in the individual, whence alone improvement in morals can extend to the platoon, and thence to society at large. He could and did bestow the suffrage of the city on the Transpadane Gauls—augment the number of senators—limit the term of provincial appointments—throw open the franchise to foreign practitioners of medicine and professors of liberal knowledge—reform the calendar—enact inefficacious laws for repressing luxury and repairing the population by a vigorous progeny; but he was quite incompetent to infuse the life of manly principle and high-souled virtue in the breasts of a people festering in the corruption of bestial degeneracy. The social regenerator, as he begins with the individual, so must always fetch his engines and implements from another than any human source. The revolution, of which Cæsar was the master-spirit, was a means in the chain of providential events towards an end which no earthly eye foresaw. By the whole of the known world being gathered under the sceptre which, though Cæsar did not live to sway, he transmitted, a road was paved through the length and breadth of Europe for the introduction of a heaven-born creed which has given motives and sanctions to virtue unknown before, and has taught man his duties as a social being; and, in dependence on that foundation laid in the individual, as a member of the State, by revealing his relation to his Creator and the connection of the present with a future life. This sublime creed emanated from a province subject to Rome and despised by it. The true prophet and effective teacher, whose voice regenerated the world or at least imparted the principle of new life, when the most decayed and disorganised moral chaos had spread desolation among the nations, was the divine Son of a Virgin, espoused to a carpenter, dwelling in an obscure town, in an unthought of region of conquered Palestine. His disciples were illiterate men—fishermen, shepherds, publicans, mechanics—who had earned a subsistence by dragging their nets in the waters of the sea of Galilee, or

spent their previous lifetime in some sequestered town or village in the routine of daily toil. These Judæan peasants advanced under the banner of a crucified, risen, and ascended Redeemer, to the spiritual conquest of the city on the seven hills to which the whole world was in bondage; and the fabric of Materialism at length crumbled to its primitive dust before the divine potency of the doctrines of the cross.

ART. VIII.—*The Seventh General Council, or the Second of Nicæa.* By the Rev. JOHN MENDHAM, M.A. Rector of Clophill. London: Painter.

2. *Acta Concilii Tridentini.* A Gabriele Cardinale Paleotto Descripta. Edente JOSEPHO MENDHAM, M.A. London: Duncan.

3. *Memoirs of the Council of Trent.* By the Rev. JOSEPH MENDHAM, M.A. London: Duncan.

4. *A History of the Council of Trent, compiled from a Comparison of Various Writers; with a Chronological Summary.* By the Rev. THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY, B.A., Chaplain of Christ Church. London: Routledge.

5. *The Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent: with a Supplement containing the Considerations of the Early Reformers and other Matters relating to the Council.* By the Rev. THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY, B.A., of Christ Church, Oxford. London: Routledge.

“O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more!”

SUCH was the wish breathed by the gentle spirit of Cowper, oppressed and grieved by the strife and turbulence of an unquiet world; and to a similar wish might every son of peace be tempted to give utterance, amid the heart-burnings and jealousies of those who “profess and call themselves Christians.” But such has been the state of the Church, more or less, from its earliest days—and, alas, will be—till the happy time arrives when every heart shall be filled with love to God, “every high imagination cast down,” and every “thought be brought into obedience to Jesus Christ:”—“Now, I beseech you, brethren (was the Apostle St. Paul

constrained to write), by the spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you ; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment ;”* and, in the days of Chrysostom, such were the unhappy divisions among those of whom it was once said, “ Behold how these Christians love one another,” that the good father thus describes the then state of the Church :—“ The Gentile or Heathen cometh and saith, I would be a Christian ; but I know not to whom I should join myself. *There is much strife, and dissension, and trouble among you.* Every one says ‘ *I speak the truth.*’ ”†

The heart of every real Christian must needs be pained by such a state of things ; but, whilst he mourns over the unseemly strife of those who should “ be at peace one with another,” and would fain “ flee away and be at rest,” he knows and feels that he is not at liberty to desert the post which has been assigned to him ; and that, whilst he endeavours to “ possess his soul in patience,” it is required of him to “ do his duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call him.”

No small part of this duty will be to labour, as far as in him lies, to remedy the evil over which he mourns, and which destroys the unity and peace of God’s Church. That the evil exists and is extending itself is seen and felt by all ; and the desirableness of applying a remedy is equally acknowledged by every thinking man. On this point all are agreed ; but not so as to what that *remedy* should be, because all are not agreed as to the *cause* of the evil which they alike acknowledge and lament. This must necessarily be the case with all matters which affect society as a body : the evil is seen, felt, and acknowledged ; but men, from the difference of their positions, opportunities of observing, habits, and modes of thinking, will naturally assign different causes of such evil, and, of course, seek for remedies as various as the causes which they may think they have discovered : nay, even where men may have agreed upon the cause of an evil, they may, and often do, differ as to the remedy.

This will especially be the case where the cause is not to be discerned, except by those whose position has been such as to afford them the requisite opportunities of observation ; and particularly where such a degree of patient and persevering research is required as men of an ardent temperament

* 1 Cor. i. 10.

† Chrysostom. Op. Par. 1718-38. In Act. Apost. Hom. xxxiii. Tom. ix. p. 258.

can seldom bring themselves to endure. It not unfrequently happens that there is, apparently, a complication of causes; and there is no little difficulty in endeavouring to separate the real from the apparent cause. The particular form, too, in which an evil presents itself to our view, depends much upon attendant circumstances; and there is a danger, certainly a possibility, of our mistaking, for the original cause of the evil, some one or more of those circumstances which have merely given to the evil complained of its particular aspect for the time. Mistakes of this kind are of frequent occurrence in the course of human legislation; but they are far less mischievous in their effects and admit of being more easily remedied than similar mistakes committed by those who undertake to legislate with regard to matters which affect our religious belief.

Deplorable mistakes have been committed in this respect by men who, whilst acting under the influence of an ardent and honest zeal for the truth, have forgotten that there *may* be a zeal which "is not according to knowledge;" and that honesty and sincerity of purpose, fully equal to their own, once drew down upon the beloved disciple the rebuke of his Master—"And John answered him, saying, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us; and we forbid him, because he followeth not us." "But Jesus said, Forbid him not; for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name that can lightly speak evil of me."*

In every kind of legislation no little experience and acumen are needed to discern the limits within which the requirements of laws should be confined; and, exactly in proportion to this difficulty, is the danger of falling into error and of increasing the evil we are desirous to remove by the very means we adopt for its removal. A law can have no force unless there be a power sufficient to carry its provisions into effect; and this can never be the case where men endeavour to legislate with regard to matters which are beyond the sphere of human legislation, and attempt to define that which is undefinable, or with regard to matters which render the force of the law dependent upon the assumed infallibility of the legislator: hence the great and repeated failures in ecclesiastical legislation.

That our Church, at the present time, does not exhibit such a spectacle of unity, as those who best love her could desire, cannot be denied. With respect to the causes of the

* Mark ix. 37-38.

disunion so much to be deplored, and with respect also to the remedy for the evil, various and even opposite opinions have been broached. By some we are told that the cause of all the mischief is to be traced to our not having a fixed and clear rule of faith—an assertion from which we most emphatically dissent. It is the glory of our Church that she has made the holy Scriptures “the sole fountain of her faith.”* “Holy Scripture (she declares) containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that, whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an Article of Faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation.”† With regard to the rule of faith thus propounded by the Church of England, we fully subscribe to the opinion of the venerable Hooker:—

“And of things necessary to all men’s salvation, we have hitherto been accustomed to hold—(especially sithence the publishing of the Gospell of Jesus Christ, whereby the simplest having now a key unto knowledge, which the eunuch in the Acts did want, our children may of themselves by reading understand that which hee without an interpreter could not)—they are in Scripture plaine and easie to be understood. As for those things which at the first are obscure and darkly, when memorie hath laid them up for a time, judgment afterwards growing explaineth them. Scripture, therefore, is not so *hard* but that the *only reading* thereof may give life unto willing hearers. We admire the goodnesse of God in nature, when we consider how He hath provided that things most needful to preserve this life should be most prompt and easie for all living creatures to come by. Is it not as evident a signe of His wonderful providence over us, when that foode of eternall life, upon the utter want whereof our endlesse death and destruction necessarily ensueth is prepared, and always set in such a readinesse that those very meanes, than which nothing is more easie, may suffice to procure the same? Surely, if we perish, it is not the lacke of scribes and learned expounders that can bee our just excuse. The word which saveth our souls is neere us; we neede for knowledge but to reade and live.‡”

It may be said that the excellency of Scripture, as a rule of faith, is fully acknowledged; but that men have so variously interpreted it as still to leave us in want of a fixed and clear rule of faith; for the Bible is a large book, and, therefore, it is no easy task to gather from it the points essential to a Christian rule of faith—“a poore, a cold, and an hungry cavill,” as untrue as it is valueless. The great essen-

* Bishop Marsh’s “Enquiry,” &c.

† Article VI.

‡ “Eccl. Polit.,” Book v., 22.

tials of saving truth, for which we should "search the Scriptures," are embodied in our noble Liturgy and again in our scriptural Articles, and the man who seeks for saving truth will not lose his way: he will find in these most scriptural documents a safe and sufficient guide, provided his search be conducted with a single eye to saving knowledge, and not merely to gratify an idle curiosity. An attentive examination of the history of the various contentions respecting matters of faith, which have from time to time disturbed the peace of the Church, will show us that they have arisen from want of attention to this grand principle. To search the Scriptures with a view to select passages irrespective of the *analogy* of their teaching, in order to confirm some preconceived opinion or to support some metaphysical subtlety, is not the way to learn "the mind of the Spirit;" but it is an old truism, and not the less valuable for being old, that no argument can be justly drawn from the abuse of that which is in itself good against its legitimate use. Our truly apostolic Church has taken her stand upon the sure rock of Scripture, and right well she knows that, so long as she maintains her stand *there*, her position is inexpugnable. So completely is she assured of this that she takes every opportunity of reminding us of it. The three creeds, forming a part of our Liturgy, are received, "*for they may be proved by most certain warrants of holy Scripture*;"* whilst Romish corruptions are rejected, because "they are grounded upon no warranty of Scripture."† With what a holy jealousy does she limit her own authority, "in controversies of the faith," as a faithful guardian, "witness, and keeper," of holy writ—"and yet it is not lawful for the Church to ordain anything that is contrary to *God's word written*; neither may it so expound one place of Scripture that it be repugnant to another."‡ From this fountain of living waters must they who minister in holy things draw, and these waters alone may they dispense to their flocks. "Are you persuaded—(she demands of those who seek the order of priesthood)—that the holy Scriptures contain *sufficiently all doctrine required of necessity for eternal salvation through faith in Jesus Christ*?" Nor is it enough for her to learn that such is the persuasion of the candidate; for she must know also—she must be *assured*—that it is his solemn *determination* to act up to this persuasion. "And are you *determined*, out of the said Scriptures, to instruct the people committed to your charge, and to teach *nothing*, as required of necessity to eternal salvation, but that

* Art. VIII.

† Art. XXII.

‡ Art. XX.

which you shall be persuaded may be concluded and proved by the Scripture?*" Again and again does she point to her position of strength, for the same persuasion, and the same determination, is required in the case of those who are about to be consecrated to the office of bishop or archbishop.† Thus has the Church of England decided that the Scripture shall be her guide in all things necessary to eternal salvation, and that Scripture can only be safely interpreted by Scripture; for she rejects all interpretation which would make one part of Scripture "repugnant to another." The Church of Rome has adopted another rule, confining her interpretation to "the unanimous consent of the fathers"‡—a consent that will be sought in vain upon many important points; and which, assuredly, Rome has never been able to discover, though, by most unfair dealing, she has sought to make the fathers speak her own language, or to be silent when their opinions contravene her dogmas.‡ How closely her divines have adhered to the rule bound upon them by an *oath*, and how utterly impossible have they found it to *discover* such an "unanimous consent"—even supposing such to exist—as would serve their purpose, Baronius will inform us:—"Sanctissimos Patres.....In interpretatione scripturarum non semper ac in omnibus Catholica ecclesia sequitur."|| Another learned theologian asks—"Qualiter præcipi potest, cum sanctorum patrum sententiæ sæpe invicem repugnant?"¶ "What rule can be laid down when the opinions of the holy fathers are frequently at variance with each other?"

But neither the opinions of fathers nor decisions of popes stand in Rome's way when it suits her purpose to repudiate them. Thus, Julius may decide that water *must* be mixed with the wine in the sacramental cup, otherwise "*salutis nostræ sacramentum negligitur.*" He may also tell us—"Si vinum tantum quis offerat sanguis Christi incipit esse nobis; si vero aqua sit sola plebs incipit esse sine Christo;" and further—"Non enim potest esse calix domini aqua sola, aut *vinum solum* nisi utrumque misceatur."** But some of these expressions would but ill agree with the doctrine of transub-

* "The Form and Manner of Ordering of Priests."

† "The Form and Manner of Ordaining or Consecrating of an Archbishop or Bishop."

‡ See Creed of Pius IV.

§ See several glaring instances in the Preface to Gibbings's edition of "The Roman Index Expurgatorius." Dublin. MDCCXXXVII.

|| Baron. Ad. An., 34, sec. ccix.

¶ Alfons De Castro, advers. hæres., lib. i. cap. vii., fol. 15. Paris. MDLX.

** Labbé et Cossart. Tom. ii., col. 525. Seq.

stantiation; and, accordingly, we are told in the "Catechismus ad Parochos"—a book of acknowledged authority*—only a *modicum* of water must be mixed with the wine, because "aqua convertitur in vinum!"† So that Julius was quite in error when he said that wine alone ought not to be offered.

Let us not, however, be misunderstood: we do not for a moment repudiate the immense debt of gratitude we owe to the fathers, nor undervalue the use to be made of their writings by those who bring to the study of such writings the requisite qualifications. Among these qualifications we assuredly deem a competent knowledge of Scripture the most important, joined with an earnest and honest desire to arrive at the true meaning of the language employed by the fathers; otherwise there is a manifest danger of altogether mistaking the meaning of the writer, and not unfrequently of making him inconsistent with himself. The venerable Hooker, adverting to the use of what were termed "circulatorie speeches," gives the following important advice:—

"Without this caution the fathers, whose beliefe was sincere and their meaning most sound, shall seeme in their writings to denie what another doth constantly affirm. Theodoret disputeth with great earnestnesse that God cannot bee said to suffer. But hee thereby meaneth Christ's divine nature, against Apollinarius, which held even Deitie itselfe passible. Cyril, on the other side, against Nestorius, as much contendeth that whosoever will denie very God to have suffered death doth forsake the faith; which, notwithstanding, to hold were heresie, if the name of God in this assertion did not import as it doth the person of Christ, who, being verily God, suffered death, but in the flesh, and not in that substance for which the name of God is given him."‡

A similar caution is also necessary with regard to the bold and highly figurative language of some of the fathers; for, if their expressions be taken *literally*, we shall be in danger of making them contradict, not only others of the fathers, but even themselves—a caution which, doubtless, the good fathers would recommend to us in the study of their own writings as they do recommend it in the interpretation of holy Scripture. Chrysostom says that "we have need of God's heavenly

* See Streitwolf. "Libri Ecclesiæ Catholicæ, liv."

† Catechismus Pars. ii., Cap. iv., § xviii.

‡ Ecel. Pol. lib. v., c. 53. Origen is accused of error, respecting the doctrine of the Trinity, by Jerome, Epiphanius, Augustine, and others; whilst, on the contrary, his orthodoxy is defended by Athanasius, Basil, Gregory Nanzianzen, and others!

grace ; that we stand not upon the bare words ; for this is the way that heretics fall into error.”* Jerome exhorts :—“ Let us not think that the Gospel standeth in the words of Scripture, but in the sense.”†

If there be really any one point on which the fathers are unanimously agreed it is this—that the holy Scripture is the sole fountain of Christian faith, and by the Scriptures would they have their own opinions tested.

“ Respecting the divine and holy mysteries of the faith (says Cyril of Jerusalem), not even a tittle ought to be delivered without the authority of holy Scriptures. Neither ought anything to be propounded, on the basis of mere credibility, or through the medium of plausible ratiocination. Neither yet repose the slightest confidence in the bare assertions of me your catechist, unless you shall receive from the holy Scriptures full demonstration of the matter propounded ; for the security of our faith depends, not upon verbal trickery, but upon demonstration from the holy Scriptures.”‡ “ We ought not (writes Chrysostom), upon our return from the assembly of the Church, to be at all engaged in business contrary to this study, but straightway returning home to take in hand the Bible (*το βιβλιον*), to call wife and children to compare (with Scripture) those things which have been spoken.”§

It may, however, still be asked—“ If, whilst possessing the Scriptures, and such an excellent guide in our scriptural Liturgy and Articles, we have, nevertheless, divisions among us, whether there be not yet something wanting?” And it may be further asked, “ Whether that something may not be supplied by a council ?”

That a *something* is, indeed, wanting we unhesitatingly grant ; but the want, as it never yet has been, so it never will be, supplied by “ a council.” We do not think that any council can accomplish that which the means already adverted to have failed to bring about. To those who may feel disposed to think that the much-desired remedy for the divisions, which now agitate the professing Christian world, is to be found in a council, we earnestly recommend an attentive perusal of the important work named at the head of this article ; and we feel confident that, after such perusal, they will no longer

* Chrysostom. Op. In Johan. Hom. xl., p. 236.

† Hierom. op. Par. 1693-1706. Comm. l. i., in Epist. ad Galat. Cap. i., Tom. iv. Pars i. col. 230.

‡ Cyril. Hieros. Catechis. iv., p. 30. § In Matt., Hom. 5.

"lay this flattering unction to their soul." Whatever good may have attended the assembling of councils, general or provincial, all, who have devoted themselves to the study of this important branch of ecclesiastical history, must be painfully aware that the peace of the Church has ever been rather disturbed than promoted by such assemblies. On points, with regard to which the Scriptures are plain and clear to unprejudiced minds, the decisions of councils are not needed; and with regard to those on which Scripture has spoken with less clearness, men accustomed to think for themselves will scarcely be disposed to accept, as inerrant, the decisions of any human tribunal, especially if such decisions appear contrary to what *they* think the Scriptures teach. It is not our intention to enter into the question how far this may be morally right or wrong; for such a discussion would necessarily lead us far beyond the limits of a review, and, in all probability, be more likely to weary than convince our readers. We merely mention it as a reason why the decisions of a council must necessarily fail to effect the healing of divisions on points of faith. The more subtle the question to be discussed, the greater, of course, is the probability of failure. Councils have, indeed, made many wise and wholesome rules with respect to discipline, where the same councils have utterly failed in successfully defining matters of religious belief, and the reason is clear: in the former case they dealt with what, indisputably, fell within their province, and the means of enforcing compliance was within their power: in the latter case they undertook to deal with matters, with regard to which others deemed themselves as well qualified to form a correct judgment as the individuals who had taken upon themselves to decide the *quæstio vexata*, and whom, therefore, they looked upon as wishing "to lord it over their faith." In this case, however wisely a council might decide—however erroneous the opinions sought to be corrected—the power of such council could only extend, if circumstances allowed that power to be exercised, to the imposing of silence on those whose opinions were condemned: beyond this the power of a council could not go—it could not compel those whom it had silenced to *believe* otherwise than they had believed previously. As far as the decisions of men of known piety and acknowledged wisdom could command respect, we might naturally hope that any solemn opinion, expressed by such men, would not be without a beneficial influence; and such would undoubtedly be the case with all unprejudiced minds, and especially if such opinions emanated from men

distinguished for kindness and charitable feeling towards those who might differ from them on controversial points of doctrine; but this prestige would assuredly be destroyed if any symptom of intolerance and uncharitableness should be manifested on the part of those composing such council, either during their discussions or at any other time. Such sensitiveness, on the part of the dissentients, might be unwise, might be unchristian; but it would not, on this account, lose anything of its force or importance as an element of dissatisfaction, and, therefore, of future divisions. On this account, too, it would seem unreasonable that they who had suffered themselves to be influenced by unworthy motives should be severe on others for a similar failing. We cannot help thinking that the good fathers who, from time to time, have been assembled in council, might, by an edifying and Christian deportment, each in their several spheres of duty, have done more towards eradicating error and establishing peace than has ever been accomplished by the most celebrated councils. There is an acknowledged principle pervading all laws, both secular and ecclesiastical, which requires the presence of a condition upon which alone obedience to such laws can be secured—viz., “the consent of all persons to submit their own private wills to the will of one man, or of one or more assemblies of men to whom the supreme power is entrusted.”* In mere secular matters, in cases of discipline, or things which are as they think indifferent, men will readily bow to the decisions of the constituted authorities; but in matters of religious belief it is not so. Men cannot, conscientiously, submit to any decision of their fellow men which appears to them to contradict the law of God. In many cases we might feel disposed to attribute such conduct to error, and in some cases to obstinacy; but we must not forget that there have been instances in which it has proclaimed the firmness of the martyr; nor should we forget that, although men may force themselves to an apparent and outward conformity to the decisions of others, they can no more force their *own belief* on any matter than they can that of others. We are no latitudinarians, and we freely acknowledge the danger to society of a few men opposing their own private judgment to that of the collected wisdom of men distinguished for their wisdom and piety. We are merely pointing out how delusive is the hope of those who expect that the decision of a council *must* effect that peace

* Blackstone's “Commentaries.” Introduction § 2.

which he, and he only, can bring about, who is able to "control the unruly wills and affections of men." "Faith is the gift of God."

That these are no mere speculative opinions, thrown out on the spur of the moment, may be abundantly proved by an appeal to the history of the various councils which has been handed down to us.

The Council of Nicæa (A.D. 325)—we mean the *first* of that name—if *any* council could have effected so desirable an object, would have been able, one might naturally suppose, to restore peace to a divided Church; but in this it signally failed. It is well known that the heresy of Arius was the occasion of this council being convened, and that this heresy was condemned. The introduction, however, of a single word—the term "consubstantial"—caused a dispute among the bishops, which was only allayed by the interference of the emperor, who made them all agree in the sense of the word.* But this did not restore peace to the Church. Nor did better success attend the attempt to effect its restoration by the Emperors Constans and Constantius, who, in A.D. 347, assembled a council at Sardica in which "altercation, and not debate, ensued." "The canons of the Council of Sardica (says Du Pin) were never received by the Catholic Church as general laws. They were never put into the code of the universal Church, approved by the Council of Chalcedon. The East never received them—neither would the bishops of Africa own them. The Popes only used them and cited them under the name of the Council of Nice to give them the greater authority."† So then it was not the *orthodoxy* of the canons which was questioned! Why, then, were they not received? Clearly the decisions of the Council of Nicæa had not carried with them the spirit of *peace* and *charity*. Then came the Council of Constantinople, reckoned as the second of the general councils, A.D. 381: it was convened to oppose the heresy of Macedonius, and was attended, with regard to the restoration of peace, with as little success as the Nicæan synod. "It was a long time before the canons of this council were approved by the Western Church. Not only St. Leo rejected them in his fifty-third epistle [now the eightieth]; but also Gelasius, in

* Eusebius of Cæsarea refused at first to sign, but signed the next day. "The Eusebians assembled also at Antioch (says Dupin) about the end of the year 345." A confession of faith was drawn up which, though *orthodox*, does not contain the term "*consubstantial*." This shows what the compliance of Eusebius was worth as a *basis of peace*.

† Du Pin's *Eccl. Hist.*, vol. i. p. 607.

his epistle to Dardanus, and St. Gregory, in his twenty-sixth epistle (lib. vi.), reject them, as not being received in the West.* Very high authorities, we see, did not think that decisions of councils were to be received merely because they were such, however orthodox they might be.

"From the termination of the Council of Nice to the Council of Constantinople, in A.D. 381, no fewer than forty-three synods, Eastern and Western, were held. The professed object of these meetings was the tranquillity of the Church; yet from their unhappy divisions their deliberations were conducted with party spirit, and according as one or other prevailed they hurled their spiritual thunders against their rivals as against the enemies of God himself. Thus, instead of peace, discord arose, and was continued through a space of more than fifty years; the tremulous ball of orthodoxy, as Gibbon calls it, "being kept all the while within the limits prescribed to it in a state of perpetual vibration."† It may be said that the numerous councils were rendered necessary by the various heresies which sprung up: be it so—the very fact of so many heresies springing up shows how little councils could do to check those heresies and to restore the peace of the Church.

If, in order to make the decrees of a council respected, it be necessary that the debates of such council should be carried on in a way suited to the importance and solemnity of the subjects therein discussed, assuredly this was not the case with the Council of Constantinople; or Gregory Nanzianzen would never have represented the orthodox party, to whom he belonged and whom he supported, to be so clamorous as that they could only be compared to "wasps or magpies, to a flight of cranes, or a flock of geese."‡

We next come to the Third General Council, held at Ephesus in A.D. 431, no less than *sixty* synods having been convened in the meantime since the Council of Constantinople. The whole of the proceedings at Ephesus appear in a very unfavourable light, and by no means calculated to promote peace. Cyril, the avowed enemy of Nestorius, proposed examining the subject in debate between him and Nestorius, before John of Antioch and the Eastern bishops had arrived. In vain did Nestorius object against the irregularity of the proceedings; and, as his remonstrances appeared unavailing, refuse to appear before the council. Cyril pushed on the affair, and Nestorius was judged and condemned without being

* Du Pin, Eccl. Hist. vol. i., p. 616.

† Grier's "Epitome of the History of Councils," p. 69.

‡ Oper. Tom. ii. p. 25—"De Vita Sua."

heard, during the absence of a great number of bishops who belonged to the council. The meeting has been justly styled as "truly tumultuous." The first burst of condemnation was expressed by the fathers in the following language:—"Anathema to him who does not anathematize Nestorius: the orthodox faith anathematizes him: the holy council anathematizes him: we anathematize all who communicate with him and his impious belief: all the earth anathematizes the unholy religion of Nestorius. Anathema to him who does not anathematize Nestorius!"* Such language as the above scarcely conveys to us the idea that the persons who uttered it were under the influence of the spirit of peace; and certainly such language was not likely to sooth the spirit of their opponents. After this "collection of cursing," and causing through its own dissensions a sanguinary tumult throughout the city, the Third General Council was dismissed in these words by Theodosius: "God is my witness that I am not the author of this confusion! His providence will discern and punish the guilty. Return to your provinces, and may your private virtues repair the mischief and scandal of your meeting." "The transactions of this council (says Mosheim) will appear, to the candid and equitable reader, in the most unfavourable light, as full of low artifice, contrary to all the rules of justice, and even destitute of the least air of common decency."† The decisions of a council characterized by such a spirit were not likely to promote the tranquillity of the Church, nor did they. In the Fourth General Council—that of Chalcedon—in which the heresy of Eutyches was condemned and which was held in A.D. 451, Dioscorus was condemned, deposed, and banished to Paphlagonia; nor was the language employed by the good fathers of a more seemly kind than that used at the Council of Ephesus.

We would venture a passing remark, suggested by the frequent employment of "anathemas." In proportion to the frequency of synodical meetings does this fearful word appear to have become a familiar term. Did these assemblies, then, tend to embitter the feelings of professing Christians towards those who differed from them in opinion?—or only afford an opportunity of giving utterance to expressions which they could not so safely employ on other occasions and in other places? The former supposition seems the more charitable

* Fleury "*Histoire Ecclesiastique*." Tom. vi. Liv. xxv. Sect. xxxix. p. 79, 4to. Paris. 1750.

† Mosheim's *Ecc. Hist. Cent. v. part ii., chap. v., sect. viii., vol. ii., p. 69, 8vo.* London. 1835.

of the two.* Our limits will not permit us to extend our examination, even briefly, to the remainder of the so-called "general councils." No better success attended the fifth and sixth general councils with respect to the restoration of peace, and the only assembly of that kind forming an exception was that which met at Constantinople, by order of Justinian II., in A.D. 692, to draw up canons of discipline, as none were made by the fifth or sixth general councils—hence it was termed the "Quinsext." The different spirit manifested in this assembly is easily accounted for: the assembled fathers were employed simply upon matters with respect to which they had full and acknowledged authority—viz., simply matters of discipline. Their proceedings were not, as far as we are informed, interrupted by unseemly bursts of embittered language, nor were their decisions of a nature to disturb any further the peace of the Church.

Hitherto, though nothing had been done towards restoring tranquillity, still no errors of doctrine had been promulgated by the solemn decisions of the several councils; but a sad and deplorable change was about to take place. If peace was not preserved whilst the creed was kept in its integrity, all hope of "a consummation" so "devoutly to be wished" at once vanished when the decrees of the Second Council of Nicæa, held in 787, were put forth. This council, the last which in truth has the least pretension to be called a general council, "is memorable not only for the ignorance, folly, and [worse than] heathen superstition which marked its proceedings," but also for "its political aspect in filling up the measure of iniquity in the Eastern Church, and consigning the whole of the eastern world to the judgments of God." On this point we shall not now enlarge, as we have on a former occasion gone into it at some length.† We then expressed our unqualified approbation of the manner in which Mr. Mendham has executed his most useful account of "The Seventh General Council:" we cannot, however, omit the opportunity of again heartily commending the volume to the attention of our readers, as replete with highly interesting and important information. Our present object is to show that this last of the councils, at all entitled to be called "Œcumenical," did not establish peace—a thing utterly impossible

* So indiscriminately were anathemas employed, in the course of time, that in the Council of Roman, A.D. 716, an anathema was pronounced on such of the clergy as allowed their hair to grow too loose or too long!

† See *Church of England Quarterly Review*, January, 1850.

so long as there were to be found men who had studied the Scriptures, and learned that God requires of those who worship him that they "should worship him in spirit and in truth." "The strife extended (says Mr. Birks) to the west: the Popes excommunicated the iconoclast emperors, and separated Italy from their allegiance. On the other hand, the synod of Frankfort under Charlemagne condemned in the strongest terms the decrees of the Eastern Council in favour of images, which they styled madness and the exploded errors of old Paganism. Their arguments, in like manner, they denounced as absurd and senseless follies, worthy of nothing but derision."* By a careful study of Mr. Mendham's work the reader will be able to appreciate the teaching of the Council of Trent, as that council *especially* selects the Nicene synod as a guide in respect to the "invocation, veneration, and reliques of the saints and sacred images."† The language of the Tridentine decree cannot be fully understood without a previous acquaintance with the decrees of the Second Synod of Ephesus. From this time the subjects which engaged the attention of the various councils and "concilia-bula"—(as Labbé and Cossart somewhat contemptuously style those assemblies of which they do not approve)—were of a very mixed nature: political and papal intrigues, the crusades, &c.—the only way which, it seems, that the popes or councils could devise of restoring peace—was the employment of the sword or the stake. The decisions and proceedings, therefore, of these latter assemblies may, on the present occasion, be passed over; as an appeal to *them* under such circumstances, in support of our position, might be considered as unfair. One thing is, we think, particularly worthy of observation—viz., that, when the councils had once departed from the rule of scriptural truth, as though conscious that neither their proceedings nor their decisions were likely to commend themselves to those who would examine such matters by the test of Scripture and reason, the fiction of INFALLIBILITY was devised—a fiction we need not now pause to examine, since the discoverers of this same infallibility have not as yet assigned it "a local habitation," though they have given it "a name." Perhaps, it might be *inconvenient* or *inexpedient* to do so; for it might happen again, as it has happened before, that it may be desirable to oppose the bull of a

* "Mystery of Providence," p. 297.

† "Id quod conciliorum, præsertim vero secundæ Nicænæ Synodi, decretis contra imaginum oppugnatores et sancitum." Conc. Trident. Sessio. xxv. De Invocatione, &c.

Pope to the decree of a council, or the canon of a council to a constitution of a Pope; and *then* the inconvenience of having given a fixed location to infallibility would be but too painfully manifest. Come we now to the celebrated Council of Trent; and assuredly that remarkable synod, neither in its proceedings nor by its canons and decrees, will present anything calculated to alter the opinion we have, so repeatedly, expressed as to the efficacy of a council to restore peace and heal the divisions of the Church. "It rarely happens (writes Du Pin) that general councils, held about matters of faith, restore peace to the Church by their decisions. Men have so great inclination to their own sentiments, and do so hardly endure the affront of a condemnation, that, instead of yielding to the decision against them, they become more obstinate. They begin to look upon their judges as parties, and try all manner of ways, either to prove that they have not been condemned, or that their opinion was not rightly understood nor their reasons fairly heard; or, lastly, to weaken the authority of the decision given against them. The Council of Nice had condemned the Arians; yet how many disputes followed this decree! The Council of Ephesus, by proscribing Nestorius and the Orientals, seems rather to have inflamed than appeased the difference. The seeming peace that followed was only *feigned*; for the fire of division still reigned in men's minds, which broke forth a little time after and set the whole East in combustion. The Council of Chalcedon, having treated of these things with much moderation, and explained them in very intelligible terms, should have reconciled men's minds. Marcianus caused it to be received almost everywhere; yet this emperor was no sooner dead than the troubles of the Church revived again with greater violence than before."* The reader who possesses Mr Mendham's edition of the "*Acta Concilia Tridentini*," by Paleotto, will find a rich fund of information respecting the debates and bickerings in the latter sessions of the council. To the English reader, "*The Memoirs of the Council of Trent*," by the same hand, is invaluable. The volumes of Mr. Buckley, too, are highly valuable and evince great patience and research. That gentleman has brought together a vast fund of information in a small compass, and has enriched his pages with copious and valuable extracts from the works of Mendham, Ranke, and other standard writers. We have not room for extracts; but one or two we subjoin as showing how

* "Du Pin's "*Eccl. Hist.*" vol. i. p. 699, Fol. Dublin, 1723.

little that celebrated assembly was characterised at *all* times by that high tone of courtesy which might be expected from the rank and dignity of its members. The anecdote is from Paleotto :—"Great was the uproar which arose. Simonetta had quietly interrupted the speaker, explaining that the archbishop consecrated, but that the consecration was confirmed by the authority of the pontiff. But other prelates began to cry, 'Out with him! out with him!' and others, 'Let him be anathematised!' To whom, in return, the Archbishop of Granada exclaimed, 'Be ye anathematised.'"^{*} Another anecdote, given by Paleotto, is of a more amusing character. A French bishop had been somewhat severe in declaiming against the morals of the Papal court, when the "Episcopus Urbivetus," playing upon the word "Gallus," called out, "How that cock crows!" A French bishop immediately replied, "Would that Peter might be roused by the crowing of that cock and weep bitterly."[†]

The proceedings at Trent were of such a nature as fully to justify the somewhat severe declaration of Gregory Nanzianzen :—"I, if permitted to write the truth, am so affected in my mind that I would fly from all councils of bishops, since I never saw a happy or prosperous end of one council; for each terminated, not so much to the expulsion of evil, as to its accession and increase;"[‡] or the still stronger language of Augustin, "Ex conciliis contententium episcoporum;"[§] and again, "Humanarum contentionum animosa et pernicioiosa certamina."^{||} For truly, "The Council of Trent, especially in its latest sessions, displayed the antagonist parties in the Romish Church—one struggling for lucrative abuses—one anxious to overthrow them."[¶]

It is very remarkable that, although the Council of Trent was convened on account of Luther's attack upon indulgences, no decree on indulgences was prepared till almost the last moment, and the affair was hurried through in a manner which left the matter pretty nearly as they found it.^{**} The good fathers seem, however, to have been unanimous on one point: the general feeling of joy was very harmonious in the

^{*} Buckley's "Hist. of the Council of Trent," p. 380. Paleotto, p. 343.

[†] Paleotto, p. 573.

[‡] Greg. Nansian. Oper. Tom. Epist. ad Procopium, p. 315. Antverpiæ, 1612.

[§] August. Par. Op. 1679-1700. Contr. Donat. Epist. seu Lib. de Unitat. Eccl. cap. xii. Tom. ix, col. 358.

^{||} Id. Ibid. col. 346.

[¶] "Memoirs of the Council of Trent."

^{**} The subject of indulgences is discussed at some length in the number of the *Church of England Quarterly Review* for January, 1840, in an Article on "The Venal Indulgences and Pardons of Rome," by the Rev. Joseph Mendham.

prospect of a speedy close of the last session of the council. "Those historians who were eye witnesses of the scene dwell with enthusiasm upon the heartfelt delight and triumph which was displayed by the assembly; but it may be questioned whether the greater portion of this feeling was not traceable to the fact of being delivered from a bugbear of eighteen years' standing, and whether the fathers had not more reason to be thankful for what they had escaped from doing than satisfied with what they had really done."*

In his Preface to "The Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent," Mr. Buckley says—"To know what Roman Catholicism really is, according to its own accredited testimony, we must turn to the pages of this council: to try Rome fairly, we must hear her plead her own cause." True, "to try Rome fairly, we must hear her plead her own cause;" but if any one should think that, by "turning to the pages of this council," he would "know what Roman Catholicism really is," he would be grievously mistaken.

Before we can arrive at that knowledge many other documents besides "The Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent" must be examined, as we may distinctly learn from that significant clause in the creed of Pius IV. :—"All other things also delivered, defined, and declared by the sacred canons and Œcumenical Councils, and particularly by the holy Synod of Trent, I undoubtedly receive and profess." Now, if the Council of Trent, in its "Canons and Decrees," contains all that a true son of Rome need "receive and profess," why bind him by an oath to "receive and profess" "all other things, delivered, defined, and declared," by another authority besides that of Trent? That such are to be "received and professed" is clear from the very wording of the clause: the "Decrees and Canons of Trent" are not the *sole* authority to which the subscriber of the creed is required to bow; but only those which he is required "*particularly*" to receive and regulate his faith by. Many things were passed over at Trent which it might have been inconvenient to ventilate on that occasion, especially the exterminating canons of the third and fourth Lateran Councils, and the decretals of Gregory IX. Not one of these was repealed, though their existence and force was clearly acknowledged by the assembled fathers, when they thought it necessary to draw up, on more than one occasion, a "safe conduct" for the benefit of such Protestants as might choose to attend the council! If no law were in force which would render their

* "Hist. of the Council of Trent," p. 501, s. 9.

attendance a matter of personal danger; what need of a "safe conduct"? Far from repealing any persecuting law, the Council of Trent *extended* the operation of such laws by its canons on baptism. The spirit which animated some portion, at least, of the assembled fathers, may be learned from the orations of Villalpandus and Fontidonius, as given in Labbé and Cossart.

We do not think, either, that *all* the "Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent" are sufficiently clear to enable us to gather from them "what Roman Catholicism really is." This, perhaps, was a necessary consequence of the manner in which the business of the council was hurried through as the close of the session drew near. That a certain degree of obscurity *might* lurk in the said "Canons and Decrees," Pius IV. evidently admits—"And if anything therein shall seem to any one to have been expressed and ordained obscurely, and it shall on that account appear to stand in need of an interpretation or decision, let him go up to the place which the Lord has chosen—to wit, the apostolic see, the mistress of the faithful, whose authority the holy synod also has so reverently acknowledged." The anticipations of Pius IV. that, possibly, some things might seem "to have been expressed and ordained obscurely," were perfectly correct. Such was the accumulation of doubts propounded to the holy see for solution that, in a short time, the burden became too heavy for the Papal Atlas to sustain alone; and, accordingly, a congregation of cardinals was appointed, who, "consulta eadem sede apostolica," might lawfully give answer on any doubtful point.* It appears, then, that even learned Romanists themselves were under the necessity of seeking interpretations of the "Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent."

We have now seen how far an appeal to *historical* evidence will confirm the hope of a council furnishing a full and certain remedy for divisions in the Church. They who cherish such a hope are somewhat in the position of persons, who, ignorant of the laws of refraction, imagine an object at the bottom of a stream within their reach, not being aware of the depth of the water which intervenes between them and the wished-for prize.

* Chiffletius, Abbas Balernensis, ad Balthasarum Moretum: "Aliorum deinde pontificum auctoritate cardinalium congregatio, qui, consulta eadem sede Apostolica, de jure responderint. Itaque Tridentina synodo per universum orbem Christianum promulgata, multæ statim dubitationes propositæ, multæ a cardinalibus etiam responsiones datæ: quas quidem paulatim collectas una cum decretis concilii ediderunt." Chifflet refers to Gregory XIII. and Sixtus V. The bull of Sixtus V. is "data January 20th, publicata March 23, 1587." Bull, Mag. Ludg. 1655, vol. ii. p. 616, *seq.*

That divisions exist, to a mournful extent, every day makes us painfully aware ; and we are equally aware that in these divisions lies the peril of our Church. But what is the *cause*? What is the proper remedy? Those who think that the proper remedy may be discovered and applied by the proceedings of convocation, of course, assume that the cause, whatever it may be, is one which it falls within the scope and power of a convocation successfully to deal with.

That the constitution of our Church, so far as framed by human agency, is perfect, it would be the height of folly to assert, and, consequently, it would be absurd to affirm that there is no room for improvement ; but, before any attempt to improve the constitution of the Church can be made with any hope of a successful issue, it would be well to determine previously, what it is that wants a correcting hand, and how that correcting hand may be best employed. Certainly the history of our own convocation gives us little room for hope in the present, but too evident, temper of the times, that the defects of our ecclesiastical constitution would be most correctly pointed out in such an assembly, or the fitting remedy discovered and applied. If the members of convocation, when assembled would consent to apply themselves to the redress of grievances which are acknowledged on all hands, to deal with matters which all allow to fall within the province of a synod, to devote the time and labour requisite in every case that might come under consideration, then there would, indeed, be good ground for hoping that the result of the proceedings would be most beneficial. In 1686 a commission was issued "to prepare alterations in the Liturgy and Canons, to make proposals for reforming the ecclesiastical courts, and to provide for a strict method of examining candidates for holy orders."* This commission proved ineffectual, and its harmony was disturbed at an early period: some few points, however, were settled, and do not seem to be such as were calculated to call forth any very decided spirit of opposition. Our limits will not permit us to notice the proposed alterations in detail ; but we would recommend the perusal of the account of them, as given in "A Sketch of the History of the Church of England to the Revolution in 1688," by the Rev. Thomas Vowles Short, B.D., now Bishop of St. Asaph. The tumultuous proceedings of the convocation when last called into action, and its consequent, we had almost written, extinction, are matters of well known history.

* See an interesting account of this commission, its proceedings and results, in Short's "Sketch of the History of the Church of England," vol. ii. p. 377, *et seq.*

Man, in his weakness, is so much the creature of circumstances that it is impossible, for any human foresight, to determine what would be the line of proceeding adopted by the members of convocation when assembled for the transaction of business. In proof of this we cite a passage from an anonymous author, quoted by the Venerable Archdeacon Garbett in his admirable charge:—"But when the houses were arrayed against each other, the *Low Church* bishops, who *disclaimed apostolic succession*, were all for high-flying prelatic authority; and the *High Church* inferior clergy who acknowledged it were all for *independence*." A true picture of human nature—a *presiding authority* is desirable, but the bishops considered that it could only be safely vested in *themselves*! Is the tone of the various publications, put forth, in such abundance, at the present time, of a nature to convince us that no such weakness would find its way into any future convocation? Is there reason to believe that the assembly would confine itself to its *acknowledged* legitimate business? Have we just grounds for supposing, taking as our guide the language of some of the most strenuous supporters of convocational action, that no attempt would be made to discuss minute and obscure points of doctrine and to *narrow* the basis of religious belief? These are questions which we do not ourselves presume to answer; nor is it necessary that we should; for they are questions which our readers have, equally with ourselves, the means of deciding upon. Our constitution, such as it is, with its defects and advantages, has gradually grown to its present form and stature: to touch it with a rude or hasty hand is to be altogether deprecated; and rude and hasty work might naturally be expected at the hands of eager and ardent men who, whilst they seem to advocate the expediency of individuals submitting to the decisions of the collective wisdom of a synod, are themselves unwilling to be guided by the concurrent testimony of all past ages. What could be hoped from the deliberations of men who, in their estimation of what constitutes the Church, would confine it to the body of the clergy? Would the decisions of these individuals, though in every respect wise and orthodox, find acceptance with the laity? That the efficacy of such decisions, in healing the divisions of the Church, must mainly depend upon their being acceptable to the great body of the laity is too manifest to need any argument to prove that such must necessarily be the case. Great, in our opinion, is the wisdom and the foresight which characterize the words which are reported to have fallen from the excellent Archbishop of Canterbury, in a recent debate in the House of Lords, on Lord Redesdale's motion touching the

convocation. His grace is reported to have spoken thus:—

“I believe that there are formal and technical difficulties attending the revival of the powers of convocation, and the noble lord has already acknowledged that, before it can act, it must be re-modeled. Into these I will not enter. I will suppose that all such technicalities are overcome: all obstacles removed; her Majesty’s advisers satisfied; her Majesty consenting and convocation called together—what would follow? Great disappointment or great excitement. What business is to be despatched? Some would say, the Liturgy requires revision. Some rubrics are inconsistent, and others unintelligible. If the assembling of convocation were to end in the reconciliation of some conflicting rubrics or in supplying the deficiency of others—or even in the change of a few obsolete words or questionable phrases—the result would be little worth the cost of production. It would be justly asked, *Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissus hiatu?* Thus far, then, you disappoint: go further, and you excite. If more were attempted, and the doctrine of the Prayer Book were touched even with the lightest hand, a flame would be lighted up from one end of the country to the other. Where we have now a smothered fire, hotter perhaps than is agreeable, but still manageable, we should raise a conflagration which it would require her Majesty’s prerogative to extinguish. Suppose, then, the Liturgy untouched and nothing more attempted than what we know to be desired by many members of the Church—the issuing of a declaration which would contradict a recent decision of the Privy Council and define the effect of baptism more exactly than it is defined in our articles—would peace follow? Can we suppose that this would prove a healing measure? I cannot so interpret the spirit of the age as to believe that the great body of the Church, laity or clergy, are prepared to restrict the liberty of opinion on matters hitherto undecided, which our forefathers have always enjoyed, and under which the Church has flourished for three hundred years.”*

Some, well aware of the technical and legal difficulties attending the revival of the powers of convocation and of carrying into effect any provisions it might make, have gone so far as to advocate the separation of Church and State. That there are disadvantages attending such an union we pretend not to deny; but there are also great and obvious advantages, and the best way to obtain concessions from the State is to show that we do not undervalue, and are disposed to make the best use of, those we now enjoy for the mutual benefit of both Church and State. Should such a separation take place in an evil hour, the noble vessel of the Church would be hopelessly wrecked. From whatever quarter such a suggestion has been derived, we hesitate not to say, “an enemy hath done this:” such a consummation would at once give up our land to the

* The same reasoning applies in still greater force to provincial or diocesan synods.

domination of Rome—"Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercen-
tur Atreidæ." We could say much upon this subject; but we
refrain, and, for the present, take our leave by commending to
our readers the pregnant and suggestive words of Tacitus—
Mille "octingentorum annorum fortunâ disciplinâque com-
pages hæc coaluit quæ convelli sine convellentium exitio non
potest."*

ART. IX.—*Adventures and Recollections of Colonel Land-
mann, late of the Corps of Royal Engineers. Two vols.*
8vo. London: Colburn. 1852.

WE have often thought—and, more than once, it may be,
hazarded the opinion in these pages—that a faithfully written
autobiography, of the humblest member of society, would be
fraught with an interest which does not attach to any other
species of literary composition. The "high and low, rich and
poor, one with another," are swayed by the same passions:
love and hate, hope and despondency, sorrow and joy, are
common to all the sons and daughters of Adam. There is no
condition of life so low as to escape, and none so high as to
soar above, the storms which make shipwreck of our happi-
ness: no station so humble that it hath not its joys, and none
so exalted that it cannot be reached by grief. Indeed, we are
disposed to give our hearty credence to the dogma, often pro-
pounded by the divine and the philosopher, that happiness
and misery are more equally distributed through all ranks of
society than men are commonly inclined to admit: that light
and shadow make up the landscape of life, caught and cast
by the cottage and the castle alike. We visit the poor man's
dwelling, but we do not sit at his hearth; or, it may be, we
should hear the voice of mirth ringing more clear and true
than it was ever echoed by the gilded roof or the luxury-
laden board. We meet the noble and the rich in their gay
saloons, amid the glare of a thousand lights and the glitter
of a rifled mine; but we do not see them in their solitude
where, it may be, they mourn in agony of spirit over a dis-
obedient child, or one "sick unto death," for whose reclama-
tion or recovery they would gladly give all the pomp and
splendour that surround them.

Yes; we repeat that an honest autobiography of the least

* See Dr. Phillimore's preface to his edition of "Burn's Ecclesiastical Law," p. x.

distinguished among men, the history of his struggles and his triumphs, possesses an interest which attaches to no other description of narrative. The rise and fall of dynasties, the tale of battles lost and won, have feeble grasp upon our minds; the truth being that we sympathise more largely with the individual than with the mass. There is no study so attractive as that of an individual mind. We remember to have read the "Memoirs of a Working Man" with more absorbed attention than we ever accorded to the details of a victory. There is a charm in the *first person singular* which enchains us at the outset, and, if the writer break it not by his egotism, binds us to the end. We will adduce an instance somewhat higher in the intellectual scale—the "Diary of Samuel Pepys," a man whose cleverness amounted to little more than cunning, and who, his filial piety excepted, established scarcely a single claim to our respect; and yet with what avidity was his "Diary" read by the public? All his errors—and they were neither few nor slight—were "noted, set in a book," and that book written by himself. True, it was not intended by him to see the light of day. He would seem to have been his own confessor, and perhaps read his diary by way of penance; and yet, to have recorded his daily peccadilloes, to apply the mildest term to Pepys's backslidings, implies no small amount of moral courage. If he had been less honest in these records, he would have left a better reputation behind him. We wonder if his ghost ever appeared to the gentleman who first gave them to the world!

And our interest in an autobiography rises with the gifts and graces of its subject: take for instance Evelyn, a man of loftier thought and nobler mind—a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of genius—one who loved nature with an affection born only of a pure and simple heart. O, that we had the autobiography of some of the great spirits of our own time! What a treasure would be that of Wordsworth!—"the old man eloquent." Imagine one of the Duke of Wellington! What a book it would be—translated into every living tongue and read in the remotest corner of the world.

But the volumes before us are from the pen of no mean man, Colonel Landmann, a distinguished officer of the distinguished branch of military service to which he belonged, and previously known to literature as the author of two noble and richly illustrated folios on Portugal—too costly to have enjoyed an extended circulation, but well remembered and appreciated by those into whose hands they have fallen. His fame as a civil engineer is recorded on a more durable tablet

than brass; for to him we owe the first, we believe, of our iron roads—the Greenwich Railway. We rejoice at the publication of his “*Adventures and Recollections*,” albeit we had hoped to find them of a less gossiping character. Still they are such as to command the attention, and enlist the gratitude, of the reader—especially as they refer to times and events which are fast fading from the public mind, obliterated or overlaid by the more stirring incidents and absorbing interests of later times. He carries us back to the days of our youth, and opens up to us many a neglected mine of information and thought.

Colonel Landmann was born on the 11th of April, 1780, at the Royal Arsenal, then and for many years subsequently known as Woolwich Warren. His father, in the year 1771, succeeded Dr. Pollock as Professor of Fortification and Artillery in the Royal Military Academy, during the Master-Generalship of the Marquis Townshend, and when the celebrated Doctor Walter was Professor of Mathematics in the same institution. It was not long after his father's appointment that George III. and the Prince of Wales visited the academy, on which occasion his Majesty, on being shown by Professor Landmann some illustrative drawings, clapped the latter on the shoulder and said—“This is the best thing I have seen to-day;” and, when they were offered to the king's acceptance, he added—“Well, well, Mr. Landmann, I accept them, and be assured you have made me a very agreeable present: if you have any favour to ask, speak out.” But the professor, with great good taste, and a forbearance rarely exercised in those days, merely bowed and was silent. On another occasion, the king, visiting the institution, accompanied by Queen Charlotte, took the professor by the arm, and, introducing him to his royal consort, said—“There is one of your countrymen: he will talk German to you as long as you like; but he, nevertheless, speaks very good French and English, too.”

Colonel Landmann, very early in life, made the acquaintance, and subsequently acquired the friendship, of the late Sir William Congreve, who, originally destined for the bar, studied under Holroyd. With reference to the circumstance to which Sir William owed his celebrity and success—namely, his perfection of the construction of rockets for military purposes—an amusing anecdote is told of his having, when very young, consulted a noted fortune-teller in Ratcliffe Highway as to his future destiny, when the oracle informed him that “he

was to rise by fire and live among princes"—a prediction which was literally fulfilled. Colonel Landmann adds a remark that Congre ve was undoubtedly clever, and regrets that he devoted, or rather wasted, so large a portion of his life in the endeavour to discover perpetual motion. We believe the nearest approach he made to it was the construction of a clock, which was set in motion by a ball of quicksilver traversing an inclined plane through zig-zag grooves, and touching at the termination of each journey, if we may use the phrase, a spring which reversed the inclination of the plane and caused the ball to retrace its course. We have often, and so we doubt not have our readers, seen the machine, which however, we have been assured, was an adoption, and not the invention, of Sir William.

Our author's introduction to the study of natural history had nearly cost him dear. Some of our older readers will recognize the school in which he took his first lesson—the old Exeter Change. We give the story in his own words:—

"The apartments containing the menagerie were exceedingly confined and dangerously crowded by the cages for the animals. On one side were the large beasts in strongly grated compartments; the lion at the end, and next to him the tiger; then followed the hyenas, leopards, and some very large monkeys or baboons; whilst on the side facing, there were a number of the inferior animals, some in cages, but a great many of them merely chained to a sort of table. Amongst these were the blue-faced and smaller monkeys, otters, racoons, &c., leaving a space for the visitors much too narrow between them and the larger animals—I believe not more than ten to twelve feet. Having examined the birds near the entrance, and particularly the macaws—(several of these birds were hung in the streets below, near the entrance)—we advanced in the narrow walk to hear the lion, the show-master having proclaimed that he was about to make him roar: upon the animal extending his jaws the keeper put his face as far into his mouth as he could reach, and began to roar down the lion's throat; which feat was considered the most interesting and boldest ever attempted.

"In retreating from this exhibition, the tiger or leopard made a sudden leap at the bars of his cage, causing me to start backwards, which brought me within the reach of the monkeys and other small animals that were chained to the table. The nearest of them instantly seized hold of my hair, and began pulling away with his utmost strength, endeavouring at the same time to scratch out my eyes. Nothing could have saved me from suffering the severest injuries but the stout resistance I made.

"My first scream was the signal for a general burst of the wildest uproar throughout the whole menagerie. The lion, with his mane erect, darted with surprising activity from end to end of his prison,

lashing the bars with his tail, and thundering out his rage. The tiger sprang in all directions, repeatedly turning head over heels against the gratings, and making every effort to catch hold of me by thrusting his fore-legs out to their fullest extent, and evincing his severe disappointment on perceiving that he could only grasp the air with his claws. The leopards and hyenas in like manner manifested their eagerness to partake of the good fortune which they imagined had befallen the monkeys; whilst, immediately facing the spot where I was struggling to escape, was an immensely large black monkey or baboon, leaping from the bottom to the top of his cage, and exhibiting a state of rage which no one had on any former occasion witnessed. Their wild and harsh screeches excited the macaws and parrots, producing altogether such a deafening uproar of discordant sounds as no pen can describe.

"My father laid about with his cane, and two or three keepers flogged away savagely with their long hunting-whips. Of course, I was soon released; but my face was covered with blood, issuing from numerous deep scratches, and my head was bleeding where the hair had been torn out, carrying with it pieces of skin as large as fourpenny pieces. Notwithstanding my liberation, these ferocious creatures continued to exhibit such a state of insubordination that I was hurried away to the proprietor's room, in the hope that by withdrawing me from their presence tranquillity might be restored."

The proverb—"There is nothing new under the sun," receives frequent confirmation in these pages. The instance which we are about to introduce is prefaced by an anecdote of the celebrated John Hunter, whom the mother of the author had occasion to consult. The doctor, after listening with some degree of patience to the account of her sufferings, remained silent, when the patient enquired what he should recommend. He replied, "Nothing." "Sir (asked the lady), is nothing then to be done?" "No, madam," Hunter coldly replied. "But (rejoined Mrs. Landmann) what will become of me?" "Why, madam (said Hunter), you must die—your case is incurable." The lady burst into tears, when the doctor bade her retire and give place to other patients in attendance. Nevertheless, Mrs. Landmann lived thirty-eight years after sentence of death had thus been pronounced on her. We know an instance, within the circle of our own acquaintance, in which a similarly rash judgment was pronounced to a gentleman on the case of his son; and it was many years before the parent recovered from the shock thus unfeelingly and unnecessarily given to the tenderest of feelings. The son is living yet, and in better health, we are grateful to add, than he ever enjoyed in his life. But now for the story which is very much like a case of Mesmerism:—

"It was about the same period that a Dr. Maneduc had acquired

great celebrity in consequence of his having started upon an entirely new system of curing every disease without the use of medicines, and without touching, nay, in some cases without even seeing, the patient. He was a rather good-looking man, between forty and fifty years of age, square built, and of middle stature ; his hair frizzed and queued, and abundantly powdered ; he wore a white satin waistcoat, white breeches, and white silk stockings ; his chocolate-coloured coat was lined with white silk, and the buttons very large had a beautiful little painting on each, covered with a glass set in a gold rim. Such buttons were worn by persons of fashion, and cost from one to two guineas a-piece. On my mother being introduced, Dr. Maneduc rose majestically from an elegant French *fauteuil*, and presented a chair for her at the furthest end of the room. He made a few simple inquiries, after which, standing up, without approaching his patient, his left foot in front of the right, and both knees quite stiff, he regarded my mother with a serious look and rather stern manner ; then begged of her to be perfectly calm, as he was about to operate. My mother, anything but calm, was silent : she, however, kept her position, looking the doctor full in the face. Maneduc now raised his arms slowly, keeping them fully extended, the backs of his hands upwards, and nearly on a level with his face : his fingers were crooked and pointed forwards, as one preparing to scratch : he occasionally moved them, and sometimes altered the position of his hands, but he never changed the direction of his arms. During this time his fingers were entirely engaged in pretending to feel various matters, as though calculating their weight ; all the while carrying on a sort of communication in broken sentences, either with himself or some invisible being. Every now and then he kindly inquired of his patient how she felt, adding :—

“I hope you do not feel alarmed. You may depend upon it, I am so perfectly acquainted with the anatomy of the human body, I shall not do the slightest injury to anything I touch.

“After a little more of this trash, he said :—

“There now, madam, do you not feel a very peculiar sensation in the upper part of the right side of your body ? I am merely passing my hand between your liver and the ribs ! I beg to assure you I do not wish to cause you any more inconvenience than is absolutely necessary, in order that I may at once make myself completely master of your interesting, nay, I may with much propriety say, your very peculiar case.”

It is not long since that, walking through one of the most crowded thoroughfares in London, we picked up a sovereign ; but our good fortune was nothing to that of a Captain Nutting of the Artillery, who, being an early riser, was in the habit of taking long walks before breakfast. On one of these occasions, while on the high road to Dover over Shooter's Hill, his attention was drawn to a crumpled piece of white paper on the ground, and on opening it, he found it to be a bank-note for a thousand pounds. Extending his search, he found

another of the same value; and afterwards four more. He gave notice to the Bank of England of the circumstance, but, strange to say, the property was never claimed.

In the early portion of the first volume there is a long, and, we may add, rather tedious account of some practical jokes perpetrated by an officer of the name of Ford, for which we must refer those of our readers who are interested in such matters to the work. For our own part, we could never see any fun in such freaks: we never knew a practical joker who had any heart. We have had an instance in our own day of a man whose brilliant wit and undoubted genius left him no excuse for adopting such vulgar paths to notoriety; and who, although he won by more legitimate means the admiration of the world, carried with him to the grave little of its respect.

The Artillery officer of the present time will be interested by the account given by Colonel Landmann of the preparatory studies and condition of that arm of the service in its infancy. The particulars are contained in some memoranda found by the author among the papers of his father; from which we gather that the first commission of colonel of artillery was dated the first of November 1727, when the regiment consisted of only four companies; the total force of each company being one hundred and seven, including one captain, one captain-lieutenant—(corresponding, we suppose, with the second captain of the present day)—one first and one second lieutenant. The vast improvement in that most distinguished branch of our military service must be palpable even to unprofessional eyes like our own. We know not a more interesting sight than the Arsenal and Repository of Woolwich. The last time we witnessed its wonders was on the occasion of the visit of the ambassador from Nepaul to those establishments, when we were much struck by the intelligence and acuteness displayed by his Excellency in his examination of the various objects presented to him. It was during the exhibition of the process of converting masses of red hot iron into bars that one of the pieces, in passing between the cylinders, exploded with a report like a cannon, scattering particles of the metal in every direction, to the great peril especially of the ladies, whose muslin dresses appeared to escape ignition only by a miracle. We were close to the ambassador at the time of the explosion; but not a movement of either limb or muscle betrayed his consciousness that anything extraordinary had happened. Occasionally the stoicism of the Oriental was disturbed by his admiration of some object of especial interest, and he more than once exclaimed, *sotto voce*,

but loudly enough to be heard by a friend who interpreted his words to us:—"Wonderful! wonderful!—they will not believe me in my country when I tell them of this." Alas! one, and the chief, of that gay and gallant company, the general commanding, Sir Thomas Downman, has passed from among us, carrying with him the affection, we believe, of every officer and man under his authority!

And here we have a pleasant anecdote of an officer, Lieut.-General Broom, who in 1795 held the appointment which was recently enjoyed by Sir Thomas Downman, and who began his military career as a drummer, and, our author adds, "was proud of it." On one occasion, on which the guard turned out to render him military honours, a drummer acquitted himself so indifferently, that "little Broom" ran up to him in great displeasure, and, "upbraiding him for his inefficiency in the art of drumming, snatched the drum away, passed the suspending belt over his own neck, and began to rattle away in a very superior style," exclaiming, when he had finished, "There, you young dog, that's the way I used to beat the drum when I was a drummer."

The following is characteristic of a British tar in the "olden time." Whether our sailors of the present day are more wise than their predecessors of the date to which the story refers we cannot say; but certain it is they have not now the means of indulging in the particular folly alluded to in the anecdote:—

"Plymouth Dock was at this period full of gaiety. Fore-street was almost crowded with the officers of the navy and army—the former swimming in prize-money; whilst the dillys (hackney-chariots) plying between Dock and Plymouth *via* Stonehouse, at sixpence each person, or eighteen-pence for the whole, were continually not only filled with sailors, but covered by them, all anxious to expend large sums of money, which had just been paid them in guineas, and which they were frequently seen carrying about the streets in their hats under their arms. A sailor in those days had no idea of saving up anything for the future. His only thought was to get rid of his money, and to such an extent was this desire for squandering it carried that I recollect being on board the *Swiftsure* with Captain Phillip, when a sailor carrying a pewter pint pot in his hand nearly full of guineas came to his captain on deck, and begged very earnestly to be allowed to go on shore for the remainder of the day in order to expend his prize-money. Phillip knew the man, and stiffly refused his petition; the man soon reduced his demand to 'one hour on shore if you please, dear captain, and I promise you most sincerely to have then spent the last guinea.'

"'No (replied Phillip)—I know you will not return but when brought off by force;' and quickly turned away towards the cabin."

"The sailor again, hat in hand, followed his commanding officer, begging for leave to go in the boat about to push off to the shore, and assuring the captain he would remain within sight of the officer in charge of the boat: still he was denied.

"Then (exclaimed the tar, as he uttered a deep groan), what's the use of money if a man can't get leave to spend it?" and at the same moment he dashed the pot and guineas overboard, and hastened away to the fore-castle without uttering another word."

The mutiny in the British fleet in 1797 will be remembered by our septuagenarian friends, and, as a matter of history, familiar to most of our readers. The following episode relating to that event is too interesting and characteristic to be omitted:—

"—and on my crossing the river Tamar, from Tor Point to Plymouth Dock, at a short time before sun-set, I witnessed a very imposing sight. Every ship of war then lying at anchor in the harbour, and they were very numerous, had her yard and masts manned—the whole of the sailors being dressed in blue jackets and white trousers—and on the top of each mast a man stood upright; but on the top of the highest mast in the fleet, the man standing thereon was engaged playing 'Rule Britannia,' on a fiddle. As soon as the gun had been fired, which announced that the sun had descended below the horizon, the whole of the masts and yards, with the speed of magic, were stripped of their living ornaments.

"I must here observe that, though the crews of the British ships of war, lying in the harbours at home, had mutinied, and had sent all their officers on shore, the severest discipline was, nevertheless, maintained by a certain number of the sailors, who had been selected by their companions to discharge the duties of the officers; whilst others, denominated delegates, formed general councils on board of the flag-ships; and I have heard it asserted that, at no period, before or since then, has there been so much flogging practised. The slightest offence against the naval articles of war was instantly visited with punishment, inflicted with extreme rigour. Many were the adventures daily related on shore of narrow escapes experienced by officers of the royal navy from men who availed themselves of this temporary power to revenge real or supposed ill-treatment. Other stories were also current of a very different character, amongst them the following—

"The gallant Captain Nagle (Sir Edmund) commanding the *Artois*, of forty-four guns, had been out during a six or eight weeks' cruise, and just at this critical moment was returning into Plymouth Sound in order to refit and prepare for another expedition; but the *Artois* had no sooner been recognised in the offing, and reported to the council of delegates, than a well-manned boat, carrying a certain number of delegates, was despatched off to revolutionise her. On arriving alongside of the frigate, the absence of any officer in the boat no doubt created surprise, and excited curiosity amongst the officers and crew of the frigate. This was not lessened when the principal delegate, stand-

ing up in the boat, announced in a tone of authority that the command of every ship had been taken from the officers, who had been sent on shore, never to return on board until the demands of the sailors for redress of certain complaints they had preferred should be granted; that, in the mean time, every ship's crew in harbour had appointed their own officers from amongst themselves, and had sent delegates to the general council on board of the flag-ship.

"And now we call upon you (added the orator addressing the sailors) to do the same; but, if you refuse to comply, we have only to tell you that we shall immediately bring down the *Powerful* and the *Gibraltar* alongside of you, and blow you clean out of the water."

"Immediately upon the close of this thundering speech, Nagle called his crew aft and said: 'Well, my lads, what do you mean to do? Are you willing to turn me and your officers adrift, like so much useless lumber; or shall we up helm and go out to sea for a fortnight, and pass that time in a far more profitable manner? Who knows if we may not pick up a stray galleon or two, whilst these fellows are kicking up a rumpus in port. At all events, the business is sure to be as well done without as with you! What say ye, my hearties?'

"Upon which they all shouted with one voice, 'We will obey you, captain, to a man.'

"Then helm's a-lee, and three cheers, my brave lads,' Nagle vociferated at the top of his voice. The *Artois* shot off to sea, and did not return until after the mutiny had been put down."

A few pages further on we have an illustrative anecdote of the system of *fagging*—a feature we believe not quite obliterated from our public schools. The details are of too painful a nature to be acceptable to our readers; but nothing can more revoltingly characterise the tyranny which fagging involved—in those days at least—than the case quoted by Colonel Landmann. That it has broken many a noble spirit, and extinguished many a weak one, there can be no doubt; and it is equally unquestionable that, with the opportunity, it has presented temptations to oppression, on the part of the strong over the weak, which has made many a full grown tyrant. When we say the strong over the weak, we refer to the combination on the part of the seniors to support the system as exercised against the juniors. It is not long since that we heard a warm defence of this system from an "Old Westminster," himself first the victim and then the supporter of it; but his arguments failed to convince us. We hope and believe that the heads of our public seminaries are beginning to see the evil and to set their faces against it.

We cannot dismiss the first of Colonel Landmann's amusing volumes without quoting an anecdote far too good to be lost to our readers:—

"A young ensign, who had just arrived from England to join his
VOL. XXXII.—G G

regiment in Canada, was, according to custom, invited to dine at Government-house. Lord Dorchester was a very precise man, admired perfect carving, and was partial to all the little niceties of society. His lordship had already formed an unfavourable opinion of this young man. He was too *déagé* and somewhat careless: he had already spilled a little gravy; but now he threw over a bumper of port wine which sent forth a long purple streak across the white damask. The governor was unfortunately sitting nearly opposite, and immediately exclaimed: 'Good heaven, sir, where could you have been brought up?'—fixing a sharp reproachful look on the ensign, which in nine cases out of ten would have startled a youngster from the table; but our friend, who was of an aristocratic family, was not so easily dismayed, and, resting his case on its simplicity, respectfully replied: 'My lord, I was brought up at my father's table, where we had a clean table-cloth every day.'

"A few days after this (Le Maistre proceeded) our ensign was on duty at the main-guard near the chateau occupied by the governor, when Lady Dorchester and her children, some of them very young, were passing on foot in front of the guard, and had to cross a very insignificant gutter, which, however, was frequently the channel of a very offensive drainage, descending from the entrance into St. Louis-street, and crossing the open space between the chateau and the court-house. Lady Dorchester and her children proceeded towards the saluting battery, and one of the children of tender age, in attempting to leap over this drain, not a foot wide, slipped and fell on his back in the middle of it. The ensign, who was lounging about in front of his ward, ran to the assistance of the child, and replacing it on his feet, with his own handkerchief wiped off the mud, and endeavoured by kind and affectionate words to silence the distress and grief of the child; but in an instant Lady Dorchester, the proudest woman of her days, on seeing the efforts of the young officer to soothe the infant, and recognising in him the impertinent ensign who had dared to insult the governor at his own table, and that too in her presence, darted up to him full of rage, angrily demanding, 'How dare you touch my child with your unwholesome hands and filthy handkerchief? How dare you, I say, again to repeat your insults and vulgar impertinences?'

"'Oh, my lady, the mischief can be very easily repaired,' coolly retorted the offender, and without allowing his temper to be in the slightest degree ruffled he took up the child and laid it down again at his full length in the gutter, then made one of his best bows to my lady, and retired into the guard-room."

In the early part of the second volume we have a short but graphic account of the colonel's visit to the Falls of Niagara, on which occasion he and others of the party passed between the cascade and the cliff, over which the stream shot so clear of the face of the rock that they could walk to a considerable distance beneath, but not without some risk, since "the foot-hold was merely on loose gravel, stand-

ing at a considerable inclination." The author speaks of the feeling of awe produced by a solid sheet of water, fifteen or twenty feet thick, descending over their heads from a height of one hundred and fifty feet, with incredible velocity. A traveller, describing to us some time since the interspace between the rock and the cascade referred to by the colonel, said "it was like walking upon eels."

The author had cultivated a taste for natural history, his first lesson in which has already been described; and contrived during his Canadian trip to accumulate a very respectable menagerie, and of one individual specimen in his collection he relates an amusing anecdote:—

"One of my bears, about three years old, had become so familiar with the soldiers of the light company, near to whose quarters he had been chained to a cask for a kennel, that on several occasions having contrived to break his chain during the night, and instead of dashing away to the woods, he invariably sought a lodging amongst his friends of the light company, where he coiled himself up in the warmest corner he could find, and there remained without annoying any one until discovered in the morning: then, without a murmur, he allowed himself to be reconducted to his cask. However, one very cold night, having thus quitted his residence, he ascended the stairs, and finding the barrack-room door open he entered, *sans cérémonie*, and after groping about in the dark he probably discovered that the sleeping-places of the men threw out a most tempting quantity of warmth, hesitated not in claiming the benefit of occupying the unoccupied half of the soldier's bed, which was fixed lengthways against the wall. Bruin had so far gained his point that he at once extended himself at the back of the man in bed, selecting the place betwixt him and the wall without exciting in his bed-fellow any suspicion that he was not his usual companion.

"By degrees, however, wishing to increase the little comfort which half a soldier's bed could afford him, he applied his back against that of the soldier, and with his four feet to the wall he gave him such a thrust that he very soon obtained possession of the entire bed, the occupant readily abandoning his right."

Occasionally, however, he appears to have taken a lesson in zoology under circumstances so well calculated to impress it on his memory as to render a repetition of it superfluous and anything but desirable. His party had kindled a fire on a bleak part of the coast, and had put on their kettle to boil preparatory to their breakfast, to acquire an appetite for which, as well as to restore circulation to his frost-benumbed limbs, the colonel was running along the sand, when he says:—

"I was bailed to return to breakfast; and on arriving at about half

way back, running briskly, I was about to tread on what I supposed to be a smooth branch of a tree, which proved to be a thick and long snake, with his jaws widely opened, ready to receive my foot, which was without shoe or stocking. I need scarcely add that I was alarmed beyond my power of description, and taking an extraordinary leap over this formidable enemy ran on with a degree of speed I had never before accomplished. The reptile followed with such speed that my friends loudly exhorted me to run for my life. I dashed at the canoe, and made but one leap into the middle of it, falling on my bedding; but my native pursuer was within three or four yards of me. The men struck at him with their paddles till he was killed. He proved to be a large mocassin snake, seven feet two inches long, and eight inches in circumference: in colour perfectly brown. The venom of this reptile is reputed to cause death in less than two hours."

Nor was this the only instance of the colonel's acquisition of "knowledge under difficulties." He makes an excursion with some friends from Amherstburgh to Detroit—then an American but formerly an English post—and by some accident he was separated from his party. While searching for the house of the commandant, Colonel Porter, he strays into a yard with large folding gates, "peeping behind one of which," says our author:—

"I was suddenly pounced upon by an immense animal that applied his fore-feet upon my shoulders, almost throwing me upon my back, and with his tongue extended out of his mouth, breathing like a dog oppressed with heat, he fixed his fiery eyes upon mine but a few inches from my face, whilst his tail lashed about in every direction. I freely admit I was never more startled, and loudly called for rescue. I could not disengage myself, for I felt his powerful claws not only tightly holding me by my clothes, but inserted through them slightly into the skin. I had not been many seconds in this position when a man rushed out from a small counting-house by the spot who assured me I should not suffer any injury; 'for (said he), although he is a panther, yet he is very young, and has no harm in him.' I was very soon released, and, although his master repeated several times I might handle him without risk, yet the event made a very deep impression on my mind."

Following upon this we have a story of a gentleman whose affliction for the loss of his wife led him to pass much of his time in the solitude of his room, where he frequently noticed a mouse, which by degrees became so familiar that it would sit on his cap at breakfast, then get on his hand, until it finally climbed up into his waistcoat, where it would nestle until his protector became tired of its company.

Colonel Landmann quotes some wonderful instances, not only of the fierce passions of the Indians, but of their stoical endurance of torture, as well as of the calmness with which

they meet death. Some, indeed most, of the stories involve details too horrible to dwell upon, and which we gladly pass over to make room for a tale, the denouement of which will be more agreeable to our readers, while it redounds to the honour of the author's humanity. While on his voyage from Amherstburgh to St. Joseph's, the vessel was becalmed off the Thunder Bay Islands, and a party was formed to go ashore. They arrived at an Indian camp, in which they remarked that something more than ordinary was in agitation. An unusually large fire had been kindled and a kettle was hanging over it; while there was an air of solemnity pervading the Indian community which he had not before remarked. We give the rest of the story in the writer's own words:—

"In walking about the wigwams I observed a woman sitting on the ground with an infant at her breast, quite apart from the huts. She was stripped naked to her waist. I soon perceived that on various parts of her back and arms were pieces of pine-wood, about the size of a skewer, sharp-pointed at one end and frizzled at the other. Several boys and men were round her, sticking the skewers into her flesh of which she took no notice; nor did she flinch or shrink in the slightest degree.

"Upon enquiry into the motives for this preparation, one of the Indians replied that the woman was a prisoner—I believe, a Pawnee—and that they were about to burn her and her child, directing my attention to a heap of faggots or small wood prepared for that purpose. The sticking into her flesh of the skewers was suspended for a short time whilst the explanation was proceeding.

"I was perfectly horrified at beholding such intense brutality, and I expressed myself accordingly in strong reproaches. The Indians treated my remonstrances with contempt. I enquired if the destruction of this woman would enrich them, or give them any *schooty-wabo* (rum).

"No (replied the Indian), she is not worth it."

"But (said I), if you will sell her to me, I am willing to give you some rum for her."

"*Tawaw, Tawaw*—an expression indicating some degree of surprise—'If you have taken a fancy to the *animonse* (dog), we can be satisfied with *schooty-wabo* instead of the festival of seeing her burnt; but do you want the child also?'—the Indian looking at me with an air which convinced me that I would not be troubled with it; 'for (said he) we can burn the child, which would do as well, and perhaps be more to your liking.'

"No, no, I must have both,' cried I, rejoiced to find that there was a chance of saving their lives. A negotiation was immediately commenced, and it was agreed that in consideration of my handing them six bottles of rum—that is, two of rum mixed with four of water—they would transfer their rights and titles to both the woman and child to me. Through the medium of one of the Indians present,

who spoke the language of the prisoner, it was explained to her that her life was saved, and that she was now my property. She received the information with an air of the utmost indifference; and although I hastened to pluck out all the skewers to the number of at least twenty or thirty, and assisted to wash the blood from her skin, she uttered not one word of either sorrow or pleasure. Putting on her clothes and blanket, she gathered her baby close to her breast, and stood ready to follow her new proprietor.

"We all hastened to the vessel, taking my new purchase with me, whilst two of the Indians escorted us on board in order to receive the payment as agreed. They departed to return to their thirsty friends on shore, who were waiting anxiously for a smack at the *schooly-wabo*, occasionally manifesting their satisfaction by screeches and yells of delight; and I proceeded, with a fair wind, on my voyage, full of gratitude to the Almighty for having afforded me an opportunity of thus saving the lives of two fellow-creatures.

"Our first care was to apply ointment to heal the torn flesh of the woman, to which she made not the slightest objection; but her features had undergone no change, and she continued to maintain the same passive gloominess. The same night, on entering the *Détour*, about nine or ten miles from the Island of St. Joseph, we saw a great many Indian canoes returning from the island and on their route to Lake Michigan; and as I happened to know some of these families, having seen them often at Fort St. Joseph, I agreed with them to carry the woman and child towards her friends as far as they could, and thence send her on, and that on being assured of her safe arrival home I should reward them handsomely. Some biscuit and other articles of provision were put into the canoe with her and she embarked.

"It will no doubt be expected that she showed some expression of gratitude, a smile on her countenance, or at least one look of satisfaction: there was nothing of the kind—she did not even turn her head to take a last look of those who had saved her life. I had not, however, been more than a fortnight at Fort St. Joseph when two canoes arrived with about a dozen men and their families, many of them the relations and connections of this woman. They stated that they came to show me that they were not ungrateful for my kindness, and immediately scattered before me, according to the Indian custom, a considerable present of the finest skins they could at the instant collect."

So much for arraying one fierce propensity against another—the thirst for liquor against the thirst for blood; but, if there ever was a case in which questionable means were justified by the end, this was one—one of which the colonel may well be proud; and (we quote from Coleridge's tragedy of "Remorse")

—————"Count it among
His comfortable thoughts hereafter."

The author describes the Indian savage—for such, notwithstanding all the attributes with which romance has invested him, he is—as having "a sufficient attachment to life to in-

duce him to make every imaginable effort to escape premature death ;" but, when it becomes inevitable, they "assume an air of the most perfect contempt" of their fate. He gives an instance, a melancholy one every way, of an Indian and his wife who had landed on the shore of the Niagara close to the Chippewa Creek. The man, leaving the woman, returned to his boat, and, having drawn it up sufficiently on the shore to ensure its not being carried away by the current, lay down in the bow and was soon asleep. The wife, instigated by some diabolical passion, pushed the boat out into the stream, by which it was hurried on towards the Falls of Niagara. The Indian, awakened by the splash of the first cascade, saw at once his position. He started up, and with the paddle made marvellous exertion to regain the shore. Finding, however, that his case was hopeless, he threw down the paddle, and, rolling himself up in his blanket, lay down in the bottom of his canoe. In a few seconds he disappeared over the brink of the great Horse-shoe Fall and was never seen again.

Colonel Landmann, in an antecedent chapter, gives a fearfully graphic account of an adventure in which he participated, and the scene of which was identical with that of the catastrophe just recorded. He and his party were in one of the *batteaux* of the country—a flat-bottomed craft about thirty-six feet long and seven feet wide. It was manned by some Canadian volunteers ; and the colonel had on board his collection of wild animals—two bears, a deer, a blue fox, a beaver, a racoon, an otter, and some smaller animals. Their object was to gain the Chippewa Creek, which they could only do by passing within half a mile of the first cascades of the Niagara. These matters premised, we give the rest of the adventure as we find it in the book :—

"As we approached the creek we kept hugging the shore closer and closer, and I freely admit the sight of the tumultuous waters as they dashed up the spray, preparatory to their taking the final plunge over the frightful cliff into the roaring gulf below, caused me to wish myself well out of it. Our steersman was inexperienced, wanted nerve, and in every respect was totally unfit for the important trust he had undertaken, and the result was that he turned the bows into the creek too soon, so that the current caught the stern of the boat immediately on the bow, striking the shoal, and sent it round, by which the bow lost its hold of the sand ; and away we went twirling round and round, passing the creek at least one hundred yards before it was possible to recover the command of the steering.

"The soldiers and others on shore, who were watching our arrival, now ran along on the rocks by the water's edge, calling out to do this, do that, do all sorts of things ; no doubt with the best intention, but

with the worst possible effect, for it merely diverted the attention of the crew from co-operating in any one course. I was in the middle, the usual place of passengers in these batteaux, but instantly scrambled over the wild beasts' cages as well as I could when in such a hurry, and ran to the bows, ordering the men to pull together, and the steersman to keep the head towards the land. We were not thirty yards from the shore, yet our side movement with the current rendered it exceedingly doubtful if we should be able to go that thirty yards a-head before the stream would carry us past the water-mill; and if we passed that point no hope could be entertained of our escaping the frightful horrors of being ground to atoms in the whirlpool below the falls, wherein every tree of the hugest dimensions is reduced to splinters.

"The men pulled heartily, their lives depending on their exertions; and as the boat was approaching a large mass of stone, which I foresaw it would almost if not quite graze, I leaped out with the long rope fastened to the boat, expressly for hauling her up the current, coiled in my hand, and flinging a few turns of it round the rock, I threw myself down in the water on my back, with my feet against the rock—the only means I had of holding the rope from slipping away with the boat. I finally thus succeeded in stopping the boat—perhaps but for a few seconds—yet long enough to give time for several of the zealous people who had followed us along the shore to come to my aid, which I seriously needed, being nearly suffocated by the water dashing over my face and forcing itself into my mouth, nose, ears, and eyes. I was rescued, but the rope was torn out of our hands by the violence of the torrent, and away went the boat and every one in it:

"The screams of the men on board, and the cries of distress put forth by the powerless spectators on shore, were most terrific. Just as the boat was on the point of entering some of the first of the cascades, the towing rope, one hundred and twenty feet long, dragging after the boat, having a strong piece of wood well fastened at its extremity to aid in the hauling of the boat, most providentially caught between two rocks and saved the boat and people."

Before we accompany the colonel on his voyage from Canada to England we must quote another of his "hair-breadth escapes," from a fate scarcely less terrible than that which threatened him at the Falls of the Niagara. It was in the depth of a Canadian winter, and our author and his friend Cameron sought the snug refuge of their beds. The colonel tells us:—

"About the middle of the night, however, I was gradually disturbed by a sort of long-continued dream of suffocation, as proceeding from a heavy weight resting upon me, and by a sensation of extraordinary coldness affecting my entire body in a very painful manner. At length I became completely aroused, and actually felt a heavy pressure on my chest and throat as I lay on my back. With caution I drew up my hand, which came in contact with some icy-cold, round

substance, moving sluggishly, yet quite enough to open to my senses a degree of terror, I will venture to assert, that has been rarely experienced; for I instantly felt convinced that my companion was an enormous snake, in search of some comfortable place wherein to pass the winter in a state of torpor; had crept in at the foot of my bed, and, fortunately for me, was so unacquainted with the intricate folds of the bedding that he had glided up between the upper sheet and the blanket above it.

"During a few seconds I remained stupified and immovable through extreme fear, and a total inability to form any fixed course. I did not waste much time in making calculations upon my chance of escaping; but with the speed of convulsion I gathered up my hands to the upper edge of the bed-clothes, and with my utmost strength I pitched off the whole bedding and snake into one confused mass at the foot of the bed, leaping out at the same time, and running into the open air, loudly calling for help."

The call was speedily answered by Cameron and the servants, and with some difficulty the reptile was destroyed, when it was found to measure five feet ten inches in length, three inches in diameter, and to weigh seventeen pounds. It was perfectly black and had a very broad head. Instances, however, of reptiles crawling into beds are by no means uncommon, especially in tropical climates. But snakes find their way into very odd places. In a newspaper of the date on which we now write there is account of one, of a very beautiful kind, four feet in length, and evidently an exotic, having been found on the removal of a window-sash in a tavern in London. A traveller of our acquaintance informs us that, while in Syria, he often saw a snake pendant by the tail from the dilapidated ceiling of his sleeping-room.

The adventures of Colonel Landmann terminate somewhat abruptly: the last event recounted being of no later date than 1805; and, as he at that time could have been only five-and-twenty, we may reasonably look for a continuation of his memoirs in future volumes. In the mean time we must bring our notice to a close; not, however, without quoting some characteristic anecdotes of George III. and his Queen, who were sojourning at Weymouth, their favourite watering place, at the time of the colonel's visit to that part of the coast.

The colonel hearing a cry of "the Queen, the Queen!" in the street, was looking about in every direction but the right one to get a glimpse of her Majesty. We give the rest of the story in his own language:—

"I had not, however, taken two steps in that way, without looking

before me, when I felt that I had come in contact with a female, whom, to save her and myself from falling, I encircled with my arms; and at the same moment, having observed that the person whom I had so embraced was a little old woman with a small black silk bonnet, exactly similar to those now commonly worn by poor and aged females, and the remainder of her person was covered by a short, plain, scarlet cloth cloak, I exclaimed, 'Hallo, old lady, I very nearly had you down.' In an instant I felt the old lady push me from her with energy and indignation, and I was seized by a great number of persons who grasped me tightly by the arms and shoulders, whilst a tall, stout fellow, in a scarlet livery, stood close before my face, sharply striking the pavement with the heavy ferrule of a long, golden-headed cane, his eyes flashing fire, and loudly repeating:—"The Queen—the Queen—the Queen—Sir!"

"Where?—where?—where?" I loudly retorted, greatly perplexed and even irritated, as I anxiously cast an inquisitive look about me amongst the thirty or forty persons by whom I was surrounded.

"I am the Queen!" sharply exclaimed the old lady.

"I instantly perceived the voice proceeded from the little old lady whom I had so unceremoniously embraced, and had addressed with such impertinent familiarity.

"On this discovery I did not totally lose my presence of mind; for without the delay of a moment I fell on one knee, and seizing the hem of the queen's dress was about to apply it to my lips, after the German fashion, stammering out at the same time the best apology I was able to put together on so short a notice; when the queen, although I believe much offended and certainly not without cause, softened her irritated features, and said, as she held out to me the back of her right hand:—

"No, no, no, you may kiss my hant. We forgiff: you must pee more careful: fery rute—fery rude inteet; we forgiff; there, you may go."

Colonel Landmann, during his stay at Weymouth, was frequently summoned to attend on his Majesty, who had taken a great interest in the construction of some "Martello Towers" on that coast. On one occasion he says:—

"I had not been there more than ten minutes when I observed a shabby-looking fellow, dressed in a light blue coat, with black velvet collar and cuffs, raised gilt buttons stamped with a crown and a cypher; his drab-coloured hat was very rough; his breeches of faded nankeen and his white cotton stockings hung in wrinkles, which, together with his high shoes and silver buckles, were abundantly loaded with dust. This worthy, who to me was quite unknown, was a corpulent man, wore his hat well crushed down upon his ears; his large head drooping or stooping; and with his hands raised to the level of his chin—the back of one in the palm of the other, he gradually and steadily advanced towards the king, crouching and creeping, his knees well bent, until he had placed himself nearly touching the king's left elbow.

"During several minutes I had been watching the man's stealthy movements, not with the most friendly feeling ; but when ultimately he had taken up a position, so regardless of the respect due to the royal personages before me, I could no longer restrain my indignation, and rushed forward with my hand stretched out to seize him, and turn him away by the arm. My progress was suddenly checked by some one drawing me back.

" 'Do you know who that is?' he exclaimed.

" 'No, your Royal Highness,' I replied.

" 'He is Lord Hawkesbury, and he probably has some important communication to make to the king. What, or who, did you take him to be?'

" Upon which I explained that from his general appearance I had supposed him to be a king's messenger. His Royal Highness laughed very heartily, and I thought there was an end of the matter ; but immediately after the picquets had marched off, the king, in conformity with his usual practice, turned to the officers of his household, and others collecting about his person, and his Majesty was informed of my having mistaken Lord Hawkesbury for a king's messenger.

" On hearing this, his Majesty exclaimed in his well-known hasty and somewhat stammering manner: 'Eh, eh, eh? what, what, what? who—who—who was it?' when I was immediately pointed out to the king, who as quickly beckoned me to him, and laughingly said: 'Eh, eh! what, what? So you thought Hawkesbury was a king's messenger? eh, eh! well, well—you are, you are right; I think you are right; yes, yes, come here, Hawkesbury; well, well, now you are a dirty looking fellow; look at your shoes; eh, eh, look at your shoes; are you not a dirty looking fellow?' The king laughed heartily.

" Hawkesbury looked at his shoes covered with dust, and freely admitted the fact.

" About six years after this event I was much gratified on receiving a most satisfactory proof that Lord Hawkesbury, then the Earl of Liverpool and Secretary of the War department, had not suffered this blunder to make any impression on his mind prejudicial to me; for his lordship (having appointed me to be one of the military agents to serve in the Peninsula, under a special commission), invited me to dine with him at Fife House. On this occasion I was seated at table by the side of his lordship, who very kindly reminded me of the laugh I had raised against him at Weymouth; and added that the king, who was then confined by his great age and infirmities at Windsor Castle, never saw him without making some allusion to the king's messenger."

And now we take our leave, though for a brief season we hope, of Colonel Landmann to whom we are grateful for the amusement afforded to us in these volumes. They are not without blemishes, among which may be mentioned an occasional want of originality in the anecdotes related, the deviation of too much space to matters of minor interest, and some

grammatical, or rather ungrammatical slips which a little care would have obviated. Our chief complaint, however, is that we are unable to detect those evidences of a philosophical mind, which, having regard to the author's education and training, his scientific profession, opportunities of travel and extensive intercourse with the world, we had a right to expect in any emanation from his pen. But, as we have already said, the work before us refers to a small portion of the colonel's long life; and we will therefore hope to find, in the record of his graver years, those qualities, the absence of which has disappointed us in these volumes; and that his next book will be—as a man of his unquestioned talent can easily render it—of a less gossiping and more intellectual character.

ART. X.—*Sympathies of the Continent; or, Proposals for a New Reformation.* By JOHN BAPTIST VON HIRSCHER, D.D., Dean of the Metropolitan Church of Freiburg, Breisgau, and Professor of Theology in the University of that City. Translated and Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by the Rev. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, M.A., Rector of St. John's Church, Hartford, Connecticut. Second Edition. Oxford: Parker.

WE know of few if any works published in our own immediate age which equal in importance that remarkable production which we have placed at the head of this article. The introduction and the body of the work are equally valuable—the rare and costly vestibule and the noble hall within. In these days of mediæval sentimentalism and morbid ascetic cravings, it is delightful to meet with a creation of this nature, issuing from two kindred hearts and souls that make response to each other's music like two rich chords in perfect unison. The American presbyter, calm and grave and thoughtful, imbued with sound sense and reverential feeling—(we judge him from the work that lies before us)—was, indeed, well qualified to comprehend the mind and heart of the Roman Catholic dean: the pious, learned, earnest-hearted Hirscher, owning still allegiance to the Roman Church, but manifestly more conscious of her grievous sins than he likes to confess even to himself, though the avowals which do drop from him are only the more valuable on the score of his *clinging*, and perhaps somewhat unreasonable, fidelity. They

are manifestly extorted from the depths of his experience, and they raise a warning voice to English Romanizers, which we sincerely trust, and hope, will not be disregarded. One remarkable fact we learn from Dean Hirscher's treatise: we have been accustomed to fancy that, whatever were the advantages accruing from the union of Church and State, the English Church was placed by the present arrangement of matters in an abnormal condition, not being allowed to express her own wishes and desires through the appointed medium of Convocation, to carry out her discipline or make any positive step in a forward direction. Now the principal theme of Dean Hirscher's treatise is the very same absence of self-government as experienced, until at least quite recently, by the German Church in communion with Rome: almost all that he says on this subject with regard to the jealousy of the State, and the fear of Church authorities lest Convocation should act rashly, might be spoken by any English Churchman, and is in fact little more than has been said a thousand times, though not perhaps as well. This is not a little curious, or rather it is not really strange at all, though it may appear so to us; but is simply corroborative of a fact that other Churches, at least two out of three national Churches in communion with the Roman see, are quite as much hampered in ecclesiastical matters, and as little able to express and maintain collectively "their own heart's will" as our dear English mother. This is not the only coincidence which could be traced betwixt the wishes and longings of Dean Hirscher, and of many of our most respected fellow-Churchmen; but the Roman Catholic dignitary has far more grievous errors to bewail than we; and, though he writes with the manifest dread of Rome before him, who, despite all his precautions, has naturally placed his book in her "Index Expurgatorius," he allows us to see that he is both grieved and scandalised by the moral corruption and superstitious formalism which Romanism fosters in his own country, where it is viewed, for the most part, under a softened aspect. Before, however, we enter upon the consideration of the opinions expressed by this worthy and thoughtful dignitary of the Church, we must extract a somewhat lengthy passage from Mr. Coxe's introduction, in order to enable our readers to form some estimate of the value of Dean Hirscher's testimony. Mr. Coxe assures us that he has taken care to draw his facts from sources that may be relied upon, and this is the short biography with which he favours us:—

"John Baptist von Hirscher, Doctor in Divinity, and author of

many valuable works in the theological literature of Germany, is at present Dean of the Metropolitan Church of Freiburg, Breisgau, and Professor of Christian Ethics in the university of that city. He also holds the dignity of a Councillor of State in the Grand Duchy of Baden. He was born June 29th, 1788, at Alt-Ergates, a little village pertaining to the seignior of Altdorf, and formerly belonging to the Austrian dominions. His parentage was humble; but, as he showed in his earliest years the marks of decided talent, he was devoted by his father to liberal pursuits, and entered at the school of the monastery of Weisenau. He made further progress, and with distinguished success, in the Gymnasium at Constance; and from thence he went to the university at Freiburg to devote himself to the study of theology. He was admitted to the priesthood in 1810, and immediately applied himself to the cure of souls. His Italian translator, a presbyter of Milan, testifies concerning this period of his career, that it was rich in those experiences of pastoral fidelity which so brilliantly illuminate the Lent sermons, which he congratulates himself on being the first to make known to his countrymen. The same respectable author goes on to say, 'But the limited population thus confided to his pastoral care afforded too narrow a space for a wisdom so profound; and, accordingly, in 1812, he was called to a subordinate office in the theological faculty of the seminary at Ellwangen, where, very shortly, he so distinguished himself as to be elected vice-professor of theology in the same seminary, from which he was soon promoted to a chair in the superior Gymnasium of Rothvert. In 1817, he became Professor of Christian Morals in the theological faculty of Tübingen, in which chair his lectures were attended with such eminent success as made him the object of admiration alike to Protestants and Roman Catholics, who repaired together to enjoy the rich pasture which they afforded as well to the intellect as to the heart. He was not so happy, however, as to escape the persecutions of open and secret jealousy, though the malice of weak minds did not so far prevail against him as to detract from his wide-spread reputation, or to deprive him of royal favour. In 1835 he was honoured with the Cross of the Order of the Crown of Württemberg; and after having refused many similar invitations to occupy distinguished chairs in divers universities, he felt himself obliged in 1837 to become the successor of the illustrious Moehler."

Mr. Coxe fancies there is some mistake in this—Moehler, according to his English translator, Robertson, having declined this chair:—

"In the university of Freiburg, Breisgau, where he remains to this day and is highly renowned both as a doctor and an author, he has produced many works; but his reputation rests chiefly on his '*Christian Ethics*,' which has given him an enviable reputation throughout Germany as the Fenelon of the nineteenth century, and enrolled him among the most illustrious worthies of his country" (p. 17-20).

The Italian writer thus quoted by Mr. Coxe goes on to

express his admiration of this great work at some length, and we are told that many similar testimonials might be added:—

“In the preface to the French translation of the following works (we read further) he is spoken of as at the head of Catholicism in Germany, illustrious and revered, and as affording, by his writings and his personal virtues, an ornament and a defence to the Catholic religion to which his writings are chiefly devoted. The eminent ecclesiastical historian, Alzog, has further said of him—‘Hirscher, so richly endowed by God, is at present *the master and the guide* of Catholic Germany; and no one has done so much as he and Moehler to conduct her into those paths of religion which she has marked out for herself in the communion of the Church” (21-22).

Even Robertson, we are told, the Ultramontane translator of Moehler, lauds Hirscher highly, calling him “illustrious,” &c., &c.; and as Mr. Coxe remarks:—

“These testimonies are worth collecting and considering, now that this bold and conscientious course has brought down upon his venerable head the vials of ultramontane wrath, and caused all his former services to religion to be forgotten in the obloquy vented against him by his bigoted and intolerant persecutors (22).

From this short biography we gather that its hero has not only been considered a decided Roman Catholic, but the intellectual life and standard-bearer of the Church of Rome in Germany. The work on which his reputation seems principally founded was, so Mr. Coxe tells us, nothing more or less than “an ingenious attempt to give a Catholic and scriptural character to the dogmatic requirements of modern Rome.” Perhaps we might feel inclined to wonder that a great intellect and noble heart should ever feel inclined to cherish such a wish as this; but we must remember Fenelon, and Carlo Borromeo, and Bossuet. Great, scarcely capable of exaggeration, are the influences of early love and youthful training: the religious impressions first received by the young and pious heart, associated with a mother’s affection, and all the tenderest and most beautiful of memories, are likely to be deep indeed; and Romanism, even in its grossest superstitions, must be confessed to be a poetical creed as romantic, or more so, than the Grecian mythology; and tinged, by its connection with and derivation from Catholicism, with a light that issues from above, though it be drawn from its appointed course and mingled with earth’s mists and fleeting shadows; for popular Romanism, like the Greek olden worship, as a political devotee of Rome once confidently assured us, derives its chief strength from the deification of human nature: it is “humanitarianism,” so to speak, which is its chief element of power;

only moral beauty has taken the place of physical—purity of lasciviousness, resignation of daring, humility of pride, charity of self-contentment, virtue of valour, the suffering Sebastian of the victorious Apollo, the loving Virgin-mother of the selfish Goddess of Beauty. And it is manifest that, if there was beauty in the worship of the carnal will and of the physical qualities of human nature, there must be still more beauty in the worship of “the new man”—the virtues that shine forth in the redeemed. Nay, there is so far a right foundation for this latter worship that human nature in the person of Christ our Lord is indeed deified, and therefore the object of divine honours; and love and reverence are actually due from us to all the shining qualities of the redeemed, to faith and charity sublime, and moral courage, and purity, and self-denial, as exemplified in the lives and characters of the saints and martyrs of the Christian Church; but worship—worship must still be exclusively reserved for God alone! The stars shine only with a borrowed and a tempered light: we need only veil our eyes before the sun. We must not learn to make idols of our own good qualities, and to worship our better selves under the outward guise of this saint or that virgin. Humanity, broadly speaking, has been glorified, indeed, by its association with our blessed Lord, but not deified as yet. However, we repeat, Romanism is the worship of humanity in all its varying aspects of moral strength and beauty or of natural affection: it has great charms for man, and still more, perhaps, for the young imagination of the child. We cannot wonder that it should take a strong and early hold on devotional temperaments, taught to believe that all worship is pleasing to Heaven which is tendered to God’s faithful servants, saint or angel, or gracious Virgin-mother: it is the young heart’s instinct to adore: all reverence borders upon worship, and if it be not checked and rightly guided is likely to develop into it. The word of God, be it remembered, in the meantime is kept in the background—is very partially revealed: its distinct and repeated prohibitions of creature-worship are unknown to the young disciple; no warning-voice is heard; and thus idolatry, the rendering of the heart’s most earnest prayers, of its deepest religious affections, to creatures instead of the Creator—to the Virgin-mother, for instance—supposed to be so infinitely mild and charitable, represented as standing betwixt us and her divine Son’s wrath, instead of to that glorious Son himself, Son of God and Son of Man, “bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh,” yet able to save to the uttermost all that come unto Him; this aberration of our highest instincts of

devotion becomes easily intelligible, almost unavoidable; and so the charm is wrought, and the corruptions of Romanism are found to have intertwined themselves with all the best and purest affections of the heart and soul. Here is Romanism's chiefest snare, that even in its worst corruptions it is based on pure and primitive Christianity—on the beauty of moral worth—of purity and holiness. The very light which leads astray may be said to be in one sense light from heaven. Christians *should* love and reverence those virtues which Rome teaches them to idolize—*should* cherish with deep affection and high honour the memory of those saints and martyrs whom she bids them worship—should revere and realize the frequent presence of those glorious angels whom she bids them idolatrously invoke. Almost everywhere the falsehood may be said to be a distorted exaggeration of a truth; and yet wide is the abyss between them—between that loving reverence which God commands us to tender to his favoured servants, and that idolatrous worship and unhallowed invocation which he declares to be an utter abomination in his sight. But, we repeat, Romanism is indeed æsthetically beautiful, though we imagine that true Catholicism is more beautiful still: the one is a frequent maze of luscious sweets—the other is the pure and perfect Eden. Let childhood be taught to fix its religious affections mainly on that Lord who lived and died for it—on the Father who gave his only Son for its sake—and on that Holy Spirit who whispers so gently to the pure and simple heart; and to regard all Heaven's more faithful servants with love and reverence, indeed; but not as those to whom it is to look for aid in the hour of danger or for sympathy in our distress. Let it learn to seek a higher and deeper and holier source of consolation, and fix its faith on the great Father who bends over us, and yield its simple love to that Lord Jesus who bids all the little ones to come to him; and then we can promise that there shall be no craving for other lower objects of worship—for advocates with Him who is the Chief Advocate of all! Truths will then assume and keep their due relative proportions. Saints will be loved and angels will be honoured; but the heart's best affections will be reserved for their and our one Lord. The poetry and beauty of truth exceed those of falsehood. Catholic reality more fully satisfies the heart, and more purely elevates the imagination, even of Christian childhood, than can Rome's fantastic world of mingled fact and fiction. And, in the case of him who is educated beneath the influence of the truth, that dread reaction is not to be dreaded which usually blights the de-

votional energies of the young Romanist's soul, when the light of reason begins to break upon his cherished world of fancy, to roll aside the mists of prejudice, and show how many gross illusions have found religious culture there. Alas! in the great majority of instances among the educated, even a religious Romish childhood develops into a sceptical or unbelieving manhood, which only derives a lingering religious sentiment from its early faith; and just enough of formalism to send for the priest at the hour of death and receive the latest so-called "Consolations of the Church." Sometimes, however, a religious mind and heart will continue to struggle on, under the burdensome load of Romish superstition, on the narrow road of faith, though the sunshine of reason fall full upon the path and disclose to the unwilling sight the noxious reptiles that have found shelter there, the poisonous weeds that grow where pure flowers should breathe the breath of heaven; despite the whirlwind of doubt which drives down the narrow pass and threatens to hurl the wanderer over the abyss of infidelity to the right hand or the left.

How many a severe struggle to keep the path must have taken place in the inner recesses of a Hirscher's heart and conscience! Unwillingly—most unwillingly—he must have grown more and more convinced of the evils which cling to Popery; but, doubtless, he laboured to persuade himself that these were only abuses of good things, refusing to entertain the thought that the very things themselves were sinful—that any worship of the creature, for instance, is an abomination in the sight of God. And let us remember what seemed to him his only choice—that betwixt allegiance to that Church which he had so early learnt to love with his whole heart—which had rivetted its chains around his young affections—and cold, sceptical, neological, German Protestantism; for of the English Church, supposing that he could have reached it, he seems, from Coxe's account, to have known little or nothing. He regarded it at best as a mere insular body in an abnormal state, to be envied perhaps for some of its specialities, but enslaved by the temporal power and severed from Christendom. There seemed no life, on the other hand, in German Protestantism: it had no creed—no bond of unity; its best and worthiest were either deserting, like Schlegel and the Stolbergs, to Rome, or fostering a dangerous neology, or lost in barren isolation. It had forfeited the apostolical succession, and with it sacramental grace—at least, it seemed natural to draw this conclusion from the fact that it had wholly lost the faith. What remained, then, for Hirscher but to keep the station in which Providence

had pleased to place him and labour to "strengthen those things that remained." And this accordingly is what he did. We do not see how any man should blame him. He clung to errors and corruptions which appeared, alas, the very essence of Romanism, and sought to Catholicise them to the utmost of his power; to reduce them within narrower limits; to remove the grosser superstitions which had ripened beneath their influence. And so he taught publicly and wrote, and became the Coryphæus of Catholic Germany. But, as time went on, it is evident that, despite his efforts to repress them, doubts as to the working of Romish peculiarities gained more and more ground within his mind—doubts also, if we mistake not, though he has not openly expressed them, as to these very peculiarities themselves! The forced celibacy of the clergy, the constrained and technical repentance consequent on the practice of private confession, the many superstitious practices connected with the veneration of the saints—(it is curious that Hirscher, throughout his recent manifesto, does not once allude to the worship of the Virgin-mother—we presume, because, even in Germany, he could not venture to oppose himself to that strong instinct of popular devotion)—these and other corruptions attracted more and more of his attention until he felt constrained to speak. And, curiously enough, his first call is for an open Convocation to consider the religious questions of the day; for he is manifestly not anxious that the religious reformation he desires should issue from himself: he barely intimates his hopes and wishes, and leaves much unsaid which he desires Convocation to speak for him. He expends his chief labour on demonstrating that such a council of the Church is needful, and that the communicant laity should take a part in it. They, he plainly enough considers, not being shackled as he is, will express their hopes and desires more openly, and press for the reformation of which he obviously feels the need—a reformation in doctrine as in discipline. Thus does he express himself upon this most important subject in words which we, as English Churchmen, would echo from our hearts. He has previously proved at some length, both from Scripture and Catholic tradition, the inherent right of the laity to take some part in the councils of the Church, dwelling on the co-operation of the faithful "brethren" in the choice of Justus and Matthias to supply the place of Judas; in the sending of Barnabas to Antioch, not from the apostles and elders only, but from the whole Church at Jerusalem; on that first general council in which the laity were manifestly represented (as is amply proved in the work.

before us); on the well known example of St. Cyprian, three centuries later in the great Carthaginian Synod; and the general practice of the first three centuries; not omitting reference to that manifest share in the apportionment of discipline yielded even by an inspired apostle to the congregation at Corinth:—"To whom ye forgive anything I forgive also" (2 Cor. ii. 10). He has not omitted also to insist on the royal priesthood of every faithful Christian, maintaining that in a diocese of some hundred thousand souls amongst a numerous and learned clergy, and among the laity who compose it, must be found at hand an immense experience of spiritual faculties, "which are given for the common body of the Church," and which should be employed collectively to good effect, and that in synods and in councils. We shall now make the long extract announced above, with which we believe our readers will substantially agree:—

"If we consider attentively the facts thus presented, we cannot but conclude that an organization, such as flows naturally from the true conception of the Church, as a body composed of active members working together for the common life, has numerous historical precedents, and that too in the fairest days of the Christian faith." (Demoulin, a French writer of great eminence on this subject, has cited various precedents; three of which are quoted in a note—that of the Council of Eliberis, A.D., 300, attended by bishops and priests, and by the laity as a body; that of the fourth Council of Toledo, A.D. 589, providing seats for priests, deacons, and laymen; that of the Council of Orange, the conclusions of which were subscribed by thirteen priests and nine laics). "From this we infer that it is at all times Christian and Catholic to give to its administration a form, by which all the living powers of a given ecclesiastical circumference may be harmonized, and so developed and diffused in operations full of blessing. If it be objected that this organization of the Church, as it existed in the first ages of Christianity, disappeared with the fervours of early faith, and subsequently took a shape more appropriate to the ages through which it was obliged to pass, it must indeed be admitted that such transformations took place. The clergy and laity lost their share in the management of Church affairs, and that chiefly through their own deterioration"—(not excluding, *we* should add, the influence of the growth of doctrinal corruption within the Church)—"owing to their intellectual and moral incapacity"—(the result of that ignorance which was the fruits of a distorted asceticism, the bane of art and science, and the great enemy of all knowledge)—"their want of Church spirit, shown by their appetite for quarrels and discussions, by the self-seeking disturbances and hindrances to which the requirement of the Church was subject." [The great caution with which Dean Hirscher writes is plainly enough discernible here.] "But it is none the less true that the present position of the Church and its immediate necessities, as we have described

them" [revision of discipline, regulation of schools, reconciliation of faith with knowledge, &c.] "imperiously proclaim a rallying of all its existing powers, and consequently a recurrence of the times in which this conjunction of forces—this union of bishop, priest, and laic, for the common benefit—was practically carried out. Such a union—such a co-operation of clergy and people—is a very decidedly expressed demand of our contemporaries and is as earnestly anticipated. The same spirit which manifests itself in political matters works also in the Church. In the one case, as in the other, *men will have their parts* in public interests of great importance to themselves. The constitutional and democratic principle has penetrated the nations; and everywhere, if the republic does not already exist, the monarchy at least takes the constitutional form. Pure monarchy has become an impossibility"—[We doubt this gravely—witness France and Austria, not to speak of Russia: undesirable, temporal despotism may be, not impossible; and Popery and Absolutism may yet form a firm alliance for the enslaving of the human race, despite the aspirations of Dean Hirscher and many who think like him in the Roman Church. But he proceeds]. "It is equally true in the Church. The purely monarchical direction of a diocese, for example, runs in a direction so opposite to all the characteristics of the age that such a thing, or at least its *perpetuation side by side with the constitutional and popular vitality of the State*, appears possible in no other way than by the apostacy of the entire intelligence of the community, or by the prevalence of a religious indifference the most complete." [Most true; but mark the condition!] "The revival of synodical institutions, so long demanded, is nothing else than a product of the universal spirit of the age; and whereas the epithet, *Synodiker*, was, till very lately, a title of contempt, the resuscitation of synods by the resolutions at Würzburg has already ennobled the term, and has made a no less palpable concession to the exigencies of the times. It only remains to give to synods, and especially to diocesan synods"—[though the principle which applies to them is of course applicable on a larger scale, Dean Hirscher has in view the immediate necessities of his own diocese]—"such an organization and such a sphere of operation that, as in primitive times, clergy and laity may take a substantial part in the concerns of the diocese, and that all the prominent intelligence, worth, and influence of the community at large, may be brought out and set in motion for the benefit of all." (123-126.)

Dean Hirscher proceeds to combat with great caution and dexterity the doubts and fears of Roman Catholic bishops, reminding them that the clergy and laity of St. Cyprian's time were assuredly not superior to these respective classes in our own. He argues that decisions would have little or no weight with the people if they resulted from a mere ecclesiastical corporation—an observation in which we heartily concur; and he winds up this portion of his argument by saying—"Let us, at any rate, have life and action. Contest

and tumult itself are better than indifference—better than that supine habit of indolence which relegates everything to the decisions of time, because it is devoid of faith, without spiritual effort, and destitute of all public spirit in the affairs of the Church.” Words of comfort these for us; reminding us that our hot controversies among ourselves are to be preferred to the tacit acquiescence of Romanists, both clergy and laity, for the most part, in evils which they cannot fail to see, but lack hope, or energy, even to endeavour to repress. A very important word of warning follows which we would urge on the consideration of our fellow Churchmen generally. It is this—“Let no one place dependence upon voluntary *Church Unions*. They can do us no good. Enough that they are no organ of the Church, and have no Church mission or authority. They represent, moreover, only individual tendencies, and have consequently no Catholic impress, but rather a Separatist character. We must be strictly upon our guard as to giving support to merely private movements, inasmuch as they are sure to call forth movements in opposition, whereby the Church is damaged and prevented from winning to her interests those of her children who thus find themselves committed to her adversaries.” Truly, most valuable words, which might give occasion for much and careful enforcement of the lesson they convey.

Doubtless, Dean Hirscher was partly induced to express himself thus strongly in order to discourage any attempts at what we might call “Hirscherism”—a gathering round about him, his name and authority, of young and ardent spirits, to effect a party move; for he desires whatever is done in the Church by way of reformation to be done by the Church herself, and naturally shuns all controversies in which he could not venture to speak freely. But the lesson he has taught is capable of very general, if not of universal, application. Unions among clergy and laity for the purpose of enforcing any peculiar views within our mother Church—(we do not speak, of course, of missionary operations of any kind)—are always liable to grave objections, not only because they may call forth counter-unions, but because it is the natural tendency of all *parties* to exaggerate differences with other men, and because the measures such unions advocate are likely to be confounded with themselves in popular apprehension, and to share the odium which is likely to attach itself to them. And such an odium is almost certain to exist, because Englishmen do not like secret associations, or associations which in any degree conduct their proceedings

secretly, for religious or political purposes ; the majority are always apt to conceive that something dark and murderous is aimed at by such a body beyond what they openly avow, and this conviction it is most difficult to remove. Then, too, the various members of such unions get to be considered partially responsible for one another's sins and failings.

Thus, the Romanizing propensities of a certain number of members of the Bristol Union being either known or suspected, Mr. Palmer conceived it his duty, as it doubtless was his duty, to force an Anti-Romish declaration from that body ; and this being refused by the majority a division naturally ensued, the two parties being now represented in London, as is well known, by the London and Metropolitan unions. But, for our own part, we must make bold to declare that, in our opinion, honest Churchmen may do better service to the freedom and independence of the Church by acting as individuals than as members of any such party or section, by bringing their individual convictions to bear upon the mass. We shall not, we believe, obtain Convocation a day the sooner because any body of this nature issues votes and resolutions, or calls meetings on the subject : rather we suspect that these well-meaning men attach a certain littleness and party-bearing to the cause they advocate, and therefore defer the hour of its success. We wish Convocation, if at all, to be a reality and not a sham, for the purpose of enforcing salutary discipline and guarding the faith, in the spirit of no particular "union," but under the protection of the common sense of the great body of the laity. Let us see our way clearly—let the laity *see their* way to this result—our leading statesmen and our gracious Queen ; and we shall want no "Church Unions" to promote the meeting of Convocation.

Party combinations are decidedly undesirable : they draw lines of demarcation far deeper than they otherwise would be drawn : they excite mutual suspicion and hostility : the only plea in their favour that we know of is a supposed necessity to rouse lethargy into action—to make some advance, were it only by calling forth opposition, and thereby causing the wished-for question to be debated and entertained ; but this work once discharged, at all events, we think they may fairly return to "unsubstantial nothing and a shade." For our own part, we do not mean to belong to any one of them, though we will not condemn, nor even arraign, the wisdom of those that do. If we err, we have at least a worthy companion in error in the person of Dean Hirscher.

We have said that Dean Hirscher desiderates various re-

forms named, and some obviously unnamed. To the former class pertains the forced celibate—an evil, indeed, of a most gigantic character—and yet, as it seems to us, the key-stone of the Roman arch; for, without it, could any system of conscious fraud and falsehood be persisted in?—or could the confessional be maintained upon its present basis? Dean Hirscher obviously feels acutely the evils resulting from this matter of discipline; yet being sixty-four years of age, as we learn from Mr. Coxe's introduction, he can scarcely be suspected of a personal interest in the question. Perhaps we may as well quote here, before we proceed, Mr. Coxe's very interesting account of his appearance and bearing. He thus writes—"When the writer saw him in his own study at Freiburg, last summer, he was suffering from ill-health and could not rise from a reclining posture, but his vigour of mind appeared unbroken, and there was great *loveliness* in his manner." (The only un-English phrase this by-the-bye in the whole of Mr. Coxe's work). "His countenance is rather English than German: he is tall and slender, and has a peculiarly mild eye, which beams with that fervour of piety and philanthropy which characterise his writings." Dean Hirscher says little about the forced celibate: so much, he affirms, has been said already, and so well, that he does not need to repeat it. He, therefore, passes on to consider the propriety of allowing those who are proved by experience to be unfitted for clerical duty to retire into the ranks of the laity. We cannot, indeed, he says, do away with the indelibility of *orders*: nevertheless, he proposes that these persons should be allowed to return to lay-communion with the enjoyment of lay rights, rather than prove a life-long scandal to the Church, and bring reproach against their wills upon the Gospel of their Lord. Then, in worship, the dean advocates the use of a living instead of a dead language by arguments which it is needless to refer to. Important, however, is the testimony he bears to the exclusion of the people generally from any real participation in the Roman public services, as where he says, "How edifying, for example, are the solemnities of the holy week! Is it not lamentable that the people cannot have a part in them? Or is it a good sign if they are perfectly contented to be merely lookers-on in such services? The common folk have become indifferent to worship, according to the existing system, inasmuch as they are not partakers in it." What a contrast does this faithful record of an honest and impartial witness present to the glowing description of the delights of Romish public services

in the *Dublin Review*! Dean Hirscher's testimony reminds us strongly of the truthful lines :—

“ And Rome, though lights may burn and chants may soar,
Can Catholic communion ne'er afford :
Each prays his prayers—each counts his rosary o'er,
A lawless commonwealth without a lord.

“ With us, the solemn priest, his people's guide,
Leads the deep wail of penitence for sin ;
Whilst voices blend in outward praise allied,
Celestial communings are felt within.

“ Nor in that temple only where we kneel
Respond a thousand echoes to our lay ;
The self-same tones bespeak a nation's zeal,
And myriads in communion praise and pray.

“ Beyond the waves—far, far, from shore to shore,
The glorious pass words of devotion roll,
Till earth and seas the cadence seem to pour,
And all creation grows one living whole.

“ O, vast community of faith and love !
Thou, Church of England, thus in concord sweet,
Thy prayers, like flowers, in one green wreath hast wove
And lay'st them, smiling, at thy Master's feet.”

The dean alludes, in passing, to a subject which is really most important—and the grievance he complains of is greater in our communion than in his—that of the “ numerous, and therefore mechanical, and unfruitful *Sermons*.” It seems to us practically a hard thing, to say the least, that a man should not be able to go to Church at all and say his prayers on a Sunday, and hear the word of God, or even if he wishes it communicate, without being constrained to listen to a sermon which may be exceedingly unprofitable to him. We think that this is a system of moral coercion against which it is marvellous that the common sense of the country has not long ago revolted. But we do not need the labours of Convocation to amend this, if ever it should be amended ; and though the introduction of the chief Sunday-discourse in the midst of the communion service may appear anomalous, the existence of *early* communion might prevent this being felt as a practical hardship, and all that seems necessary is to make it clearly understood that the morning prayers, litany, and communion offices, are distinct services, though they follow closely upon one another, and that it is not unlawful to enter or leave a church at the commencement of either of them. This general understanding, if it could ever be obtained, would answer every purpose, more especially in our

towns and cities. The great majority of all congregations would doubtless remain for all the services, sermons included, according to their life-long practice; but liberty would be afforded to more unruly spirits—those whose devotion would not sustain them, or health allow them to remain, during so long a period; and the necessity of hearing a dull discourse would no longer keep well-meaning men of the world and half-churchmen, such as Sir Walter Scott for instance, from participating for weeks together in the service of the sanctuary: they would be able to come for what they could digest; and, we venture to prophecy, that scarcely a Sunday would pass over their heads without seeing them at their appointed posts; and such a voluntary service would, we should say, be likely to benefit their souls and to deepen their convictions. We do not want unwilling auditors who only stop because they must. Once break through the present inevitable routine, and the number of sermons preached, would, we are confident, diminish most beneficially. There is nothing more painful to the feelings of sensitive and at all imaginative persons than the boundless pouring forth of dreary and conventional words—words—words, on the most glorious themes, which they are now weekly *forced* to listen to if they would at all enter God's temple.

Dean Hirscher next proceeds to treat of a yet more important subject, after some general observations on the worship of the saints, which suggest more than they express; pleading, however, for mutual charity and liberty—*liberty to sin*. He then considers the so-called “Sacrament of Penance”—that is, private confession and absolution as practised in the Roman Church. Of existing Roman practice he strongly disapproves.

“The people”—(he says, and let us remember that he speaks from a ministerial experience of sixty years with a strong prejudice which he still retains and expresses in favour of confession)—“The people, in the widest extent of the word, regard private confession as the only way to obtain the remission of their sins; and repeat to them, as often as you may, that amendment of life is the first and the indispensable condition of remission, it is of no avail towards destroying the convenient and deep-rooted notion *that confession alone is the condition*. The people examine their consciences as the catechism prescribes, and according to the formularies made and provided; excite themselves to sorrow and contrition, and, as soon as the absolution is bestowed, what more do they require? In one hour, or even less, the whole burden is discharged. As for any thoughts of not returning again to his sins, nothing is further from the penitent: he goes into them at once, reflecting thereupon that he must, and will,

return again to confession. Such is his practice, and when he has again received absolution, of course, he is once more in good order" (201-202).

Dean Hirscher goes on to affirm that such discipline is usually exercised, that, if a man's sins increase, absolution is at last denied him; but we cannot believe, with the facts that are *known to us* respecting Italian brigands, and other habitual sinners, who nevertheless remain "good Catholics" and communicants, that this stringent discipline is often applied, though the dean's regard for his brethren may lead him to assume that it might be so. But, even if absolution be thus refused, he says, "the ways of obtaining the benefit again are numerous, and in the very worst possible case there remains at least the death-bed, where it cannot be denied." What an awful description of an iniquitous system have we here! But we will allow the dean to speak further for himself:—

"Such then are the many confessions, producing not only no beneficial effects, but spreading through wide circles most palpable corruptions. What is an act of contrition good for which is begun, continued, and ended in an hour or even a shorter time? The whole process involves an utter misconception of the nature of repentance. And then, how utterly superficial is the theology which regards the justification desired or obtained as consisting wholly in priestly absolution, and not at all in the state of the soul or its renewal, and which thus decides the question. How heathenish! To make reconciliation with God consist in mere external rites! How repugnant to all ideas of true repentance, when it is planned beforehand as to the time, the day, the place, and the priest—when, where, and from whom—the pardon may be obtained! So then, life goes on, and such confessions are repeated over and over again. Sin, never conquered, becomes (obtains?) a terrible force; and in spite of all sacraments the soul sinks deeper and deeper. These real evils want the earnest attention of the Church" (202-203).

We should, indeed, suppose they did. But are they not inherent in the Roman system? Do they not follow from that principle, now alike proclaimed by Romanists and many an English Churchman? Alas! Dr. Pusey and his immediate followers tell us that the declaration of pardon, which is admitted, on all sides, to be entrusted to the ministers of Christ, can only take effect after *previous private confession*, and that, *confession of every sin*; so that the public absolution appointed in our Church for the comfort of sinful souls (and we are all sinners), both in the daily prayers and holy communion, is regarded as wholly inoperative; as, at the utmost, statements of a fact that can convey no grace, that cannot operate, by the Holy Spirit's aid, to loose a sinner's

soul. We need not say that we, with those Plymouth clergy who addressed the Bishop of Exeter in refutation of Mr. Maskell's heretical teaching on this subject, utterly repudiate these Romish and Romanising fictions. We do not believe that a ministerial declaration of God's pardon is *requisite* to secure that pardon to true repentance; but we do believe it to be one great appointed medium of conveying grace to the soul; and we hold that our Church, both in her practice and theory, has insisted on this fact. We maintain that the only possible use of private confession can be so to quicken the faith and sorrow of the penitent as to make the absolution consequent thereupon more beneficial to his soul; but so alive are we to the great danger attendant on private absolution, howsoever administered, especially if it follow on private confession, as being liable to be accounted necessarily synonymous with God's pardon, as authoritatively proving the reality of the penitent's faith and sorrow, and so virtually substituting the opinion of the priest, at the best a fallible mortal, for the inward voice of conscience, that we are averse to it altogether, save perhaps under extraordinary circumstances. Public absolution conveys an equal degree of grace in our judgment, for the minister is the bare channel; and his knowledge of the sinner's sins, or his good opinion of the latter's penitence, cannot be requisite to attain the desired effect. Thus daily, in the morning and evening prayers, we would have Christians realize that God's pardon is pronounced for their daily sins, no matter by whom or with what intention, suffice it that his consecrated minister speaks, set apart for that purpose, and that grace flows for all who are able and willing to receive it. Probably there is no reader of this paper who has not at least striven to realize true repentance and receive God's pardon into his soul when the solemn precatory absolution was pronounced in the communion office.

And of private confession itself, even apart from private absolution, we are very jealous: if it be intended to extend to every action, word, and thought, we utterly repudiate it, as necessarily evil in its effects, in the great majority of instances we should say, if not in all; and even when used for the purpose pointed out by the Prayer Book to relieve the heart of some great burden, and quiet the conscience as to due participation in the Lord's Supper, it behoves us to be on our guard lest that evil leaven which Dean Hirscher denounces should make its entrance unawares into our working system.

On the other hand, we are free to acknowledge that

English Churchmen do feel generally, both clergy and laity, the need of more direct intercourse betwixt pastors and people. It is not for romantic young ladies and sentimental penitents that we speak thus—no peculiar tenderness for morbid consciences has extorted this opinion. It is the state of the poor, of the heathenised masses about us, which fills us, the more we contemplate it, with deep alarm. Their consciences are so utterly unawakened, they are so devoid of self-consciousness, they do not even know their sins; and though pulpit ministrations may reach individuals, and occasionally operate effectually even on masses, yet *they* must be high powers indeed which produce such effects; and in the majority of cases something like a regular order of pastoral intercourse does appear essential. At present the clergy are almost restricted to what private influence they may exercise in visiting from house to house; and this does not suffice, though it may be great of its kind.

But here, as ever, we should say, one good thing would bring another. Let us once obtain some approach to discipline, and pastoral intercourse, one would imagine, must follow, and that after this fashion. Conceive the masses to be informed by means of a ministerial round of visits from room to room, and house to house, that, after the expiration of a year, dating from a certain day, the names of all who called themselves members of the Church of England being collected in the mean time, all those who had not communicated once or twice, as the case might be, within that year, would be declared to be banished from the Church's communion—as persons who had forfeited the right of communion with their brethren until they were reinstated by giving some proof of their repentance. We pause not now to enquire what that proof might be, public or private, before the congregation or the clergyman. But suppose such a notice to be issued and acted on, by command of both clergy and laity met together, say in Convocation; for it is obvious to us, at least, that to entertain the feasibility of any discipline for a single instant, without contemplating previous debate and due consideration on the part of both clergy and laity, and the final assent of the latter, were altogether childish and unreasonable; but supposing, we repeat, that, in compliance with the desire of the educated and thoughtful laity, such a plan were acted on, vast bodies of nominal Churchmen *might*, doubtless, submit to their being denounced in their parish church, or temporarily deprived of Church communion, "for the saving of their souls in the day of the Lord Jesus," without

being much affected by the matter; yet not so many, we opine, as might at first sight be supposed. Tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands, and millions even, would, if we mistake not, be aroused to some sense of the privilege of Church-membership by such an exercise of Church authority. We are inclined to hope and believe that the great majority even of those who now content themselves with a nominal Churchmanship, rarely entering our temples, sending only their children to our schools, and only seeking the Church on the occasion of baptism, marriage, or funeral, would not at all like the idea of being thus publicly and solemnly declared outcasts from the Church's fold. On the other hand, they would be afraid, and rightly afraid to communicate without due preparation, lest they should receive unto themselves damnation. What then, under such circumstances, would they be naturally disposed to do, especially if the clergyman invited them? Manifestly, we should say, to seek his presence—to obtain, if possible, a solution of their doubts, and some clue to their extrication from this painful dilemma; and we do venture to conceive that such spiritual intercourse might be very widely blessed by heaven. The clergyman would then have to explain to the perplexed enquirer that the adult Christian who did not obey his Lord's last command could—strictly speaking—could be none of His, and could lay no claim to his heavenly promises—could have no assurance that he was washed with the cleansing blood of the Lamb. On the other hand, he would have to tell him that a Christian, or nominal Christian, living in the practice of any one habitual sin, and not intending from the very depths of his heart to put that sin away from him, could not communicate without incurring the utmost peril of his final condemnation. Indeed, if communion thrice (according to the Prayer Book's rule), or even only once a year, were enforced on peril of open outlawry, it seems difficult to avoid the conclusion that personal interviews between the pastor and his parishioners of all classes would become desirable, in order that he might urge upon them the awful danger they would incur if they communicated with one unrepented sin on their consciences, or without a thorough purpose of amendment; and, on the other hand, to encourage the wavering and the faint-hearted. The poor need to be taught to know themselves, to practice self-examination; the rich might sometimes need to be led from morbid contemplation of their own delinquency, and rather to fix the eye of faith upon a crucified Redeemer.

In fine, we repeat that the enforcement of any degree of

discipline would necessitate a far greater amount of spiritual intercourse than now exists, whatever special form it might be found expedient for it to adopt, whether regular or irregular. Possibly, but this we give as a bare and distant suggestion, for these things must be well considered by men endued with sound wisdom and with honest Protestant zeal—must be thoroughly debated by laity as well as clergy, before they can assume much of a tangible and practical nature—but, just possibly, it might be held expedient eventually that every communicant should see his or her pastor, once a year say, for the purpose of receiving a ticket to admit him or her to communion, so as to afford occasion for direct spiritual intercourse and private spiritual prayer with one and all. Of course, all could not be expected to communicate at any one season of the year: they might be given their choice of three or more.

Then, to guard against that formalism which is always liable to prove the bane of the most judicious discipline—for nothing earthly, alas, is without its special drawbacks and hindrances—we would have no private absolutions to quiet disturbed, and justly disturbed, consciences with a most powerful soporific; but rather a solemn public service, adjuring all who purpose communicating, by the name and in the presence of their God, to answer these two or more questions, demanding an audible response from all:—first, do you sincerely repent your past sins, putting your whole trust in the redemption wrought for you by your Lord and Saviour, and desiring to abjure those sins for evermore? And, secondly, have you the honest and true intention, so help you God, to keep yourself free from one and all these sins for the future, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ your Saviour? Either privately or publicly (*and sometimes both*) some such solemn and heart-searching questions might, we should think, be put and answered, and penitents might be admonished at the eleventh hour, even more distinctly if possible, than they are in our present office, rather to incur the consequences of the loss of Church communion than the being “guilty” of the body and blood of Christ our Saviour. We shall not now follow this difficult subject further. Dean Hirscher’s testimony as to the fearful working of the confessional can scarcely be too highly valued in the present day. Whatever we may desire of spiritual intercourse, this teaches us distinctly what to shun, and goes some way towards reconciling our minds, at least temporarily, to our present lack of discipline; though we cannot but feel deeply

the grievous scandals consequent on this state of things, especially the almost heathenish condition of mind and heart of the great body of nominal churchmen among the poor of our cities ; and, again, the singular self-complacency with which many of our more educated classes have satisfied themselves from year to year, almost to the end of their lives, without participation in the Lord's Supper—without the reception of that means of grace which their Lord has declared to be essential, and which we know to be the chiefest aid afforded us in the warfare against sin.

Hirscher, we may observe, does comment severely on the practice we have condemned—that of teaching the penitent to confess every transgression with all possible details ; carried, we cannot but believe unfortunately, to the farthest possible extent by a certain body of religionists within our own Church. Indeed, Dr. Pusey has declared that no confession is possible without it ; and, as long as he maintains such a confession to be essential to absolution, we must feel that a positive gulf will lie betwixt him and all sound Churchmen, however earnestly he may seek to bridge it over, and whatever atonement he may endeavour to make on other scores, even by the display of real charity, or by the faithful preaching of “Christ Crucified.” The origin of the worst corruptions of the Roman confessional is to be found in that principle—first enunciated, we believe, by the apostate Maskell—that there is no real and valid absolution or ministerial conveyal of pardon to sin without a previous full and particular confession of every sin. We declare this principle, whatever good men may erroneously profess or acknowledge it—(truly grieved are we to see such an individual as Mr. Gresley in this predicament)—to be simply and purely Anti-Christian.

And now to continue, and, as soon as may be, conclude these observations—the evils of both bad sacraments (so-called) and of indulgences are forcibly pointed out by Dean Hirscher. His condemnation of the latter, with reference to their effect, is the more powerful, because proceeding from one who appears still to consider them defensible in theory. He says :—

“ A further practical and deeply-rooted evil, to which the attention of the Church must be directed, is the idea entertained by the popular mind concerning indulgences. Say what you will, there it remains : the people understand by indulgence the remission of sins. Explain to them that, not the sins, but only the penalties of sins, are affected by indulgencies : very well, it is the penalty, and not the guilt of sin, which the people regard as the important thing ; and whatever frees

them from the punishment of sins frees them so far as they care about it from sin itself. The penalty is what they are afraid of. The indulgence, therefore, is the thing for them : it bears the highest value in their estimate ; and conversion—earnest conversion, the true conversion, with its efforts toward a progressive moral purification—this looks but mean in comparison, when they suppose they can easily relieve themselves of all the consequences of sin by another way."

We need not add to this that, in our judgment, indulgences are altogether indefensible in principle, and indeed, equally blasphemous and absurd inventions. They are founded on an entire misconception of the nature of punishment, which is the *consequence* of sin, and cannot be remitted unless the sin be thoroughly repented of. To separate the punishment from the sin and remit the latter while the former possibly remains, involves a contradiction in terms ; and so much Dean Hirscher in point of fact concedes, though he does not venture to speak quite plainly. But we marvel how, as a thoughtful religious man, he can at all tolerate this assumption of power over the invisible world by the see of Rome—this audacious interference with the prerogatives of Almighty justice—this unreasonable overthrow of Its laws ; for if, as Romanists contend, temporal punishment in this world and the world to come be due to remitted sin, in order to purify the sinner's soul, how can such purification be dispensed with by means of a forensic and arbitrary act on the Church's part ? It is manifest that to this question no answer can be returned. Indulgences are, we repeat, as *absurd*, as *self-contradictory*, as they are *profane*. Yet the whole modern Romish system, as Dean Hirscher shows, is founded on them : scarcely a prayer is said in that communion but to obtain their benefits : the very house of prayer itself is turned, in a far worse sense than the Jewish temple of old, into a place of merchandise, where every act of faith or utterance of devotion is made a specific object of barter for the remission of present or future punishment. What a system is this ! How utterly alien from the spirit of the pure Gospel ! How can any one who has ever been an English Churchman be mad enough, and wicked enough, to place his head beneath a yoke like this ?

The dean goes on to dwell upon the evils of confraternities, but this is a question which scarcely concerns ourselves directly. He protests against the idle gaud and pride of Romish worship, with its retinue of officials holding up trains, swinging censers, and bowing to the east, west, north, and south : not that he objects to beauty in externals—only he considers it should be grave and sober, and not likely to distract the attention of the worshipper. Our cathedral service, as Mr.

Coxe says in his admirable introduction, appears, when duly administered, to supply the just medium betwixt German baldness and papal gaud and show. Further, Dean Hirscher observes that saint's-days are often treated as more important in the Roman Church than the highest festivals of Christ himself. We should rather have occasion to complain in our own communion that they were neglected altogether.

The necessity for the amelioration of the clerical order, and due regulation of the preaching function, and other important subjects, receive a passing notice. The use of the rosary—that utterly mechanical contrivance for “vain repetitions, such as the heathen make”—is justly censured. The oversight of young people in places of amusement is recommended, and the desirability urged of maintaining the sanctity of the Lord's-day.

This worthy man—for despite his participation in many Roman errors we cannot but gladly and gratefully acknowledge him as a true Christian brother—concludes with these words:—“But times are earnest. The spirit of God can alone suggest what they require. May it please Him to enlighten the servants of his Gospel; and may they, divesting themselves of the trammels of prejudice, apply themselves to the right understanding of his counsels! * * * I hold it all important that Christianity should accommodate itself to its modern circumstances, with wise perceptions and judicious adaptations. As for a recurrence to mediæval principles and practices, it appears to me a gross and most perilous mistake.” Heartily can we echo these last words. To any accommodation, or adaptation, or development, which would in any the slightest degree infringe on the faith once delivered to the saints, we are resolutely opposed; but this is not what Dean Hirscher contemplates. He alludes to the necessity, which we fully recognize, for henceforth giving the educated and communicant laity their full part and share in the shaping of the Church's discipline, and also in the defence and, if need be, the definition of the faith. We had meant to extract Mr. Coxe's admirable account of the working of laity and clergy together in the American synods and convocation, and the mutual benefits resulting from such co-operation; but must content ourselves with referring our readers to this most valuable book, the importance of which can scarcely be overestimated.

“The dry bones shake” indeed, now that this voice has issued forth from the very centre of Romanism. May the blessing of God rest on Dean Hirscher's endeavours, and the process of Catholic reformation be continuous and finally triumphant!

Notices of Books.

Les Origines de l'Eglise Romaine. Par ANDRE ARCHINARD, Pasteur de l'Eglise de Genève. Paris, 1852. 2 tomes. 8o.

DURING the last ten or twelve years it has been equally our privilege and our duty to bring before our readers various publications on the all-absorbing controversy with the Church of Rome. And if we again recur to the subject, it is because we believe the interests of true religion and piety, as well as the safety of the empire, are in danger from the old enemy of all truth and liberty—Popery. Besides, as different authors view the unscriptural and anti-scriptural dogmas and practices of the Romish Church under different phases, they all contribute important arguments or facts in defence of the cardinal doctrines and moral precepts of the Gospel, which are worthy of being brought before the public.

The treatise of M. Archinard is the result of most extensive researches, as our readers will readily conclude when we state that the index of authors cited fills not fewer than ten closely printed pages. His object is, not to study the spirit of Catholicism, in its entirety, through all the different phases of its history; but to relate its origin, the evolutions of its hierarchy, and its first relations with the temporal power. There are many topics in the Romish controversy which more directly concern faith and doctrine than this; but we are disposed to think, with M. Archinard, there is not one the discussion of which is more dreaded by the Church of Rome than this. The whole of her system is most closely and admirably connected. It is a chain, the several links of which solidly hold together; and, to the heedless and unthinking majority, there is apparently a perfect solidity. But the question is, to know on what the first links depend; for if they prove destitute of support, however long and beautiful may be the chain, it would remain suspended in vacuo, and would be utterly incapable of sustaining any weight. Hence arises the importance, to every one who wishes thoroughly to know the Romish Church and rightly to appreciate the value of its pretensions, of studying the origin of them. Historically speaking, this is everything. Besides, these historical studies have the advantage of permitting a calm, impartial, and (if we may be allowed the expression) an impersonal examination of the controverted questions.

Here facts alone speak; and in M. Archinard's treatise they do speak out most loudly.

What, he asks, are the nature and characters of the true Church, the body of Christ—in a word, of the invisible Church? In reply to this question, the characters of infallibility, unity, holiness, universality, and visibility, arrogated by the Romish Church, are passed in review. These various pretensions are fully exposed, not by superficial declamations, but by numerous quotations drawn from the surest sources of ecclesiastical history. From the general characters thus arrogated to herself by the Church of Rome, M. Archinard proceeds to consider that Church such as she has insensibly constituted herself. The point from which he starts is the pretended episcopate of the apostle Peter at Rome; but when and where shall we place that episcopate? Until the year 42, Peter abode in Asia. In 44, at the time of Paul's second journey to Jerusalem, he was at Jerusalem (Acts xii. 3); as he also was in 52, when the apostolic council was held there (Acts xv). In 58 or 59, when Paul wrote his epistle to the Romans, Peter was not at Rome: neither was he there in 64, just before the martyrdom of Paul. Where, then, are we to place his episcopate? M. Archinard formally denies that Peter ever travelled to Rome.* If, indeed, he ever was there and had actually preached the Gospel, that religious mission would not have conferred any special privilege upon him. This is proved to demonstration by an impartial examination of the famous passage (Matt. xvi. 18); especially if that passage be considered in the light afforded by others, in which the equality of all the apostles is most explicitly affirmed.† But if that equality be clearly proved, how did that vast hierarchy become established, which is the basis of the Church of Rome? The origin, progress, and actual development of that hierarchy are discussed at great length by M. Archinard, who divides the history of the Romish hierarchy into seven successive periods—viz., in the first (A.D. 31-150), believers and their pastors (elders, presbyters, or bishops), were nearly equal. In the second period (150) bishops were raised above presbyters. [Our readers will recollect that the author is a presbyterian]. In the third period (313) the bishops of cities were raised above those in country places. In the fourth (about 200) the metropolitans, or bishops of

* Our readers will find a full discussion of the question of Peter's pretended supremacy and episcopate at Rome, and of the feigned primacy of the popes, in our twenty-third volume, pp. 131-135.

† On this memorable text see pp. 130, 131, of the same volume.

the principal cities, Alexandria, Antioch, Jerusalem, and Rome, were raised above the bishops of cities of the second rank. In the fifth (325) the exarchs or bishops of a diocese were raised above metropolitans. In the sixth (451) patriarchs were raised above exarchs: these patriarchs were five in number—viz., four for the east, and one, that of Rome, for the west. Finally, in the seventh period, (602) the bishop of Rome was raised above the other patriarchs, and was declared *universal bishop* by the Emperor Phocas. Thus, gradually but most effectually, was established that gigantic enterprise, the hierarchy of the Romish Church, which the uninformed regard as a primitive institution!

After relating in the following pages the history of the legislative, executive, and judicial powers exercised by the Church, during the earliest ages of Christianity, M. Archinard presents a view of the relations of the Church with the temporal power; and then proceeds to treat briefly (rather too briefly we think) on the Scriptures as the only rule and depository of our faith. The reasons alleged by Romanists for the interdiction of the Bible in vernacular tongues, by the Church of Rome, are examined and refuted with equal temper and ability; as also are the objections to reading it, which are founded on its pretended obscurity, and the dangers falsely asserted to result from the indiscriminate reading of the Scriptures. Further, various calumnies against Protestants are investigated and most satisfactorily refuted; and the superior knowledge, social organisation, and morality of Protestant countries (especially of Britain), over those countries in which Popery is dominant, are demonstrated by the stubborn evidence of facts.

Among the important topics discussed by M. Archinard, we have been particularly struck with the evidence which he has adduced on the pretended unity and sanctity of the Church of Rome. That evidence is very curious, but it is also truly overwhelming to the Romish Church; proving her boasted unity to be discord, and her sanctity to be absolute immorality. We are tempted to adduce a portion of this evidence, but necessarily omit his Greek and Latin proofs for want of space.

I. Bossuet and other advocates of the papacy insist much upon the **UNITY OF THE CHURCH OF ROME**. But here the most glaring contradictions meet us at every step; for we have councils contradicting each other; infallible popes contradicting the faith of the universal Church; then contradicting each other, and actually contradicting themselves.

1. *Instances of Councils contradicting each other.*

[i.] The Councils of Constance (1415) and of Basle or Basle (1431) decreed that authority in the Church belongs to councils, which have received it from Jesus Christ; and that the pope is bound to obey them. But the Council of Trent attributes *all* power to the pope—implicitly, indeed, but in a manner which cannot be mistaken.

[ii.] The First Council of Nicæa or Nice (325) rejected, or declared null and void, the baptism of the Paulianists or followers of Paul of Samosata. The first council of Constantinople (381) admitted the baptism of *some* heretics; and the Council of Trent, in the sixteenth century, admitted the baptism of *all*.

[iii.] The First Council of Nicæa ordained the immediate destitution or degradation of presbyters, who had been convicted of sin by the evidence of two or three witnesses. The Council of Trent, on the contrary, does admit of destitution for a first offence. It decrees temporary suspension only after repeated admonitions; and allows of destitution or deposition only when the offender obstinately persists in sin.

[iv.] The Council of Constance (1416) deprived the people of the cup in the Lord's Supper, notwithstanding it acknowledged that Jesus Christ instituted that ordinance in *both* kinds, and that such was the practice of the ancient Church. The Council of Basle (1431), on the contrary, permitted communion in both kinds to the brethren in Bohemia and Moravia, by the ministry of its legates, whose *compactata* or agreements it subsequently confirmed.

[v.] The third Lateran Council (1179) decreed that oaths, which are contrary to ecclesiastical utility, are not to be called oaths, but rather perjuries: consequently, oaths made to those, whom the Church of Rome calls heretics, are not obligatory. Conformably to this decree, the Council of Constance held the safe conduct, which had been given to John Huss, to be null and void. The Council of Trent, on the contrary, at its fifteenth session, published a safe conduct for all the members of the Confession of Augsburg, and for all Protestants who would repair to Trent, and there discuss matters of faith; in which safe conduct the council promised to exclude *all* fraud and deceit [*omni fraude et dolo exclusis*], and that it would not resort to the authority of former councils, especially that of Constance [*præsertim Constantiense*] to the prejudice of the Protestants, and that for this occasion it derogated from their decisions.

[vi.] The Council of Chalcedon (451) patiently heard the

eulogium on Theodore Bishop of Mopsuestia, and restored Theodoret Bishop of Cyrrha, and Ibas Bishop of Edessa, to the communion of the faithful. The second Council of Constantinople (553) condemned certain passages of those three authors, which had been denounced to it under the title of *The Three Chapters*.

[vii.] The first Council of Constantinople (381) held that the Holy Spirit proceeded solely from the Father. The second Council of Lyons (1274), following the example of that of Toledo (589), derived the Holy Spirit from the Father and the Son.*

In the varying and contradictory decrees of these several infallible councils, where is Jesus Christ? Where is the Holy Spirit speaking in the Scriptures? Above all, where is their unity?

2. Enough has been stated to show the irreconcilable contradictions between infallible councils. We will now adduce a few instances from the contradictions of the popes or bishops of the Latin Church at Rome with the faith of the Universal Christian Church, with each other, and even with themselves.

[i.] *Contradictions of Popes to the faith of the Universal Christian Church.* Victor (192) received the disciples of the heretic Montanus into communion. Marcellinus (296-303) committed acts of idolatry, on entering the temple of Vesta, in which he burnt incense. Liberius (358), after refusing the Arian Party for a long time, subscribed his name to the condemnation of Athanasius; and thus made a profession of Arianism, in order that he might be recalled from exile and restored to his bishopric at Rome. Honorius I. (about 634) entered into an arrangement with Sergius, Patriarch of Constantinople, and thus gave in his adhesion to Monothelitism, or the doctrine that there was only one will in Jesus Christ. It is no wonder that the evidences of Honorius's heresy should be very galling to the advocates of the papacy.

[ii.] *Instances of infallible legitimate Popes, who contradicted one another.* Hormisdas (520) declared that no person in the Trinity suffered in the flesh. John II. (533) acknowledged that the Incarnate Word *did* really suffer. Gregory I., surnamed the Great, declared that none of his predecessors assumed the title of universal bishop, and condemned every pretension to that title. Boniface III., his second successor in the see of Rome, obtained the title of Universal Bishop

* Additional instances of Decrees of infallible Councils, which have contradicted each other, may be seen in [Hartwell Horne's] "*Papery Delineated*," pp. 117-119.

from the Greek Emperor Phocas; and Gregory VII. (Hildebrand) caused a provincial council, held at Rome in 1075, to give to himself alone the title of *Pope*. Pascal II. and Eugenius III. authorised duelling; Julius II. in 1509, and Pius IV. in 1560, formally prohibited it. Eugenius IV. approved the Council of Basle, and also the *Compactata* or Convention concluded with the Churches of Bohemia for communion in both kinds. Pius II. revoked that convention. Adrian II. declared civil marriage to be sufficient: Pius VII. condemned it. Pius VI. addressed a very flattering brief to Martini, who had published an Italian version of the Bible [with very copious annotations]; Pius VII. confirmed the decree of the Congregation of the Index, which condemned the Italian Bible, and, generally, all versions of the Scriptures in vernacular languages. Clement XIV. dissolved the order of Jesuits, which had been authorised by Paul III. Pius VII. re-established it.

[iii.] *Instances of infallible Popes, who contradicted themselves.* Zosimus (417-18), after confirming the sentence of Innocent I. against Pelagius and Celestius, caused the judgment of Celestius to be reviewed in an assembly of the Roman clergy, by whom that judgment was annulled, by which act Zosimus annihilated the condemnation of Pelagius. Shortly afterwards, however, this same Zosimus decreed that infants, dying without baptism, cannot escape eternal punishment; by which sentence he inflicted a new injury on Pelagius. Vigilius (539-558) declared in favour of the heresy of the Monophysites, (who held that there was only one nature in Christ,) in order that he might be raised to the see of Rome: and, having succeeded in ascending the pontifical throne, he not long after renounced that heresy. Pascal II. (1099-1118), after having concluded a concordat with the Emperor Henry V., by which he permitted bishops and abbots to receive investiture from the emperor by the Cross and Ring, being dismayed by the reproaches of the cardinals, convened a council at St. John Lateran in 1112, and issued a bull in which he retracted the privilege he had granted to Henry. John XXII. (1316-24) at first denied that the souls of the faithful see God face to face, and are perfectly happy before the day of judgment: but, on being condemned by the Faculty of Theology in the University of Paris, he afterwards retracted these opinions.

In vain, then, do the advocates of the papacy labour to exhibit the Romish Church as *never* varying. Whichever way we turn, we find anything but unity in the conflicting decrees of councils, in the articles of faith held by infallible popes, or in the decrees issued by them.

II. We will now adduce a few specimens of the immoral conduct of infallible pontiffs, and of the ethical teaching of certain accredited Romish moralists; which will prove that the vaunted holiness of the Church of Rome is utter immorality.

First, let us hear the testimony of Cardinal Baronius to the character of the popes in the ninth and tenth centuries, when fraud, bribery, and the influence of strumpets, were passports to the pontifical throne.

"What then was the face of the holy Roman Church? How exceedingly fine was it, when the most powerful and most sordid STRUMPETS ruled at Rome [*cum Romæ dominarentur potentissimæ æque ac sordidissimæ MERETRICES*], by whose will sees were changed, bishops were presented, and—what is more horrid to hear and unutterable—false pontiffs, their lovers, were intruded into the chair of Peter, who are written in the catalogue of Roman pontiffs only to mark the times. For who can say that those, who were illegally intruded by harlots of this description, were *lawful* Roman pontiffs?" [What then becomes of the pretended apostolical succession from St. Peter?] "There was no mention whatever made of the clergy electing or afterwards approving: all the canons were closed in silence: the decrees of the pontiffs were quashed: the ancient traditions [were] proscribed, and the ancient customs in electing a pope, and the sacred ceremonies and pristine usages, were wholly extinct. Thus mad lust [*libido.....insaniens*], relying upon the secular power and stimulated with rage for dominion, claimed every thing for itself. Then, as it seems, Christ was evidently in a deep sleep; when, these winds blowing so strongly, the ship itself was covered with the waves" (Baronii Annales, anno 912).

In the eleventh century Genebrard, Archbishop of Arles, says that "for one hundred and fifty years fifty popes—viz., from John VIII. to Leo" [IX.]....."altogether departed from the virtue of their predecessors, being apostatic rather than apostolical"—*apostatici potius quam apostolici*" (Chrographia, ann. 904).

At a later period Cardinal Bellarmine made the following overwhelming declaration:—"Some years before the heresies of Luther and Calvin, according to the testimony of contemporary authors, there was neither justice in the ecclesiastical tribunals, nor discipline in the morals of the clergy, nor knowledge of sacred things, nor respect for divine things. In short, there was no longer any religion" (Concio xxviii. Op. tom. 6).

Finally, Pope Adrian VI. expressed himself in the following terms in his instructions to the Nuncio Chieregato, whom he sent to the diet of Nuremberg:—"We know that, for a long time, many abominations have existed near the holy see; abuses of spiritual things; excess in the exercise of authority; everything has been turned to evil. From the head, the corruption has spread to the members, from the pope to the prelates. We have all gone astray: there is not one of us that hath done well—no, not one" (Rainaldus, tom. xi., p. 363, cited in Ranke's "History of the Popes of Rome," vol. i., p. 94).

From these involuntary testimonies it is evident that in the Romish Church the tares had choked the good seed. We know that the Reformation exercised the happiest influence on the papacy. Paul IV., Pius V., and Sixtus V., were distinguished, not only for their own exemplary moral conduct; but also for the morality which they endeavoured to produce and to diffuse around them. But this very amelioration proves how much there was that needed reformation in the Romish Church.

We now come to the proofs adduced by M. Archinard from accredited moralists of the Romish Church; which show that her pretended sanctity is absolute immorality.

A few years after the Reformation, a Spanish soldier (Ignatius Loyola) founded an order which took the name of the Company of Jesus. It was formally authorised in 1540 by a bull of Pope Paul III., and some of its well-schooled members have published the following principles of morality with the sanction of their superiors, to whom they swore absolute obedience.*

1. In doubtful cases we may do a thing which we believe to be permitted by a probable opinion or authority, although

* How absolute that blind obedience is, to which every Jesuit is obliged, our readers will easily judge from the thirteenth of the "Spiritual Exercises," published by saint Ignatius Loyola:—"Lastly, that we may be altogether of the same mind, and in conformity with the catholic church herself, *if she shall have defined any thing to be black, which to our eyes appears to be white, we ought in like manner to pronounce it to be black.*"—"Denique, ut ipsi ecclesiæ catholicæ omnino unanimes conformesque simus, si quid, quod nostris oculis apparet album, nigrum illa esse definiat, *deberimus itidem quod nigrum sit pronuntiare.*" (Exercitia Spiritualia B. P. Ignatii Loyolæ. Romæ in Collegio Rom. ejusdem Societatis. m.d.cvi. p. 136, 8vo.) Similar to this is the assertion of Cardinal Bellarmine, that, "if the pope should err in commanding vices and forbidding virtues, *the church would be bound to believe that vices are good [and] virtues evil, unless she wished to sin against conscience.*"—"Si autem papa erraret præcipiendo vitia, vel prohibendo virtutes, *tenetur ecclesia credere vitia esse bona, virtutes malas, nisi vellet contra conscientiam peccare.*" De Romano Pontifice, Lib. iv. cap. 5.

the opposite is more safe; but the opinion of a grave author is sufficient. Emmanuel Sa, *Aphorismi Confessariorum, voce Dubium*. In general we always act prudently when we act relying on an intrinsic or extrinsic probability, however slight it may be, provided we do not exceed the bounds of probability. Escobar, *Theol. Mor.* tom. 1. lib. ii, sect. 2; Filiutius, *Tr.* XXI. c. iv. n. 128. Sanchez, *Op. Mor.* L. i. c. ix. no. 6.

2. We dare not condemn him for mortal sin who should produce an act of love to God only once in his whole life. Suarez; Escobar.

4. It seems to be so clear that fornication of itself involves no malice, and is an evil only because it is prohibited, that the contrary appears altogether dissonant to reason.—*Decree of Pope Innocent XI. against second proposition of morality, 1679.*

6. He who takes an oath only exteriorly, without the intention of taking it, is not bound thereby, except in case of scandal, since he has not sworn, but only disported himself.—Busembaum, L. III. *Tract.* II. cap. ii. Dul. iv. no. 8.

7. To call God to witness a petty lie is not so great an irreverence that he should be willing or able to damn a man.—*Censure de la Faculté de Théologie de Louvaine. Mars. 30 et 26 Avril, 1653.*

10. Regularly, we may kill a thief, in order to preserve a golden crown.—Molina, Tom. IV. *Tract.* iii. *Disp.* 16. D. 6; Escobar, *Tr.* I. Ex. vii. n. 44, Sec. Pascal's "Provincial Letters," No. 7.

We may defend with a murderous defence not only what we actually possess, but also those things to which we have an inchoate (or incipient) right, and which we expect to possess.—*Censure de la sacrée Faculté de théologie de Louvaine, Mars 30 et Avril 26, 1653, art. 13.*

12. It is permitted to wish for the death of a father with an absolute desire—not as an evil to the father, but as a good to the person wishing [such death]—viz., the rich inheritance which will come to him.—See Pascal's "Provincial Letters," No. 7.

-14. A Sovereign who is deposed by the Pope is no longer a king or a legitimate prince. If, after such deposition, he persists in refusing to obey the Pope, he becomes a tyrant

in title, and may be killed by the first comer. Suarez, *Defensio Fidei Catholicæ et Apostolicæ*, Lib. vi. c. 4, No. 13.

Perhaps it may be said that these atrocious maxims (which are but a few out of many) are only those of some individuals and not the act of the whole order of Jesuits; and that even, if they were the act of the whole order, the Romish Church would not be answerable for them, inasmuch as they have been condemned by a great number of bishops, and by Popes Alexander VII. (1665), and Innocent XI. (1679), and the entire order was subsequently suppressed by Clement XIV. But this, M. Archinard remarks, would be to forget that, in the system of absolute authority which the Church of Rome pretends to realise, the superior is responsible for the faults of his inferior; and if it be alleged that, since the revival of the order, the spirit of the *present* Jesuits is no longer that of their predecessors, this would be to forget that Ricci, the General of the Order, when solicited to make some changes in its organisation replied, "Let them be as they are; or, let them not be;"* and also that Pius VII. re-established the Jesuits without any restriction, and without any allusion to preceding condemnations; and further, that propositions altogether corresponding with those above given are found in quite modern works which have never received any pontifical censure. M. Archinard proceeds to extract from J. P. Moullet's "*Compendium Theologiæ Moralis*" (published at Fribourg in 1834, which is extracted from various authors, and especially from *saint* Alphonso Ligouri), various maxims respecting probabilism, intention in making or breaking oaths, suicide, theft, smuggling, and impurity of various kinds, for which we have not room. Some of them, indeed, are too gross to be printed in English. Our readers, however, who may be desirous of going to the fountain head of the immoral teaching of the Romish Church, will find numerous specimens in Mr. Blakeney's extracts from the writings of *saint* Alphonso Liguori, reviewed in the last number of our journal, and which have received the highest sanction of that Church.

M. Archinard's work, of which we have thus presented an outline to our readers, is not likely to fall into the hands of many; but those who can procure his volumes, and will give them an attentive perusal, will acquire an ample store of authentic information, which fully develops the genius and system of the modern Church of Rome.

* "*Sint ut sunt, aut non sint.*" Sismondi, *Hist. des Français*, tom. 29, p. 368.

A Biblical and Theological Dictionary ; Illustrative of the Old and New Testament. By the Rev. JOHN FARRAR, Classical Tutor at the Theological Institution, Richmond. Second Edition. Mason : City Road. 1852.

THIS is a small and moderately priced work, intended for Sunday and Day-schools, and for the younger members of Christian families, and is admirably adapted to its purposes. It contains a brief account of all the persons, places, and things which are mentioned in Scripture ; with such account of the manners, dress, and habits of life of the Jews and other oriental nations as is necessary to understand the text. It also describes the principal countries and their several products, being accompanied with maps and good wood-cuts of the plants and animals ; and it gives an outline of the general history of each country, city, or people, referred to under their several heads. It treats also on the writers of the several books of Scripture, on the doctrines they meant to maintain, and on the heresies they severally had to combat. The tone of the work is evangelical without being sectarian.

The only thing we have to find fault with in the volume is the miserable woodcuts which profess to be representations of cities or celebrated places, and these are no more like the scenes than Monmouth is like Macedon in Fluellen's comparison. We earnestly recommend Mr. Farrar to cancel these in any future edition, for they are not only a disgrace to his work and give it a character of vulgarity which it does not deserve, but they convey false notions to the young persons for whom it is principally meant, and often stand in contradiction to the descriptions in the letter-press ; and they might be advantageously supplied by a few more woodcuts of animals, plants, utensils, or dresses, all of which subjects are executed with sufficient accuracy.

In the historical articles, the common chronology, which is that of Archbishop Usher, has been adopted, not to perplex the youthful mind by questions such as these. But a chronological table of the principal events of Scripture is given at the end of the volume, in which the dates, according to Usher, are given in one column, and those according to Hales in a corresponding column. For our own parts we think that Usher's dates, which are deduced from the Scripture alone, are the true dates ; and even if we agreed with Hales we should question the expediency of unsettling the minds of our children on such points ; especially as Usher's chronology is incorporated into the authorised version, and carries with it this legal and ecclesiastical sanction.

As an illustration of the manner in which the doctrine of the atonement is handled we extract the following :—

“The Mosaic dispensation, in which previous types were embodied and new ones introduced, was a system of prefiguration, in which one great truth was always prominent: ‘without shedding of blood there is no remission.’ As to the extent of the atonement, the Scriptures speak very clearly. It is unlimited. It reaches to all the sinning race of Adam. If any perish it is because they will not be saved. Christ by his atonement has removed every barrier out of the way of the sinner’s approach to God for salvation, not by suffering just as much as all the world of sinners must have suffered had the law taken its course, but by presenting a sacrifice of *infinite worth*, arising from the divinity of his person. A limited atonement is an absurdity. It is limiting infinity. After all the vain philosophy and speculation of Deists and Socinians to destroy or modify this doctrine, the atonement, by the infinitely valuable sacrifice of the Saviour Jesus Christ, remains, and will for ever remain, *the essential principle of the Bible*. It will always illustrate the sinfulness of sin, the infinite holiness, justice, and mercy of God, and the love of Christ. There is no other foundation. Reader, see that you build up on it. There is no other mode of escape from the penalty of sin. If you reject this, you trample under foot the blood of Christ. Accept the Saviour and live.”

A Short Explanation of the Nicene Creed for the Use of Persons beginning the Study of Theology. By A. P. FORBES, D.C.L., Bishop of Brechin. Oxford: Parker. 1852.

A MODEST title to a certainly valuable work, undertaken and composed in an earnest and devotional spirit. The mysteries of the faith appear to be adequately set forth and correctly expounded in the main; and there is both force and elegance in the style employed. The quotations from the fathers introduced are not hackneyed, and not used only to round a period or illustrate a sentiment. Much learning and much research are displayed under an unpretending form. The general spirit of the work may, too, we think, be called Anglo-Catholic, or at least consistent with strict Anglicanism. The observations on Nestorianism and tendencies towards it in the present day are peculiarly valuable (See p. 200-1). It is most true that men who appear to realise the Godhead of our Lord, and to reverence this duly, speak nevertheless of his human actions with a painful familiarity; as if they imagined that Jesus of Nazareth and the everlasting Son were two separate Persons or Individuals, the former being “clothed upon” with the latter. Nevertheless, we cannot agree with Bishop Forbes that disinclination to apply the term “Mother of God” to the Blessed Virgin is significant of an unconscious.

Nestorianism; for in the first place, knowing how grossly she, the ever-blessed, is idolised by our brethren of the Roman communion, we may well shrink from all expressions that appear to elevate her above the range of humanity: secondly, we object to the use of this expression, because it may be easily misunderstood by the vulgar, and tends to give an impression to all that she is in some sense fountain of the everlasting Son's divine as well as of his human nature: thirdly, we hold the phrase to be intensely irreverent, if used for any other than a directly theological purpose, as a general council used it, *in which sense we of course hold it to be both orthodox and valuable*: but, in ordinary phraseology, we might as well speak of the cousins, or the grandmother, as of the mother of God: the one phrase expresses an historical fact as accurately as the other; and we trust it needs no arguments to establish the gross effrontery displayed in such a form of speech. Again: there is an objectionable assertion on p. 272-73 of Bishop Forbes' work; and though there are some, nay, many other passages we should have worded differently, this is the only other grave error in our judgment which it behoves us to protest against. The bishop is describing the present glories of the departed: and he says, that "the apostles sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel; and she, from whom he received his human body, and who was more blessed in that she heard the word and kept it than that hers was the womb that bore him, is there, in the glory given to her, as the mother of him who is God." Now that such *distinctive* glory will ever be given, in the face of such passages, as "Who is my mother"—and "Yea, rather blessed are they" and "Woman, behold thy son"—we have great cause to doubt; but that she has now received that glory, and that the apostles have mounted their thrones, is in our eyes simply heresy, and grievous heresy, because liable to the worst misconstruction and paving the way to all idolatrous practices; and for such the Greek Church proclaims it. The souls of the blessed departed, in whatever degree they may enjoy the beatific vision, will *not* reign with Christ before the judgment-day. We are sorry that Bishop Forbes should have indicated here that he holds rather the Roman than what he admits to be both the Greek and Anglican phase of doctrine on this important subject (See p. 328-9). The general spirit of the writer, however, is, we trust, affectionate towards his Mother-Church, and also kind and liberal in the main. Witness the following passage with which we shall close our observations:—"Shall the Roman Catholic gainsay the grace which has

been poured out on the Greek obedience, so that nations of heathens or of heretics have since the schism been gathered into the faith in Christ? * * * Shall either Greek or Roman speak of the devout Ken, or George Herbert, or Launcelot as devils' blinds, to keep men by a simulated display of goodness from what they term the true Church?" (p. 288).

The Natural History of Animals; being the Substance of Three Courses of Lectures delivered before the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By THOMAS RYMER JONES, F.R.S., Professor of Comparative Anatomy in King's College, London; late Fullerian Professor of Physiology, R.I. Vol. 2. With 104 Engravings. Van Voorst. 1852.

It is not easy to determine to which of the two optical instruments, the telescope or the microscope, science is most deeply indebted; or which of the two has most enlarged our knowledge of the wonderful works of God. If the telescope has brought within our view something more of the infinitely great and distant objects among the works of creation than we could possibly have discovered without its assistance, the microscope has rendered it possible to gain an equally marvellous insight of the infinitely minute works of the Creator which lie close at hand; and which evince, in their exact and perfect adaptation of means to an end, the same divine wisdom which wheels the planets and comets in their orbits and fixes the stars in their places. Nay, in some respects the microscope reveals still greater wonders than the telescope, since living creatures form the most frequent and most important class of subjects brought under its observation; and in these tiny atoms, which are invisible to the naked eye, and their novel forms and their varied instincts, we find the same nice adaptation of means to an end, the same dependence of one thing upon another, the same exact balance and reciprocal compensation which is manifested in the attraction and repulsion of the heavenly bodies, showing that infinite wisdom has adjusted the whole both animate and inanimate, and that the same God is discoverable in the infinitely minute as in the infinitely grand works of the Creator.

These reflections are suggested by the second volume of Mr. Jones's admirable work, of which the first volume appeared so long ago as 1845; and which we had the pleasure of commending to the notice of our readers at the time. The volume before us will be still more generally interesting than the preceding; for that dealt with the very lowest forms of animal life, such as sponges, infusorial animalcules, and those subsist-

ing within the bodies of other animals, about which persons in general know and care but little: whereas the present volume is on insects, concerning which all know something, either for their useful qualities, like the bees; or for their destructive properties, like the locusts; and which yet become like newly discovered animals by the many particulars which are here brought to light as to their several instincts which are so unerring, and their several means of overcoming obstacles which are often so ingenious as to cast the boasted reason of man into the shade.

The greater number of insects perform the important office of nature's scavengers, either in devouring substances which would render the air pestilential; or in destroying such as, if allowed to multiply too fast, would render the earth a desert. "Linnæus hazards the somewhat startling assertion that three flesh-flies will eat up the carcase of a horse sooner than it would be devoured by a lion; and, after a little reflection, the most sceptical must admit that this statement is literally correct" (269). "A locust is not, in itself, a very redoubtable foe, and, were it not for dire experience of its ravages, would be as little feared as the grasshopper that chirps in our meadows: nevertheless, as we are told, there is an eastern fable which says that upon the wing of the locust is an inscription to this effect—'We are the army of the Most High God: we lay ninety-nine eggs: did we lay the hundredth, we should eat up the world and all that it contains;' and the language of this splendid orientalism, forcible as it is, is by no means too strong for the occasion" (65).

And this is true, not only of the locust, but of all insects without exception; for not one species can be pointed out, however diminutive and apparently contemptible, that might not become a scourge to the rest of the creation if not restricted in its fertility, or not preyed upon by birds, or thinned by other species of insects. The gnat and caterpillar are instances. The insects are all taught by instinct to lay their eggs in the places where they may best fulfil the ends of their creation, as the flesh-fly instanced by Linnæus. But some of these places are, one would think, beyond the reach of a fly; as, for example, when the bark of a tree is to be penetrated. The various provisions for such purposes as these are most astonishing: we select the saw-fly:—

"It would be difficult to point out, in the whole range of animal mechanics, an apparatus of more exquisite construction than the saw with which these little insects are furnished. Nothing certainly ever manufactured by human ingenuity is at all comparable to this beautiful

mechanism The cutting edge of each saw is armed with nineteen or twenty teeth : these are very small, and appear at first to be of simple structure, even when considerably magnified ; but when examined with very powerful glasses it is found, to the surprise of the observer, that every one of these teeth is itself a saw, armed with eighteen or twenty other teeth of extreme delicacy. Every species, moreover, would seem to have the teeth of its saw constructed upon a principle peculiar to itself, but in all they are equally admirable. Thus, in another form examined by Lyonnet, the saw was armed with sixteen teeth resembling flat cutting plates : when further magnified, each of these teeth was found to be itself minutely serrated, forming a cutting apparatus exactly comparable to an instrument used in surgery called after the name of its inventor Hay's saw. Besides the teeth above described, which give a cutting edge to these exquisitely constructed organs, the whole flat side of the saw is covered with multitudes of sharp points, so small as scarcely to be seen by the aid of the best glasses, but which constitute an extremely delicate file, wherewith the incision made by the saws can be subsequently enlarged to any required extent" (71).

Some of our readers may be more surprised to find that even the invention of artillery has been forestalled in a minute and mimic form by some of the insects. There is a species of beetle called the *Bombardier*, which, when laid hold of incautiously, discharges to a considerable distance "a burning drop, so caustic in its nature as to be only comparable to nitric acid in its corrosive effects" (113).

The instances of muscular power in the beetles and various other insects would be surpassing belief had they not been attested beyond the possibility of mistake. The stag-beetle not only tears off the bark from the roots and branches of trees, but has been known to gnaw a pole an inch in diameter through the side of an iron canister in which it was confined, and the canister was exhibited by Mr. Stephens at one of the meetings of the Entomological Society. And experiments have been made with the common beetle which proved that it was able to sustain and escape from beneath a load of from twenty to thirty ounces, when the weight of its own body does not amount to as many grains. Some of the grasshoppers will leap a distance two hundred times their own length ; but what an astonishing thing it would be if a man could take a leap of three hundred and eighty yards, or a horse a leap of five hundred yards ? So it has been observed of a fly, scarcely visible from its minuteness, that it ran six inches in a second, and in that space was calculated to have made one thousand and eighty steps : a man running at the same proportional rate would pass over twenty miles in a minute !

Insects have also the power of conveying information to each other, some by sound, others by crossing the *antennæ*. When an ant has found a new store, it hastens away to the nest imparting the intelligence to all that it meets in the way; and soon great multitudes are seen busily engaged in carrying away the treasure to the common store-house. The same may be said of bees, who, when deprived of their honey without being destroyed, have been known to sally forth in a body to remove it from the hive that has been taken, the way to which has been discovered by one of their companions. But the sense by which bees find their way back from the distant heaths where they collect their honey, and dart to their respective hives with the speed and certainty of an arrow, appears to us still more marvellous.

The wasps assume a far more interesting aspect in this volume than any in which we have hitherto been accustomed to regard them: some of the species constructing their nests underground and single-handed with almost incredible effort and toil: others building them on the pendent branches of trees in most beautiful forms, and sometimes even manifesting a taste for colour in the arrangement of the cells. "We have seen a nest of this description built upon a rose tree in a gentleman's garden, near a paper manufactory, in the construction of which the fibres of paper had been exclusively made use of; and, oddly enough, the tasteful architects of this pretty fabric had employed white paper and blue paper alternately, so that the nest had exactly the appearance of a blue and white damask rose" (229).

The spiders form a very interesting section of the work; and its concluding chapters are devoted to crabs, lobsters, and scorpions, which have many features in common. But we have said enough to enable our readers to form a fair estimate of the nature of the work; and, when we add that it is characterized throughout by a tone of piety, we need say nothing more to recommend it to their notice.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the hundred and four wood engravings are of the same excellence which characterizes all Van Voorst's publications; and they strike us as being even superior in force and accuracy to anything of the kind that we have before seen.

The History of the Christian Church. By HENRY W. J. THIERSCH, Doctor of Philosophy and Theology. Translated by T. CARLYLE, Esq., of the Scottish Bar. Bosworth. 1852.

THIS is the first volume, and treats only of the apostolic

age of the Church. It is, unquestionably, an able and learned work; but we think that the statements it contains, on the origin and functions of the bishop's office, are very questionable and want the support of Scripture: not that we doubt the divine origin of episcopacy, but that we think the ascribing it to Peter, and giving the first bishop named by him an universal jurisdiction, though that bishop had his seat at Jerusalem, savours too much of Popery.

We think, too, that Dr. Thiersch is in error in placing Mark's Gospel so early as A.D. 44, and making it the foundation of the Gospels of Luke and Matthew, and especially in placing Matthew's the last of the three. We believe the Gospels were written to meet the wants of the Church; and, as the first Church was gathered from the Jews, Matthew's Gospel was written for them; the second Church being gathered from the Gentiles at Antioch, and Luke's Gospel being written for them by a native of Antioch; and the third stage of the Church was an amalgamation of Jew and Gentile, to which condition the Gospel of Mark is especially adapted, it being written at Rome when we know, from St. Paul's epistle to the Colossians, iv. 10-14, that both Mark and Luke were with him.

But Dr. Thiersch has a still more extraordinary theory concerning those shorter epistles of St. Paul, as well as his epistles to Timothy—namely, that they were all written at Cæsarea, before Paul went to Rome, during the two years that he was imprisoned there. "During this period of dark providence, Paul sent forth from his solitary confinement his epistles, full of light and comfort, to the distant Churches. Shortly before the second to Timothy, he dispatched those to the Ephesians, to the Colossians, and to Philemon by Tychicus. Creseens, who went to Galatia, probably carried with him that to the Galatians. At a later period, when there was a hope of release, he sent that to the Philippians, probably not from Rome, but still from Cæsarea" (165).

It is not true that Paul's first imprisonment, either at Cæsarea or Rome, was a "solitary confinement;" and we think that still greater inaccuracy is shown in classing together the epistle to the Galatians, which internal evidence proves to have been among the earliest of Paul's epistles, with those written to the Ephesians, Philippians, and Colossians, and above all with the second of Timothy, which was unquestionably written long after, and among the very last. The labours of Paley in his "*Horæ Paulinæ*" have settled these questions, and we need not open them afresh.

Differing so much from Dr. Thiersch in these respects, we are glad to quote his opinion of the Gospel of St. John, in which we can entirely agree:—

“This document was framed, not for Jews or Heretics, but for the Church of God. Its composition and solemn publication formed an important part of that apostolic labour by which John sought to bring the Church to perfection. He did a work which had been reserved for him. He added to the already existing three canonical Gospels a concluding one, which the Church had reason to expect, as soon as she had practically experienced and appropriated the contents of the others John pre-supposes the existence of the three other Gospels. He holds back all which they contain, not as unimportant, but as already sufficiently certified. He does not publish, as it were, a sheet of additions to supply things omitted by chance; but, in this respect, he so completes his predecessors that he produces a treasure of truth and light which they had no occasion to publish” (249).

A Latin Grammar, containing, Part I. The Eton Grammar, Revised and Corrected: Part II. A Second or Larger Grammar in English, for the Higher Classes in Schools, &c. By the Rev. J. T. WHITE, A.M., of C. C. Oxford, Junior Upper Master of Christ's Hospital, Editor of “Xenophon's Anabasis,” &c. London: Longman. 1852.

THE object of Mr. White is to present a revised and corrected edition of the “Eton Grammar;” and to that end he has repudiated many errors in the *Accidence*: remedied deficiencies and simplified definitions, so as to render the introduction to the language less difficult to the pupil. He has divided the *Imperative Mood* into two tenses, in conformity with the views of the ancient grammarians, in which he is supported by later critics of repute. The *Irregular Verbs* are given in a form more readily intelligible to the learner and the *Defective Verb, Fari*, so puzzling to tyros, are so presented that such tenses and persons as occur only in the compound forms are distinguishable at a glance. The *Propria Quæ Maribus, Quæ Genus*, and *Prosody*, have been corrected, while their original form has been, in the main, preserved, the editor's purpose being to exhibit the Eton book in as perfect a shape as possible. In the *Syntax* much has been done to simplify the subject.

Part II. is certainly original. Every subject treated of in Part I. has here a place assigned to it. In Part I. the concord of the nominative case with the verb is simply proposed as a dogma which the youthful mind must receive. In Part II. the subject is largely elucidated. The editor's views and

authority for his division of the *Imperative Mood* are fully given, and the *Subjunctive Mood* fully discussed. The Infinitive Mood is also fully explained, while the *Participle* is assigned to its proper position—namely, as part and parcel of the *Verb*. An entirely new *Prosody* has been composed for the use of more advanced students, and illustrated by various examples of Latin metre. By way of appendix we have *Tables of the Horatian Measures* and the *Roman Calendar*. We can confidently recommend this laborious and learned work of Mr. White's to the serious attention of all who are immediately or relatively interested in the subject. It is highly creditable to the editor's erudition and industry, and places beyond question his qualifications for the responsible office he holds as a master of Christ's Hospital.

Irish Ethnology Socially and Politically Considered: Embracing a General Outline of the Celtic and Saxon Races: with Practical Inferences. By GEORGE ELLIS, M.A., T.C.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1852.

THE position which Mr. Ellis endeavours to establish in this able and interesting little work is this—that the Celt has no self-reliance, and that the Saxon has very great self-reliance; and that this is sufficient to account for their different circumstances wheresoever the one or the other race preponderates; and he looks to a larger infusion of the Saxon element into the population of Ireland as the only probable means of its recovery; and suggests a railway to be driven through the heart of Ireland, from Dublin to Galway, as at once the best mode of communication with the American continent, and also the most effectual means of arousing the Celtic indolence by the example of Saxon energy and enterprise.

“The existence of the two races, the Saxon and Celtic, is universally admitted. Their habitats are distinctly marked. What their condition was two thousand years ago is known. The testimony of ancient writers, of unimpeachable veracity, is most clear and striking as to their physical and moral characters at that remote period; and all who choose may test the permanency of these characters by comparing them with those which, according to all historical evidence, have been exhibited by these races at different intervals during this long course of ages, and with those which furnish at the present day their still equally well marked peculiarities..... Thus, to illustrate our meaning by a single instance, excitability of temperament with regard to the Celtic race has so long appertained to it in all places as to have rendered this peculiarity proverbial. The Fluellen of Shakspeare, and Hector Mac Intyre of Scott, represent accurately this temperament in the Celt of Wales and of the Scotch Highlands. The

French Celt, whether of Canada, of France, or of New Orleans, exhibits everywhere similar constitutional excitability, and the Irish Celt is certainly not alien to his race in this particular. We shall presently see that other characteristics of extreme interest and importance equally attach to this race, and that the study of these is indispensable to correct views of the questions which affect its progress" (10).

The Saxon race at present inhabits the northern parts of Germany along the shores of the Baltic: they are numerous in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, and the greater part of England, and form the mass in the United States of America; to which may be also added some portion of Switzerland, the lowlands of Scotland, and the north of Ireland. Their physical characters are thus described by Knox:—"In all climes, and under all circumstances, the Saxons are a tall, powerful, athletic race of men—the strongest as a race on the face of the earth. They have fair hair, with blue eyes, and so fine a complexion that they may almost be considered the only absolutely fair race on the face of the globe. Generally speaking, they are not a well-made or proportioned race, falling off most in the limbs; the torso being large, vast, and disproportionate." This description accords with that of Tacitus—"Cœrulei oculi, rutilæ comæ, magna corpora;" and he also speaks of them as a peculiar, unmixed race—as very independent and free, and as differing from most other nations in the respect paid to their women; "attributing to them a prophetic character, and on some occasions regarding them as divinities."

As a consequence of their innate love of liberty and self-reliance, the Saxon race, at the time of the Reformation, was foremost in throwing off the yoke of Rome, and it is only in countries where Saxons predominate that the religious liberty then acquired has been able to keep its ground against the assaults of the Jesuits. "The startling result now stands clear before the world: the branches of the Saxon race wherever found, wherever scattered, under all circumstances, in every region of the earth, whether living side by side with those of a different faith, or separate under their own free governments, are all, without one exception, professors of the reformed religion; while of all the other races in the world who, at the time of the Reformation, were in subjection to the Roman Church, none, with the exception of a small, and peculiarly circumstanced portion of one race, have as yet, though spiritual freedom is now making rapid strides, professedly rejected her doctrines, and abjured her spiritual authority" (21).

But combined with this love of liberty, there is found in the Saxon character a respect for law, and a spirit of obedience to government; because he knows that law is the true safeguard of liberty, and the government in all Saxon communities is not arbitrary and despotic, but is constitutional. The true Saxon makes his own laws, and obeys them without compulsion. His form of government is always representative: he is no lover of war for its own sake, but readily undertakes it when his liberty is endangered or a probability of aggrandisement offers. His courage, active and passive, is unsurpassed. Conscious of his powers and proud of his race, his self-estimation being extreme, he is too apt to look with contempt on the rest of the world, and is unpopular on this account.

The inhabitants of France form the great central body of the Celtic race—the largest and most important of all its divisions. The other branches of the Celtic race are the Irish, the Welsh, the Highland Scotch, and the Manx; with the offsets by emigration, as the French Canadians, and the Irish of the United States. “It is worthy of remark that, of the whole numerous and widely diffused Celtic family, there is but one division, and that the great central one, which has preserved itself as a separate and independent nation. How differently circumstanced in this respect the branches of the Saxon family are, we have already seen. France has afforded to the Celtic race ample room and abundant occasion for the full display of all its qualities—its highest capabilities and lowest tendencies. The most remarkable, and certainly the most important in relation to the rest of the world, of the mental qualities of the Celt, are his fighting propensities. With him war is a passion: content to fight for glory, he cares not much for the issue, provided fame attends. The whole history of France is but a commentary on this text; and her slight and shorn proportions, without colonies of any value, without her conquests notwithstanding all her brilliant campaigns and glorious victories, point to this passion, its folly, and its recompense. The pugnacious irritability of the Irishman, the Welshman, and the Highlander, has been always proverbial. In France every man is military; when well disciplined and commanded, the Celt is the best of soldiers; but, if not strongly controuled, he is apt to carry liberty to licentiousness. The conduct of the French soldiery in all countries, and the character of a celebrated Irish regiment, are known to all readers of military details. The form of government chosen by the Celt, by whatsoever name he may think proper

to dignify it—whether under directory, consul, or president—whether commencing as a limited monarchy or a free republic—cannot fail, from the very nature of his race, to pass rapidly into a form more or less despotic. In France four successive revolutions, within the memory of living man, presented as many golden opportunities of freedom. The last gave high promise. How has that promise been fulfilled? Compare the present liberty of the press throughout France with that in America or England—the passport system, police espionage, and curtailment of the franchise, with Saxon notions of freedom, and say—does the Celt yet understand what true liberty is? Is it safe in his keeping? Are the mental constitutions of the two races alike? Can they be governed in *large separate* bodies by similar laws?”

“The tendency to disorder and disobedience of the law, which has rendered those stringent regulations indispensable to the existence of any government in France, may easily find a parallel in the Celtic portion of Ireland. A serious crime, a murder, is committed, in the open day. Men in the fields or on the road are witnesses. The criminal is pursued by justice. He seeks and obtains sympathy and assistance. Every peasant’s house offers him an asylum, and every means is used to thwart and mislead his pursuers. The murderer escapes. The standing army of military and police in Ireland completes the parallel” (30).

These extracts suffice to show the nature of this volume, and the interesting manner in which the subject is treated.

The Betting Book. By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. With Cuts. London: Cash. 1852.

THIS is a bold, clever, and uncompromising exposure of the “betting-shop” disease, more fatal and wide-spreading in a moral point of view than ever was the cholera in a physical one; and, like the latter, its ravages are chiefly traceable among the humbler classes of society. But Mr. Cruikshank is not content with describing the phenomena of the malady: he investigates its cause, which he traces to the baneful example of the aristocratic patrons of the race-course; but, while he points to legislative interference as the only remedy for this pestilence among the poor, he asks, “How is it possible for Parliament, with any show of decency, to pass a law to shut up those offices, they being opened expressly for the purpose of betting upon the horses kept and run, and betted upon, by the very men (or by their friends and connections) who will have to make the law?” There is no answer to this.

An Analysis and Summary of New Testament History, including the Four Gospels Harmonised into one Continuous Narrative: the Acts of the Apostles and Continuous History of St. Paul: an Analysis of the Epistles and Book of Revelation: the Critical History, Geography, &c.: with Copious Notes, Historical, Geographical, and Antiquarian. Oxford: Wheeler. Cambridge: Wheeler. London: Bagster.

THE nature of this little volume is so fully described in the title-page that the manner in which it has been executed is all that we need speak of; and, although at the first glance we were inclined to suspect that more was promised in the title than could be performed in a book of small size, yet a more attentive examination has convinced us that the expectations held out have been realised by the author. It is truly *multum in parvo*, for the subject is well understood; and there is just that amount of any information given which students of the New Testament require, and nothing superfluous. The object is not verbal criticism and exposition of the letter of Scripture, but rather the giving a broad and comprehensive view of its argument as a whole; and the exposition of details is rendered subservient to this general purpose.

It is prefaced by an "Introductory Outline" on the geography of the New Testament—its critical history, its authenticity, credibility, and inspiration, and a brief outline of our Saviour's life. These topics altogether occupy only forty-two pages. The analysis of the Gospels occupies 212 pages, and the remainder 172 pages. Yet no matters of importance are omitted; but they are either explained, or the works where the information may be found are given.

We give the following extracts as showing the manner in which the several subjects are treated in the work before us:—

"St. James: there are in the New Testament three persons bearing the name of James, viz.—1. *James the Elder*, who was the son of Zebedee and Salome, and was slain by Herod Agrippa. 2. *James the Less*, son of Alphæus or Cleophas. 3. *James the Just*, who is called the brother of our Lord. The two last, however, were probably identical—see Gal. i. 19 (363).

"Brethren of our Lord: it is generally believed that these were not brethren of our Lord, but first cousins; and that they were the children of Mary, wife of Cleophas, and sister to the mother of Jesus (John xix. 25). 1. It was the usual language of the Jews to call first cousins brethren. 2. Mary, the sister of the mother of Jesus, had sons, two of whom, James and Joseph, are named by Matthew (xxvii. 56). In John xix. 26, our Lord entrusted his mother to the care of

John, the disciple whom he loved, who then received her into his house. This would scarcely have taken place if she had had any other sons living; and yet the so-called brethren of Jesus were still alive (Acts i. 14). Eusebius relates that the grandchildren of Judas were brought before Domitian, the latter having given orders that the descendants of David should be slain. The humble circumstances of the prisoners, and their purely spiritual hopes in relation to the kingdom of Christ, procured their release" (84).

"Difference between the private journey noticed in Galatians ii. 1., and the public one related in Acts xv. During the three years A.D. 45-48, that intervened between the return of Paul and Barnabas from their first apostolic journey, and their mission from Antioch to the Church at Jerusalem, recorded in Acts xv., it seems probable that they undertook a previous journey to Jerusalem which is recorded only in Galatians ii. Some have supposed that the accounts in Acts and Galatians refer to the same journey; but we have been led to regard the one in Galatians as *the first private mission*, and that in Acts as a *second and public mission*, by a consideration of the following circumstances. 1. In *Galatians*, St. Paul tells us that he went up to Jerusalem by revelation, and addressed himself privately to those only of the greatest authority in the Church; but in *Acts* we read that Paul was sent by the Church of Antioch, and received publicly by the whole Church at Jerusalem. 2. In *Galatians*, Barnabas and Titus are mentioned as the only companions of Paul; but in *Acts*, Paul and Barnabas and certain others are sent, and no Titus is mentioned. 3. The objects of the two missions were dissimilar: the direct object of that in *Galatians* was the due recognition of Paul's apostleship to the Gentiles, which end was accomplished; and the single question about the Gentile Titus arose incidentally in the discussion; but the great question to be settled by that in the *Acts* was, whether it should be accounted essential for Gentile converts to Christianity to conform themselves to the law of Moses, and a wise and temperate arrangement was the result" (268).

There is a very good synchronical table of the political state of the Jews, under Herod and his successors, at our Lord's advent, and under the Roman procurators, till the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. And there are two good maps—one of Palestine divided into provinces, the other of the voyages and journeyings of St. Paul; and two indices: first, to the Gospels; secondly, a general index.

The Origin and Progress of Mariolatry; being intended as a Companion to the Rev. T. H. Horne's "Mariolatry." By the Rev. JOHN EVANS, M.A. London: Painter. 1852. 12mo.

THE first draft of Mr. Hartwell Horne's "*Mariolatry*" appeared in the January and April numbers of this journal for the year 1841. The second edition, corrected and enlarged, was published in the course of the same year; and was re-

printed at Hartford, in Connecticut, in 1844, with further additions, under the editorial care of the (late) Rev. S. F. Jarvis, D.D., who confirmed the accuracy of Mr. Horne's remarks from personal observations made by himself during his residence in various parts of Italy, and especially at Rome. Though Mr. Evans modestly announces his little essay as "a Companion" to Mr. Horne's volume, it will be found useful to others besides the possessors of Mr. Horne's "Mariolatry." The author treats perspicuously on the natural, moral, and theological origin of the worship of the blessed Virgin Mary; and he has supported his statements by accurate references to works of authority published by the Church of Rome and her advocates.

-
1. *The Monthly Packet of Evening Readings for the Younger Members of the English Church.* No. XX., August and September, 1852.
 2. *The Magazine for the Young.* August and September, 1852.
 3. *Stories and Catechisms of the Collects.* X. to XVII. Sundays after Trinity. London: Mozley.

THE sustained character of these three valuable contributions to our periodical religious literature calls for another tribute, which we gladly pay, to their merits. The last work mentioned has been collected into a neat volume, and we do not know of a more acceptable present to the "younger members of the English Church."

Sunlight in the Clouds: Some Providences in a Life Time: The Shoemaker's Daughters. London: Mozley. 1852.

THREE admirable tales comprised in a gracefully got up yet unexpensive volume, especially adapted to the religious edification of the rising generation, and highly suggestive to those of riper age. There is nothing of the sickliness of sentimentality, or the over-colouring of romance, to dilute the moral which they aim to teach.

Outlines of Universal History, Synchronologically Arranged for the Use of Schools, after the German. London: Mozley. 1852.

A MOST admirable little manual, valuable alike to the youthful and advanced student, and especially adapted for "the use of schools." We regret to qualify our praise by advert-
ing to the appended page of *errata*, far too copious for so small a volume, and indicating a carelessness that the author will do well to avoid in his future labours, which we shall be glad to see extended over other fields.

Reality ; or, Life's Inner Circle. By MRS. SAVILLE SHEPHERD (formerly Anne Houlditch). London : Shaw. 1852.

THIS may be described as an *Evangelical Novel* ; the adjective and substantive of our definition—although grammatically a concord—will scarcely be deemed by some of our readers a religious one, inasmuch as novels are among the proscribed books of the Evangelicals. We use the term in the unhappily limited and distinctive sense in which it is employed to designate a party in a Church which should have no party—which should be an *Evangelical Unity*—a *Gospel Brotherhood*. The object of the volume is to show the hollowness and insincerity of fashionable society : it would be easy to write a book proving as satisfactorily the hollowness and insincerity of every lower grade in the scale. Selfishness is the curse and the canker of humanity, and not more typical of the court than of the cottage. Still the author has proved her case, as far as fiction can prove anything, with considerable ability ; displaying no small amount of reflection and knowledge of human nature, and a facility, and occasionally a grace of composition, not often found in the class of writers to which she belongs.

Walks after Wild Flowers ; or, the Botany of the Bohereens. By RICHARD DOWDEN (RICHARD). London : Van Voorst. 1852.

WHY Mr. Dowden should thus *sandwich* his surname between two and the same Christian ones, we are at a loss to conceive, except on the supposition that he is desirous to distinguish himself from some namesake who may be the son of a Dowden of another family whose head does not rejoice in the name of Richard. But “a rose by any other name would smell as sweet,” and the volume before us is redolent with flowers of field and forest. Albeit the scene of our author's most pleasant pastime is the sister isle, most of the plants to which he so gracefully introduces us are common to both islands, and we are indebted to him for much interesting information with regard to the habits and history of many of our favourites. An especial charm is thrown about the book by the anecdotes and quotations with which he beguiles us as we accompany him in his botanical excursions, and which exhibit his familiarity with the flowers of literature as well as with those of the field. A more graceful volume, both as regards the style of composition and its unique and elegant exterior, we have never seen. It is in every respect highly creditable to the taste of the publisher, to whom we have had occasion so often to express our obligations for his various and valuable publications on almost every subject of natural history.

Preliminaries of Peace between Protection and Free Trade: or, Cheap Bread Compatible with Both. By F. C. London: Painter.

WE have received this little pamphlet too late to assign to it the space which the importance of the subject and the ability with which it is treated deserve. It is written in a graceful and perspicuous style, and is singularly free from the dryness commonly characteristic of essays on such topics. The author has considered deeply, and investigated patiently, the vexed question on which he writes; and he is so little tainted by prejudice or party feeling as to justify his remark, on the first page of the pamphlet, that "the principles he has developed are of no use, by or in themselves, as a party cry to Tory, Whig, or Radical." In all probability, we will have recourse to the arguments of the author on a future occasion.

The Bouquet, culled from Marylebone Gardens. By Blue Bell (Blue Belle?) and Mignonette. *For Private Circulation.* London. 1852.

ALTHOUGH the intimation in italics takes the publication out of the pale of criticism, we cannot withhold our tribute of praise to the design, and, we are glad to add, the execution, of this *amateur* serial, two or three stray numbers of which have accidentally come before us. As far as we can glean, from a sort of prospectus appended to the work, it would seem to have been projected and supported in the shape of contributions, both of money and talent, by some young ladies in the higher ranks of society, under the patronage of aristocratic friends of graver years, whose names are prefixed to each number. We are glad to find the young ladies of Marylebone Gardens devoting time, which in the case of multitudes of their class is wasted on worse than frivolities, to so laudable a purpose. Some of the contributions would add lustre to periodicals of higher pretence; and there is in No. 16 one of the most spirited lyrics ("Her Heart is Another's") which we have read in a magazine for many a long day.

The Parish Priest's First Warning. A Sermon preached in St. Andrew's, Fillingham, on Low Sunday, 1852. By WILLIAM JAMES JENKINS, M.A., on the occasion of his "Reading-in." London: Hope. 1852.

THE title page of this discourse explains the occasion on which it was delivered, and to which it is especially appropriate, indicating, as it does, a sense of the awful responsibility of his office, and full of earnest and affectionate admonition, which can scarcely fail of its intended effect.



